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MEMORIAL LIFE AND WORKS

OF

DWIGHT L. MOODY

THE WORLD'S GREATEST EVANGELIST.

A COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC REVIEW OF THE MARVELOUS CAREER OF THE MOST REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS GENERAL IN HISTORY

BY

REV. J. W. HANSON, A. M., D. D.

Author of "Religions of the World," "Manna," "Cloud of Witnesses;" and other religious works.

INTRODUCTION BY

REV. H. W. THOMAS, D. D.

The Celebrated Pastor of People's Church, Chicago.

EULOGY BY

HON. J. V. FARWELL

The Millionaire Philanthropist and Co-Worker of Mr. Moody.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

Spurgeon was called the pastoral evangelist; Chalmers, the parish evangelist; Finney, the revival evangelist; Howard, the prison evangelist; Whitefield, the field evangelist; Shaftesbury, the philanthropic evangelist; Bliss, the singing evangelist; McCauley, the evangelist of the outcast, but Dwight L. Moody was the evangelist of the people.

For forty years his name was known among the English speaking people. For nearly forty years his sayings have been household words; for nearly forty years his stories have been told at almost every Christian fireside. His life, with its peculiarly fitting ending, is known in a general way to the great majority of the people, but few of them realize what a great man he was. Born in New England poverty, but with an indomitable spirit, he made his mark as a boy even in wise old Boston. As a young man in Chicago, he demonstrated his stability in commerce as well as in religion. He founded, by his energy, one of the largest Sunday-schools in the world out of apparently the poorest material to be found on the American continent.

A few years later, he electrified Europe with his methods and thousands of people turned

590455

from ways of sin to ways of righteousness. He came home and founded the great schools at Northfield where thousands of young men and women can procure an education at a nominal figure. Thirty buildings stand as a monument to him there. In Chicago, the great Bible Institute, with its auxiliary features, where thousands of young men and women, desirous of greater insight into the Holy Scriptures daily assemble and listen to explanations of the Bible.

The present work was commenced early in 1898 and is the result of months of careful research and many interviews with personal friends of Mr. Moody. It embodies a complete account of the great evangelist's marvelous career from his birth to his death, enlivened with anecdotes contributed from all parts of the world. The labor of arranging, selecting and condensing the vast amount of material gathered during the past two years, was very great and it was found necessary to omit a large amount of very interesting and valuable matter in order to keep the work within the lines of a popular life of Mr. Moody. Many of the illustrations were taken specially for the work by our own photographer; others were redrawn from designs furnished our special artist.

INTRODUCTION

By H. W. THOMAS, D. D.,

Pastor of People's Church, Chicago.

DWIGHT L. MOODY would have been a marked man in almost any field of active affairs, and simply because of his large natural abilities. That he was great as an evangelist was owing mainly to his special adaptation to that form of work; his glad and entire consecration to it, and his wonderful power to use others, to marshal and control forces to inspire minds and hearts with his own purpose and earnestness.

Brother Moody understood well the power of numbers, of large assemblies, and the value of sympathetic emotion. Hence he did not go forth alone to gather and reach the outside world, as did Wesley; but sought and secured the united action of the preachers, the members and choirs of the evangelical churches, and this he could do sincerely because he saw nothing vital in the lines that differentiated the denominations, and felt that their coming together would be helpful to each; that the com-

590455

mon life of all would be quickened and enlarged.

No one, perhaps, has done so much to lessen the lines of separation, and so much to unite all in the great law and life of love. Had he sought to found a new denomination, this united action would not have been possible, for the movement would naturally have been looked upon as competitive. Brother Moody did not wish to found another denomination; he thought there were too many already; but he did, and wisely, too, look to the perpetuation of his own spirit and work in one central church and through the educational power of training schools, and in this was successful through his singular ability to reach men of large means, and to bring other workers into the field.

There will not be another Moody; as there will not be another Beecher, Simpson or Philips Brooks; it is not Nature's God's way of working. Brother Moody filled a needed place in his time; other minds and hearts will come forth for the needs of new conditions.

We all loved and honored Brother Moody, and pray that his inspiration, his consecration, his great love for man and God, may be caught up and carried forward to bless a world.

H. W. THOMAS.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

By JOHN V. FARWELL.

I never felt so small as when requested to give in words, as an observer from its beginning until his translation, some sort of a digest of Dwight L. Moody's character.

While lying in his coffin in the Northfield church, that gust of wind that opened enough of one window blind to let in the light of the sun on his kindly face, suggests to my mind that only the mind of God—the only source of light of life—can measure a mind and heart aflame with the inspiration of the Almighty, from whence he drew his power for daily use in his work.

Environment and want of education under such a heavenly ray of light, was no obstruction to his being lifted out of weakness into a power sufficient to confound the mightiest men, who had any less communion with God.

Look at yonder dirty pool, too foul for use. We expect nothing from it to help mankind.

Look again. The sun, with its silent chemistry, has in due time drawn it up into heaven's

blue, and on the very spot where it cursed the earth, is a garden of flowers, watered by its dew drops, and in the heavens above is God's rainbow of promise, painted by its mystery of heavenly art while on its way to earth, to water that garden of the beautiful, and fields plowed and planted by man, that the earth may bring forth bread for the hungry.

The natural man with his earthly lusts and passions is that dirty pool, only needing the potentialities of heaven's light and heat to transform its stagnant elements into the beautiful and useful.

Mr. Moody was thus transformed by his own deliberate choice, placing himself under the hands of the Almighty, to be used in His vineyard.

Thus equipped, his works were well done, and it may be well said of him, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for their works do follow them."

A mighty man has finished his work on earth. The oldest book in existence records, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Moody's spirit—or mental ability—was naturally of a superior order. Had he taken up polities he would have made an exceptional statesman. Having taken up with Christ as

Lord for his life work, the inspiration of the Almighty gave him a power in Christian work second to no one in the apostolic succession from Saints Peter and Paul until December 22d A. D., 1899, measured by the results of his ministry, practically surrounding the globe in its influence, and nearly so in his travels.

The key to the understanding of all this is that Moody's body, soul and spirit, by his own deliberate choice, were consecrated to that ministry. He once heard a man say, "The world has yet to see how much one man, wholly consecrated to God, can accomplish in this world for Him." "Then," said Moody, "I will be that man, for I can consecrate my all to Him."

He began his work as a mission Sunday-school drummer, and from that graduated in regular succession into Superintendent of one of the largest mission Sunday-schools in the city, President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the world's exangelist, the highest office in Christ's ministry.

When he left a successful business for this calling, he had accumulated about $12,000, all of which was invested in mission enterprises at the time he was most busy with the work of the Y. M. C. A. A little prayer meeting of three asked for wisdom to procure a building

for that association, and in answer Mr. Moody began and finished the first building ever erected for the use of a Y. M. C. A. on earth, representing Christian union, and in his work in Chicago, after returning from his London mission, he raised the money to free it from debt, after having been twice burned to the ground, but for this timely effort of his the present magnificent temple of the Y. M. C. A. would not be one of the world's best material monuments of Christian unity (for which he stood) that was ever erected.

The lineal descendants of his first enterprise, the North Market Hall Mission Sunday-school, are the Bible Institute and the Chicago Avenue Church, now filled to its utmost capacity twice every Sunday to hear the plain testimony of Jesus, which the angel said to John was "the spirit of prophecy," or preaching; and conversions follow every service as a rule, and some times scores and hundreds attend the second meeting which follows the evening service.

Being dead, he yet speaks through these institutions as clearly as did the angels when they sang "Glory to God in the Highest" and "On earth Peace and Good Will to Men," at the birth of Christ, through whose Life more abundant now given to men, that song is to be

perpetuated through the agency of such men to the end of time.

The meaning of the removal of such workmen from the harvest field at such a time as this is beyond our ken, when, instead of one removal a regiment of them seems to be needed for fields white for the harvest, and the world one as it never was before by the power of steam and electricity, as well as the power of Christian civilization in the strongest nations on earth. Yea, and when there are calls on Moody's desk from Europe and America that would require months, if not years, to fill if he were here to do it.

Why? God only knows.

List of Illustrations.

	PAGE.
Dwight L. Moody	Frontispiece
"The Sower"	20
Moody Family Gathering, 1867	29
Period Pictures of Mr. Moody	39
The Old and the New	49
Mr. Moody's Missionary Pony	59
North Side Tabernacle	77
P. P. Bliss	87
Ira D. Sankey	97
Mr. Moody's Characteristic Attitude	115
Mr. Moody on a Morning Drive	125
Free Church, Assembly Hall, Edinburgh	135
Exhibition Hall, Dublin	153
Haymarket Opera House	171
Characteristic Page from Mr. Moody's Bible	182
Farewell Meeting at Glasgow	189
Chicago Avenue Church	207
Interior of Chicago Church	225
The Empty Chair	243
The Bible He Preached From	261
Moody Bible Institute	279
Bible Institute Library	297
A Music Lesson, Bible Institute	315
Pastor's Study, Chicago Avenue Church	333
Colportage Cottage	351
The Funeral Bier	367
Congregational Church, Northfield	387
Recitation Hall	405
Marquand Memorial Hall	423
Mt. Hermon School	441
East Hall, Northfield Seminary	459
Auditorium, Northfield	477
Recitation Hall, Northfield	495

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER. PAGE.

I. Ancestors of Mr. Moody—Statement that every other Moody family contained a preacher—Three great Moody's, one in the seventeenth, one in the eighteenth, and one in the nineteenth century.....21–33

II. Moody's early life—Left to the care of his mother at four—Eldest brother runs away—Some early escapades—First trip away from home.....34–46

III. Life in Boston—Gets a place in his uncle's store—Forced to attend church—His conversion—Compelled to wait six months before being admitted to membership.....48–57

IV. Beginning of his career—Secures employment in Chicago, and invents new methods of securing customers—His first Sunday-school—Some hard experiences 57–67

V. President of the Y. M. C. A. for four years—Agent of the United States Christian Commission—Comforts the wounded and dying on the battle-field 68–72

CHAPTER. PAGE.

VI. First meeting with Bliss—Life of the great singing evangelist—Some of the great songs he wrote—His end at Ashtabula.....73–80

VII. Sermons on P. P. Bliss—The great evangelist praises the dead singer—Corrects reports about money received from song books.....81–89

VIII. First meeting with Sankey—An attachment formed which lasts through life—Story of the great singer's early days.....90–94

IX. Side lights on the character of Mr. Moody—His likes and dislikes—Some men he admired—His belief in advertising.....95–111

X. English visit of Moody and Sankey—Great awakening in England, Ireland, and Scotland.....112–127

XI. The Birmingham meeting—New method of securing attendants is successful—Described by an English critic.....128–139

XII. Meetings at Boston—Great gospel campaign at Brooklyn.....140–146

XIII. Mr. Moody's crisp sayings.....147–168

XIV. Anecdotes.....169–182

XV. Mr. Moody's Bible—Peculiar manner he had of marking them—Death of his mother—Connection with Miss Willard.....183–186

CHAPTER. PAGE.

XVI. The Kansas City meeting—Beginning of his illness — He cannot understand his failing strength.....187–196

XVII. Death of Moody.....197–204

XVIII. The last farewell.....205–231

XIX. Eulogies by many eminent men in all parts of the country.....232–259

XX. Editorial comment—The leading newspapers of the country discuss his place in history...260–277

XXI. Memorial expressions by ministers in different cities, giving condensed accounts of his life and work.....278–293

XXII. Last of the group — Splendid tribute by Dr. Hillis.....294–303

XXIII. The Northfield schools.....304–306

XXIV. Great religious revivals.....307–312

XXV. Revival sermon.....313–336

XXVI. Sermon—Faith.....337–355

XXVII. Sermon—Repentance.....356–376

XXVIII. Sermon—Excused.....377–401

XXIX. Sermon—No room for Him.....402–418

XXX. Sermon—Their rock is not our rock.....419–439

CHAPTER. PAGE.

XXXI. Sermon—Tekel.....440–464

XXXII. Sermon—No difference.....465–481

XXXIII. Sermon—Grace.....482–501

XXXIV. Sermon—Come.....502–512

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"THE SOWER."

Dedicated to Dwight L. Moody. "And behold a sower went forth to sow."

CHAPTER I.

THE ANCESTORS OF MR. MOODY.

Dwight L. Moody descended from a line of ministers. It has been said that every other Moody family contained a preacher. Some of them have been men of great force and character, and have made more than a passing impression on New England history. The family has been noted for longevity, and the extent of the literary attainments of its members; their bold persevering habits; their spirit of enterprise, their independence of mind and character, irrespective of the popular will, and for the similarity and purity of their religious faith. The average age of seventeen ancestors of Mr. Moody, ranging from the year 1633 to 1847, was 67 years.

Mr. William Moody, the principal progenitor of the Moody family in New England, came according to the best records obtainable, from Wales, in 1633, wintered at Ipswich, and removed to Newbury with the first settlers of that place in 1635. Here he was admitted a Freeman and received a grant of ninety-two acres of land. There is a tradition that he was a blacksmith by trade, and another that he was a saddler, and it is very probable that he did a little of both. It is known, however, that he was the first person in New England to adopt the practice of shoeing oxen to enable them to walk on the ice, and he even

acquired the appellation "The learned black smith."

Since the Moody family came to America it has never lacked an exceptionally great preacher of the gospel. Joshua belonged to the Seventeenth century, Samuel to the Eighteenth, and Dwight to the Nineteenth.

Rev. Joshua Moodey, a son of William Moody, although he spelled his name differently, was born in England in 1633, about a year before his father came to this country. He received his early education at Newbury, and was prepared for admission to college by Rev. Thomas Parker. He was a graduate of Harvard in 1653, after which he began the study of divinity and early began to preach. He began his ministerial labors at Portsmouth, N. H., early in the year 1658, at which place he laid the foundation and eventually gathered the first Congregational church in that place. As a minister he was considered zealous and faithful and for many years the church flourished under his pastoral care, during which time he distinguished himself by his independent and faithful manner of teaching and the strictness of his church discipline. Mr. Moodey became involved in a dispute with Mr. Cranfield, who was lieutenant-governor of the province, and who did not like the minister because he thought he stood in the way of his schemes for personal aggrandizement. In 1684 a Scotch ketch had been seized by a collector and carried out of the harbor in the night. The owner, a member of the church, swore upon the trial that he had not a hand in sending her away and that he knew nothing about it, but the circumstances were such that there was

strong suspicion that he had perjured himself. He found means, however, to settle the matter with Cranfield and the collector, but Mr. Moodey judged it necessary to do something to vindicate the honor of his church, so he requested of the Governor copies of the evidence for the purpose of instituting an examination. Cranfield ordered the minister to desist and threatened him with the consequences in case of refusal, but Moodey would not be intimidated and preached a sermon upon swearing and the evil of false swearing. The Governor in order to wreak his vengeance determined to put the uniformity act into operation; by a statute then in force, ministers were required to admit to the Lord's Supper all persons who should desire it, who were "of suitable years and not vicous." Cranfield gave notice that he and several others intended on the following Sunday to partake of the sacrament. His demand was not complied with, in consequence of which Moodey was indicted and imprisoned for thirteen weeks. After his persecution in Portsmouth he fled to Boston and was received in open arms by the members of the First Church. Even while at Portsmouth he took a great interest in Harvard college and succeeded in raising a fund of sixty pounds a year for seven years to erect a brick building on the Harvard ground. On the death of President Rogers, July 2, 1684, he was elected his successor, as president of Harvard College. He modestly declined the offer, preferring his situation as assistant minister in the First Church. He was a strong opponent to superstition, was involved in innumerable arguments and did much in securing the release of persons who were arrested in Salem and Boston for

witchcraft. He went back to Portsmouth in 1692 after many solicitations from his old flock. He died on the 4th of July, 1697, in the 65th year of his age, and his funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Cotton Mather.

Rev. Samuel Moody of the First Parish of York, Maine, was the fourth son of Caleb Moody of Newbury, and a grandson of William Moody, who came from England. He was born at Newbury on the 4th of January, 1675, and was a nephew of Rev. Joshua Moodey. Of his early life little is known, but he finished his education at Harvard when he was twenty-two, and graduated with honors in the year 1697. The next year he commenced preaching in York and was regularly ordained, and settled over the First Parish in that place in December, 1700, where he continued an eminently useful and successful minister of the gospel for nearly fifty years.

He was a man noted for his piety and was greatly beloved and no less feared by the people of his charge. He was distinguished alike for his eccentricities, his zeal as a man of God, his remarkable faith and fervency in prayer, and his uncommon benevolence. Histories of religion in New England place him as the equal of any gentleman of the clergy of that day. Previous to his settlement at York, the whole town had been destroyed by the Indians, fifty people having been killed and one hundred taken captive.

He petitioned the Earl of Bellemont, who was then Governor-in-Chief, and through him the council and representatives of the province assembled in June, 1699, for a competent maintenance as a chap-

lain to the garrison at York, in which position he had served for upward of a year, and the council granted him twelve pounds out of the public treasury.

He was a man of prayer, and remarkable for his importunity at the throne of grace. An instance of his power of prayer, is one cited against the French fleet in 1746. France had fitted out a fleet with the intention of destroying the British colonies. This fact was known in this country, and as the colonists could not expect any aid from England, of course they were very much exercised over the event. Moody had recourse to prayer. He appointed a day for the purpose, praying against this fleet, and he brought to view the expressions made use of in the Scriptures against Sennacherib; "Put a hook in his nose and a bridle in his lips; turn him back again by the way that he came, that he shall not shoot an arrow here nor cast up a bank; but by the way he came, cause him to return." By and by the old gentleman waxed warm and raised his hands and his voice and cried out, "Good Lord, if there is no other way of defeating their enterprise, send a storm upon them and sink them in the ship." It was found afterward that not far from that time a tremendous tempest burst upon that fleet, and foundered many of them. A remnant of the fleet got into Halifax, and the commander was so disheartened, thinking all the rest were lost that he put an end to his own life, and the second in command did the same, and the third in command was not competent for the undertaking. A mortal sickness prevailed among the survivors, and great numbers of them laid their

bones in Halifax. They finally packed their all and went back to France without striking a blow.

His faith was emulated in the Nineteenth century by his descendant. A story is told of him that he believed that if he asked the Lord, He would provide for every living thing. One morning his wife told him they had nothing for dinner. He replied that this was nothing to her: what she had to do was to set the table as usual when the dinner hour came. Accordingly, when the hour came, she set the table, spread the cloth and put on the plates, and just then a neighbor brought in a good dinner all cooked.

On another occasion Mrs. Moody told him on Saturday morning that they had no wood. "Well," he replied, "I must go into my study and God will provide for us." During the day a Quaker called in and asked for Mr. Moody. Mr. Moody appeared and the Quaker said to him, "Friend Moody, I was carrying a load of wood to neighbor A. B., and just as I got opposite thy door my sled broke down, and if thee will accept of the wood, I will leave it here." Mr. Moody told him it was very acceptable as he was entirely out.

His daughter, who lived in Massachusetts, told of the time when her father was officiating in the pulpit of her husband, who was a minister. At the time great ravages were being made by the canker worm, which well-nigh destroyed everything green. On Sunday morning when they went to the meeting house, the canker worms were so numerous that one could scarce set down his foot without crushing them by the score. Mr. Moody's text was from Mal. iii: 2, "I will rebuke the devourer for your

sakes." As he warmed up he seemed filled with a sort of prophetic fire and appealed to his hearers as follows: "Brethren, here is the promise of God. Do you believe it? Will you repose full confidence in it? I believe it and feel an assurance in my soul that God will bring it to pass."

It was noticed that when the service, which was long, had been finished, the destoyer had disappeared. Not one of the insects that had been so multitudinous was seen around. Historians say that they were seen lying dead in little windrows on the shore of the creek, which ran through the town.

In another particular the modern Evangelist emulated his distinguished ancestor. The latter refused to receive a stipulated salary, but rather chose to live on the voluntary contributions of the people. It has been said that he literally knew not anything that he possessed. In one of his sermons he mentioned that he had been supported for twenty years in a way most pleasing to him, and that he had been under no necessity of spending one hour in a week in care for the world. Yet he was sometimes reduced to want, though his confidence in God never failed him.

His benevolence was unbounded. His wife, as well as others, thought he was too lavish of his little, when anyone applied to him for assistance in distress. To put a check upon his liberality and give him time to consider, she made him a new purse, but when she had put the change into it she tied the strings into several knots, so that he might have time for reflection while untying them. Not long after this a poor person asked him for alms. He

took out his purse and attempted to untie the strings, but finding it difficult, he told the person he believed the Lord intended he should give him the whole, so he gave the purse and change together. The old lady's experiment on this occasion was rather a losing one.

Once when he was going to Boston to attend a great convention or conference, he saw a poor man in the hands of the officers, who were taking him to jail for debt. Father Moody inquired the amount for which he was to be imprisoned, and found that he had sufficient to defray the debt, which he immediately did, and the poor man was liberated. He then turned to one of his Elders who accompanied him and said that he must depend upon him to bear the expense of the journey, as he had nothing left. The Elder ventured respectfully to question the propriety and prudence of his conduct in thus rendering himself so dependent, but the old clergyman replied: "Elder, does not the Bible asy, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days?' " Towards evening they reached the city and the talent and piety of Boston came out upon Boston Common to see the famous Father Moody. The Elder related the morning adventure and after they had retired to their lodgings, a waiter brought Father Moody a sealed packet. He opened it and found it contained the precise sum which he had given to the poor man in the morning. He turned to the Elder and exclaimed: "I cast my bread upon the waters in the morning and behold it is returned to me in the evening."

His aptness for quoting and applying Scripture was known to be proverbial. He had a habit when

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MOODY FAMILY GATHERING, 1867.

The above is a very rare picture, being the only one in existence of Mrs. Moody and her children.

performing table service, of quoting some passage of Scripture descriptive of the food provided; one of his parishoners desired to know what he could find in the Bible to suit Shell-fish, and provided a dinner of clams and invited Mr. Moody to dine with him. In returning thanks after the refreshment, he blessed the Lord that he not only furnished supplies from the produce of the fields and flocks and herds, but permitted them to "suck of the abundance of the seas and of the treasures hid in the sand."

He was an extremely eccentric old fellow and numerous anecdotes are related on this particular phase of his character. At a certain time his church got into difficulty. At a church meeting, finding it difficult to get along, they concluded by his advice to adjourn for a season and pray for light and direction. On the next Sabbath, Mr. Moody preached from the following text: 2 Chron. xx: 12. "Neither know we what to do, but our eyes are upon Thee." After some introductory remarks, he stated this for his doctrine: "When a person or people are in such a situation that they know not what to do, they should not do they know not what, but their eyes should be unto the Lord for direction."

On another occasion while the old gentleman was on a journey to the Western part of Massachusetts, he called on a brother minister one Saturday, with a view to spending the Sabbath with him if agreeable. The man appeared very glad to see him and said: "I should be very glad to have you stop and preach with me to-morrow, but I feel almost ashamed to ask you." "Why, what is the matter?" said Mr. Moody. "Our people have got into such a habit of

going out before the meeting is closed, that it seems to be an imposition upon a stranger." "If that is all, I must and will stop and preach for you," was Mr. Moody's reply. When the Sabbath day came, and Mr. Moody had opened the meeting and named his text, he looked around on the assembly and said: "My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts of folks to-day, saints and sinners. Sinners, I am going to give you your portion first, and I would have your good attention." When he had preached to them as long as he thought best, he paused and said: "There, sinners, I have done with you now; you take your hats and go out of the meeting house as soon as you please." But they tarried and heard him through.

He was remarkably successful as a minister, and many revivals were held in his church during his ministry, and it is said to have contained between 300 and 400 members when he left it. His greatest revival, perhaps, was in 1741. The exact number he affiliated with his church will perhaps never be known, as the records were destroyed when the church was burned the next year.

The old man had as his guest that year the Rev. George Whitefield, the celebrated young minister, whose talents and fervent piety drew from the congregation to which he preached the strongest expressions of praise.

In 1745, two years before his death, he accompanied the American army as chaplain of the celebrated Cape Breton expedition. The old man, when Louisburg was taken, shouldered an ax and went up to the images in the churches and actually cut them

down, as he had told his friends he would when he left home.

He published several books, among which were "The Doleful State of the Damned, especially Such as go to Hell from under the Gospel," "Judas, the Traitor, Hung up in Chains to give Warnings to Professors that they Beware of Worldlimindedness and Hypocrisy; a Discourse concluding with a Dialogue," "A Sermon Preached to Children After Catechizing in the Town of York (Me.) July 25, 1721," "The Way to Get out of Debt, and the Way to Keep out of Debt."

Critics who have read these books declare that they compare well with those of Baxter.

He died at the age of ninety, and the family were assembled in the room at the time, his son Joseph sitting behind him on the bed, holding him up in his arms. When he had ceased to breathe, the people in the room began to remark that he was gone, and his son exclaimed in a loud voice: "And Joseph shall put his hands upon thine eyes." He then put his hands around and closed his eyes, and laid the lifeless body back on the bed.

His remains lie buried in the common burying place near the meeting house in York, and on his tombstone is this inscription: "For his farther character read Corinthians, 3d Chapter, and first six verses."

CHAPTER II.

MOODY'S EARLY LIFE.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born in the town of Northfield, Mass., February 5th, 1837. He was the sixth child of Edwin Moody and Betsy Holton, who were married January 3, 1828. Nine children in all blessed the union of this couple, seven being sons and two daughters. The homestead consisted of several acres of typical Massachusetts land, most of which was of a stony character, and covered by a mortgage. The father tilled his acres in their season and at other times worked at his trade as a stone-mason. According to the best accounts, he was not a successful business man, and the latter part of his life, as his family increased, was burdened with debts. His crushed spirit and business reverses caused his death after a few hours' illness. Dwight was then only four years old, but the shock of that death made an impression upon him which he declared he had never forgotten. The death of the father was followed soon after by the birth of a twin boy and girl. Thus Mrs. Moody was burdened with the care of a large family, the eldest of whom was only fifteen years. The old puritan idea, coupled with a mother's love, made her anxious to keep her brood together, and she bravely set about caring for them all, and contrived to have each of the little

hands earn something toward their support. They were taught to till the garden and do odd jobs for the neighbors. She was a strict Unitarian of the old school, a creed much different from that professed in that denomination in latter days. She was a firm believer in the Bible and its teachings, and drew therefrom the inspiration to make the life of her children dearer to the great Creator. It was her daily task and pleasure to teach them a little Bible lesson, and the Sabbath morning found them wending their way to the church service and Sunday school.

The eldest of the children was a boy of rugged mien who had an inclination to break away from his mother's apron strings. He had read the literature of the plains, and wandered off into the world, as he thought, to seek a fortune. This was one of the great sorrows of the Moody family. The mother never lost hope; she was ever praying for the return of her boy. As time went on, the preparations for his home-coming were added to year by year. This was especially true of Thanksgiving time, a festival dear to the hearts of all New Englanders. For years no tidings of the wandering boy reached the mother; night after night her sleep was disturbed by a dread vision of him lying somewhere in the great cold world; perhaps suffering, while she had enough for comfort. She was constantly sending to the little postoffice for a letter; sometimes two or three times a day. She never stated that she expected a letter from "him"—it was not necessary that she should do so, as the children learned by instinct that he was constantly in her mind. By common consent, his name was never mentioned,

except in the mother's prayer, and then, when in the family circle, only by inference.

Years afterward, when the widow was getting old and the gray was replacing the black in her hair and she had almost given up hope of ever seeing the lost one, a scene took place which changed her sorrow into joy.

In the dusk of a New England summer evening, a long-bearded stranger approached the humble home and stood upon the porch gazing in the open door with eager eyes. He had passed through the village, looking to the right and left for familiar faces and familiar scenes. He had wandered in the village churchyard and visited the grave of his father, to learn if there was another beside it. The widow came to the door and bid the stranger in. The old eyes which had watched so long for his coming did not know him now. He was only a lank boy when he ran away, now he is a big sun-burned and whiskered man.

The stranger did not move or speak in response to her invitation. He bowed his head and stood there reverently and humble in the presence of her whose love he had slighted and whose heart-strings he had almost broken. The sense of his ingratitude, and the memory of devotion and years of anxiety which were plainly stamped on that mother's face, caused the tears to run from his eyes. These tears were the means by which his mother recognized him.

"I cannot come in," said the son, "until my mother has forgiven me."

It may be surmised that he did not stand out very long. It did not take that mother many seconds to

get her arms around the neck of that prodigal child. She had forgotten the sorrow of years, in the joy of seeing him once again.

The Pastor of the Unitarian church where the Moodys worshiped was the Rev. Mr. Everett, and he was a faithful friend of the widow and her large family of children. They were on his regular visiting list and he was constantly cheering them with pleasant words. It was he who settled the quarrels among the boys; it was he who gave them bright pieces of silver urging them to good deeds; it was he who bid the mother to keep on praying.

At one time the great evangelist was taken into his home when but a mite of a boy, to run errands in the Pastor's household. He was a vigorous lad and was familiar with all the pranks known to all the urchins of that period. The good minister's patience was sorely tried on many occasions, but his jolly good-nature stayed the use of the rod.

The old minister had quite an influence with the boy, but it was not nearly so far-reaching as that of his mother. She was almost the only one who could command implicit obedience. In the winter time young Moody attended the village school; but at that period of his existence he had little desire for learning, and at the end of his six or seven terms he knew but little. Mr. Moody, in speaking of his school days, said:

"I remember, when a boy, I used to go in a certain school in New England, where we had a quick-tempered master who always kept a rattan. It was, 'If you don't do this, and you don't do that, I'll punish you.' I remember many times of this rattan being laid upon my back. I think I can

almost feel it now. He used to rule that school by the law. But after a while there were some parents who were in favor of controlling the school by love. A great many said you can never do that with those unruly boys, but after some talk it was at last decided to try it. I remember how we thought of the good time we would have that winter when the rattan would be out of the school. We thought we would then have all the fun we wanted; I remember who the teacher was—it was a lady—and she opened the school with prayer. We hadn't seen it done before and we were impressed, especially when she prayed that she might have grace and strength to rule the school with love. Well, the school went on for several weeks and we saw no rattan, but at last the rules were broken, and I think I was the first boy to break them. She told me to wait till after school and then she would see me. I thought the rattan was coming out sure, and stretched myself up in warlike attitude. After school, however, I didn't see the rattan, but she sat down by me and told me how she loved me, and how she had prayed to be able to rule that school by love, and concluded by asking me if I loved her to try and be a good boy. Her pleading reached my heart, and I never after caused her trouble."

Mr. Moody, one time, when talking of his early childhood, said that before he was four years old, the first thing he remembered was the death of his father; that he had been in business and failed, and that soon after his death the creditors came in and took everything. He said it seemed that one calamity after another came along and swept over the entire household; the coming of the twins in a

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DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

Pictures of Mr. Moody showing him in youth, manhood and age, and in a characteristic study attitude.

month after the death of the father, the rapacity of the creditors, and the illness of the mother, together with the demoralized state of the family, rendered the household anything but a congenial home. It was at this time that the elder son became a wanderer.

Another incident of Mr. Moody's boyhood days is related by him as follows: "I was in a field one day with a man who was hoeing. He was weeping, and he told me a strange story, which I have never forgotten. He said that when he left home, his mother gave him this text, 'Seek first the Kingdom of God,' but he paid no heed to it. He said when he got started in life, and his ambition to get money was gratified, it would be time enough then to seek the Kingdom of God. He went from one town to another and got nothing to do. When Sunday came, he went into the village church and what was his great surprise to hear the minister give out the text, 'Seek first the Kingdom of God.' He said the text went down to the bottom of his heart, but thought it was but his mother's prayer following him, and that some one must have written to that minister about him. He felt very uncomfortable, and when the meeting was over, he could not get that sermon out of his mind. He went away to another village, and at the end of the week, went into another church, and he heard the minister give out the same text, 'Seek first the Kingdom of God.' He felt sure this time that it was the prayers of his mother, but he said calmly and deliberately, 'No, I will first get wealth.' He said he went on, and did not go into a church for a few months, but the first place of worship he did go into, he heard the third minister

preach a sermon from the same text. He tried to stifle his feelings, he tried to get the sermon out of his mind, and he resolved that he would keep away from church altogether. For a few years, he never entered a church door. 'My mother died,' he said, 'and the text kept coming into my mind, and I said, "I will try to become a Christian.' " The tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, 'I could not. No sermons ever touched me. My heart is as hard as stone.' I could not understand what it was all about; it was fresh to me then. I went to Boston and got converted, and the first thought that came to me was about this man. When I went home, I asked my mother about him. She said they had taken him to an insane asylum, and to every one who went there he pointed with his finger upward, and told him to seek first the Kingdom of God. I went to see him, and I found him in a rocking-chair, with a vacant, idiotic look upon him. As soon as he saw me, he pointed to me and said: 'Young man, seek first the Kingdom of God.' Reason had gone, but the text was there."

One of Mr. Moody's brothers was employed in a store at Greenfield, a short distance from the family home, and it was so lonesome there for him that he wanted young Dwight to be near him for company. So when he came home one cold Saturday night in the month of November, he told the boy that he had a place for him. Dwight didn't want to go, but after the matter was talked over by the family, he decided that the next morning he would visit the man, and if the conditions were to his liking, he might accept the place. In one of his sermons, Mr.

Moody tells that incident. He said that the brothers started off in the early morning, and when they got to the top of the hill, they looked back at the home, and he thought that this would be the last time that he would ever see it, and he cried as if his heart would break. This he continued until he arrived at Greenfield. There his brother introduced him to an old man who was so old that he could not milk his cows and do the chores, and young Dwight was to run his errands and go to school. Mr. Moody said that he looked at the old man, and thought that he was cross, and that he looked at his wife, and thought that she was crosser than the old man. He said that when he had stayed there an hour, it seemed like a week, and then he went around to his brother and said:

"I am going home."

"What are you going home for?" asked his brother.

"I am homesick," Dwight said.

"Oh, well, you will get over it in a few days."

"I never will, I don't want to," said the boy.

"You will get lost if you start home now, it is getting dark."

Dwight was frightened then, as he was only about ten years old, and he said, "I will go at daybreak to-morrow morning."

His brother then took him to a shop window where they had some jack-knives, and jew's-harps and dolls, and other things that boys are supposed to like, with the idea of diverting his mind, but what did the lonesome boy care for those old jack-knives, or jew's-harps, or dolls? He wanted to get back home to his mother and brothers. It seemed as

though his heart was breaking. All at once his brother said:

"Dwight, here comes a man that will give you a cent."

"How do you know he will?" the boy asked.

"Oh, he gives every new boy that comes to town a cent," said his brother.

Dwight brushed away his tears, for he would not have him see that he had been crying, and he got right in the middle of the sidewalk, where he could not help but see him, and kept his eyes right upon him. He always remembered how that old man looked as he came tottering down the sidewalk. He remembered the bright, cheerful, sunny face. When the man came opposite to where he was, he stopped, took Dwight's hat off, put his hand on his head and said to his brother:

"This boy is new in town, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he has just come to-day," said his brother.

Young Moody watched to see if he would put his hand into his pocket; he was thinking of that cent. The old man began to talk to him so kindly that he soon forgot all about it. He told him the story of God and His only Son, and how wicked men had killed Him, and how He had died for all. He talked only five minutes, but he had him fascinated, and then he put his hand into his pocket, and took out a brand new cent, a copper that looked just like gold. This he gave him, and the boy thought it was gold, and he held it very tight. He never felt so rich before. "I do not know what became of that cent," he said in speaking of the affair. "I have always regretted that I did not keep it, but I can feel the pressure of

that old man's hand upon my head to this day. Fifty years have rolled away, and I can hear those kind words ringing yet. I shall never forget the act. He put the cent at usury, and that cent has cost me a great many dollars."

Mr. Moody used to tell a story in which he related how he and the other boys in the neighborhood, in the spring of the year, when the snow had melted away from the New England hills, would take a piece of glass, and hold it up to the warm rays of the sun, and that these rays would strike through the glass, and set the woods and grass on fire, and that these escapades caused the neighbors much trouble and anxiety.

Mr. Moody said that when he was a boy, his mother used to send him out to get a birch stick to whip him with, when it was necessary that he be punished, which was quite often. He said that at first he used to stand off from the rod as far as he could, but that he soon learned that the whipping hurt him more that way, and so after that he always went as near his mother as he could, and found that she could not strike him so hard.

He said that among the other things which he did on the farm, was the hoeing of corn, and that he used to hoe it so badly in order to get over as much ground as he could, that at night he had to put down a stick so as to know next morning where he had left off.

Mr. Moody said he had little faith in prayer in his boyhood days, but that faith came to him in the following manner. He was creeping under a heavy fence, and it fell down and caught him, so that he could not get away. He struggled until he was

quite exhausted, and then began to cry for help, but he was so far from any house no one heard him. He then began to think that he should have to die away up there on the mountain all alone, but then he happened to remember that maybe God would help him, and so he asked Him, and he said that he was greatly surprised to see that he could lift the rails so easily.

It was at the earnest entreaty of his mother that in the latter part of his school days, he attempted to do some hard studying. His last term at school was in the winter of his seventeenth year, but his resolution to gain a little knowledge came so late, that although he studied very hard, it availed him little.

Whatever religious impressions he had felt in childhood, seemed to have been covered out of sight, and he grew up to be a young man with no other piety in him than the love of his mother and a sturdy determination to be an honest and successful man. He was endowed with a determination that he would succeed somehow, and his deficiencies in education were over-balanced by a bold push aided by a ready wit, which carried him over many difficulties, before which a wiser but less courageous boy would have quailed in despair.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN BOSTON.

Young Moody at the age of seventeen left Northfield with his mother's permission to seek employment. He first went to Clinton, where he had a brother who was a clerk in a store, but finding nothing there to suit him, he pushed on to Boston. His uncle, Samuel Holton, a successful merchant of Boston, had visited the old home a little while before, and Dwight had asked him for a place in his boot and shoe store. The uncle, knowing what a wild young colt he was, had refused, fearing to take him to a great city, where the chances were that he would go straight to ruin. But the young man was determined to show his uncle that he could find, or make a place for himself without help from any one. Accordingly, much to that excellent gentleman's surprise, his nephew one day made his appearance in his store, not to ask for a place but just as a visitor.

His uncle, Lemuel, a younger brother of his mother, lived in Boston, and at his house young Moody was made welcome. He at once began to look for a situation, but did not succeed very well. The odor and the air of the farm were upon him; the touch of the mountain breeze was still in his cheeks, and these distinguished him from the dwellers in

the city. His clothes were not of the fashionable cut of the day. In some places they were shiny; in others, seedy, and his trousers bagged at the knee. At this time he was so unfortunate as to inherit a big boil on his neck, which forced his head to rest on one side, and gave him a comical, if not a grotesque appearance, and of course this did not help his prospects for obtaining a situation.

At the end of a week he was much disgusted, but not discouraged; he began to think that nobody in Boston appreciated him, and he did have a very fair idea of his own worth. He came to the conclusion that he must move on, and he picked upon New York as the place to which he thought it would be well to go. All his money was gone, and he knew that he must make the journey on foot, if he went at all, as he had nothing which he could sell to raise more funds. His uncle Lemuel asked him if he had called upon his uncle Samuel for aid to a situation.

"No," said Dwight, "he knows that I am looking for a place, and he may help me or not just as he pleases."

His pride, however, was beginning to bend just a little, but it was by no means ready to break. He was adrift in a world which seemed to care for him no more than the ocean waves care for a floating piece of cork wood. His uncle Lemuel thought it might be well to give the young man some advice, so he gave him a good fatherly talk. He told him that his self-will was greatly in his way, and that modesty was sometimes as needful as courage, and suggested that his uncle Samuel would no doubt be glad to do something for him, if he should show

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THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The place where Mr. Moody was born and where his mother lived for three-quarters of a century, also the new hotel and training school.

himself a little more willing to be governed by people who were older and wiser than himself.

Acting upon this advice, he was kindly received by his uncle Samuel, who consented to give him a place as a salesman in his store upon the following conditions:

That he was to board at some place to be selected by his uncle.

That he was not to be out in the streets after night, or go to places of amusement, which his uncle did not approve.

That he was regularly to attend the Mount Vernon (Congregational) church and Sunday-school.

His uncle was a successful business man. He, too, had come to Boston in his youth, and knew of the snares and temptations to which a young man was subjected, and he was satisfied that if young Dwight would adhere strictly to the code he had laid down for him, that he would succeed. He had for many years been a member of the Mount Vernon church, and he knew that the young man would be sure to find there good companions, a thing which he considered of vital importance. To the three conditions above enumerated, a general one was added, which was that Dwight was to be governed by the judgment of his uncle rather than his own; or, in other words, that he was to give due obedience to his superiors.

Young Moody was in such a state of mind, and was so thankful for the aid which his uncle had offered him, that he readily agreed to all of the conditions, and to his credit, it may be said that he kept them faithfully. A home was found for him in a Christian family, who lived in humble style, but

the moral atmosphere was such that it more than compensated for any lack of bodily comforts. A feeling natural to one in his condition, sprung up in the breast of young Moody, and that was that the people with whom he came in contact in his church and business life felt that they were just a little bit better than he. He saw that he had neglected his opportunities in the country school, and that his meagre education had not fitted him to shine in cultivated society. For a time he was unhappy, but he steadily held to his purpose of conquering a place for himself in the world, and he felt sure of ultimate success.

He was a sharp, shrewd boy, a keen observer of man and things, even at that early age, and was possessed after a short time, with a judgment rare in a boy who had been raised under such environments. What he lacked in knowledge he made up in shrewd guessing, and within three months after he entered the store of his uncle, he was the best salesman in the house. His idea of business was a struggle with mankind, out of which the hardest heads and the sharpest wits were sure to come with the largest influence and the longer purse. His uncles were quiet men and conservative. Dwight was opposed to silence and conservatism. Their ideas were not his ideas, although their aim may have been the same. They were slow and methodical; he was brusque, impulsive and aggressive. He had a high sense of what he thought was right, and was quick to resent what he deemed any attack upon his honor. These little tempests of passion soon passed away, however. It may be imagined that this peculiar characteristic of the young man

sometimes created consternation in the conservative old business house, and it required splendid diplomatic ability on the part of the superiors to keep peace among the inferiors.

The church which his uncle required him to attend was Congregational in its character, and was one of the most orthodox and excellent in all that section of the country. Its pastor, Dr. Kirk, was a man of magnificent physique, of great knowledge, of captivating manners, and great oratorical powers. He was such a man as would naturally draw to him a character such as that of young Moody. No ordinary preacher would have been able to have done this. Young Dwight saw in this minister a man who was a success.

Mr. Edward Kimball was the teacher of the Bible class, in which he was placed in the Sunday-school. His first visits to the class were by reason of his agreement with his uncle, but it was with evident weariness and impatience that he listened to the lessons and explanations. The teacher stated in speaking of the affair in after years that he did not seem to be able to get hold of the young man, and that he even felt that he was failing to interest him, but that one Sunday, the lesson happened to be about Moses, and that he noticed that the young boy listened with considerable attention, and was at last so interested as to actually ask a question, the first remark he had made. The teacher received the question with much favor, and enlarged upon it much to the youth's satisfaction. The boy soon began to take an interest in his teacher, but his dislike for the Sunday-school and the church seemed to be growing. It seemed to him that the people

were so rich, so proud and so pious, that they lived in a different world from his. The youth of his age wore better clothes, and spent a great deal of money, and he felt that he could not imitate them. Therefore, he considered himself a victim of misfortune, and had a habit of revenging himself, as many people do under like circumstances, by denouncing his more fortunate fellow creatures for their pride. It was not long, however, before the spirit of God began to make itself manifest in his soul. His heart gradually began to soften. He thought often of the lessons taught him by his mother, and he began again to pray the Lord to help him to be good. One day his Sunday-school teacher came to him in his place of business, and putting his hand kindly upon his shoulder, inquired if he would not give his heart to Christ. The question awakened him, and he began to seek the Savior in earnest, and in a little while he began to feel that he had been converted. Years afterward, he used to say: "I can feel the touch of that man's hand on my shoulder yet." He carried into his religion the same enthusiasm that he used in his business, and he soon began to speak in the meetings of the church, telling what God had done for his soul, and sometimes adding a piece of exhortion, which was not always flattering to the elegant believers around him, and which was many times received with disfavor.

It is related that one good lady, a member of the congregation, one of those prim, stately old New England damsels, who doubtless traced her ancestry back to the Mayflower pilgrims, called upon his uncle Samuel, and requested that he advise the young man to remain silent until he should become

more able to edify the meetings. His uncle replied that he was glad his nephew had the courage to profess his faith in such presence, and declined to put anything in his way.

In the course of time, he made application to be received into the Mount Vernon church, and went before the deacons to be examined as to his faith and doctrine. His early training in religious matters had been in a general way. He had not been taught the catechism of any creed. His mother was a believer in the Bible, and explained it according to her light without reference to any particular sect. Thus it was that when he came to pass the strict doctrinal examination, he found himself illy qualified. There was nothing lacking in his faith, but his doctrine was lamentably weak. Orthodox theology had made little impression upon him. He was completely at sea on the questions propounded to him by the deacons, but he was familiar with his duty to Christ, to the church and the world, and he was willing and anxious to do it. The deacons did not take kindly to this kind of theology. In those days, doctrine was one of the great things necessary to a man's salvation, and he who had not doctrinal points at the end of his tongue, was not, in their judgment, considered a fit candidate for full church membership. They wanted the young man to succeed, they wanted him to become a member of their church, but they could not see their way clear to accepting him at that time. They, therefore, proposed to put him on probation. This the young man accepted, and continued his heavenward course, meanwhile imbibing a number of the doctrinal points. After a time, he made a second applica-

tion, and at the May communion, in the year 1855, he was received into the church. Some years afterward, Dr. Kirk, the pastor, was in Chicago, and heard the young man preach, stayed at his house, preached in his pulpit, and conversed with the people about him, and when he returned East, he called upon Moody's uncle Samuel, and said to him:

"We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. There is that young Moody, whom we thought did not know enough to be in our church and Sunday-school, exercising a greater influence for Christ than any other man in the great Northwest."

Mr. Moody never forgot the kind help of his teacher, Mr. Kimball. He claimed it as one of the sweetest experiences of his life when he had become a successful evangelist. Many years after, when Mr. Moody was holding some meetings in Boston, a young man came to him after the service and introduced himself as the son of Mr. Kimball. Mr. Moody was, of course, delighted to see him, and at once inquired if he was a Christian. The young man answered that he was not.

"How old are you?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Seventeen," replied the young man.

"Just my age," said Mr. Moody, "when your father led me to the Savior, and that was just seventeen years ago this very day. Now, I want to pay him by leading his son to Christ."

The young man was deeply impressed. They went into a pew together. Mr. Moody prayed with him, and received his promise to give his heart to Christ. Soon afterward, he received a letter from

his old teacher, in which he said that his son had found peace in believing.

Mr Moody carried his business push into the church, and Dr. Kirk was many times obliged to put an extinguisher on the young man, who always wanted to talk. He reminded one of a steam-engine in his enthusiasm. His conversion seemed to force him to want to do something more than was being done in the church. He could not understand that a man could be a conservative Christian. He thought that he must always be fighting sin in whatever guise he found it. He believed that the old bones needed rattling up. He wanted to set the church members to working, but they did not take kindly to innovations. He began to think that a change of scene was what he needed. He had heard and read much of the West, and he believed that there he would have better opportunities for fulfilling his business aspirations, and a freer range for his religious convictions. So, in 1856, in the month of September, he left Boston, and a few days later arrived in Chicago.

CHAPTER IV.

BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER.

When Mr. Moody arrived in Chicago, he carried letters of introduction to a number of merchants in the boot and shoe line, this being the only class of business with which he was familiar, he had little trouble in securing a situation with a Mr. Wiswall. He conducted a flourishing store on Lake Street. The young Yankee soon made his influence felt, there was a hustle about him which pleased his employer and caused his fellow clerks to look on in astonishment. He earned every cent of salary that was paid him and it was raised more than once in a few years in which he remained in the business. He introduced new ideas constantly. In those days it was the habit of clerks to sit around and read the papers when no customers were within, this young Moody never did. If no buyers appeared at the store he went out after them, he beat about the hotels, depots and other places where he was likely to fall in with merchants from the country. When he found them he had a faculty of persuading them that the goods which he sold were far superior in every respect to the goods sold by other people in the same line of business, and that the methods and business integrity of his firm was the superior of all. It is the general impression of all who knew his early prospects, that if he had devoted his

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MR. MOODY'S MISSIONARY PONY.

The animal was a familiar sight in the streets, being used by Mr. Moody in visiting the sick and in looking up scholars for his Sunday-school in Chicago in the early days.

life to business he would have become one of the recognized commercial men of the United States, and perhaps one of its wealthiest merchants. His enterprise, organizing powers and financial ability were recognized and remarked upon at all times. His friends tried in every way to persuade him to stick to a mercantile career, but he was not to be turned from his decision to devote his life to the saving of souls. No better evidence of Mr. Moody's business ability can be cited than the successful operation of the splendid settlement of schools at Northfield, and of the Bible Institute and its attendant features here in Chicago.

One of the first acts of Mr. Moody, when he removed to the West, was to join the First Congregational Church of Chicago, and to hire therein not one but four pews, he had determined that any money which he received for his services, and which was not necessary to the support of his mother and her family in Northfield, and not necessary for the defraying of slight expenses necessary for his own support, should be applied to the spreading of the gospel, he believed that as he gave so would he prosper, that he could do more good for himself and for others by giving a quarter instead of a tenth of his income to Christ, so that one of the things that he did with his surplus income was to expend it in this unique manner of hiring four pews in a church. Having secured the pews, the next thing was to fill them, this, however, was not a difficult task. He went into the highways and by-ways and brought in the scum of the earth. Some of the good aristocratic church members did not fancy this sort of evangelism, but the minister was a godly man and

believed that this young parishoner was on the right track. This work, however, was too slow for this Yankee enthusiast, he wanted to fill the church, but as that was not to be thought of, he must find some other method of satisfying his ambition for work.

He applied for the position of the teacher of one of the Mission Sunday-schools, and was informed that the school was well supplied. They said, however, if he could bring in his own class, they would certainly not object to his teaching them and that he would be given the best of support. They intimated to him that it was not teachers that they wanted, but scholars, that it was not much trouble to find teachers, the trouble was to find some one to teach.

On the next Sunday the new candidate for teacher's honors, appeared with a procession of eighteen as ragged, rowdy, barefooted lot of young "hoodlums" as ever crossed the threshold of a place of worship. He had found his vocation, he was in his element and he knew it at once. This must be his life work. He became the church recruiting officer in all the missions and Sunday-schools in the town. He did not neglect his business, that went on the same as before, his energy seemed almost tireless, he worked hard all day in his business relations and spent the evenings and Sunday working for souls.

The commerce of Chicago in those days was largely transported by ships, and the busy docks was consequently a meeting place for the toughest characters, and he was to be seen in the lowest parts of a great city among them, spreading tracts, and offering consolation, many times to be rebuffed, entreating men to give up their vicious practices

and turn their attention in future to the great truths taught in the Scriptures.

It was not long before Mr. Moody established a mission Sunday-school of his own. He saw that a large territory on the north side of the river was not looked after by Christian people, so he rented a deserted saloon, the only available room to be had at that time, which stood near the North Side Market. The location was admirable for his purpose. It was surrounded by fully 200 saloons and gambling dens, and the streets, alleys and tenements swarmed with men, women and children. His previous scout work had made him acquainted with the habits of these people and he did not fear but that he could soon make his school a success.

A gentleman who visited this school in its first days described it as being bare of chairs and tables, most of the scholars being obliged to stand up along the wall. Mr. Moody had an old box for a seat, and his plan was to group the children around him, with perhaps one on his knee, and read to them chapters from the Bible any cxplain it according to his light. It was about this time when he began to note his own deficiency in education, and this caused him to call upon people who were well equipped for Sunday-school work to aid him.

One of Mr. Moody's best qualifications for this work was his intense love for children; he never seemed happier than when in the midst of a jolly group of youngsters with whom he could romp and play to his heart's content.

Mr. Frank Keefer, of Hammond, Ind., who was an attendant at the North Side Moody school, relates that at one time Mr. Moody gave a picnic to his

scholars out on the Des Plaines river; the day was an ideal one in the country, and everything was in the full beauty of life, while the sun beamed bright and warm. He remembers that Mr. Moody was attired in a long linen duster and presented anything but a distinguished appearance. During the day Mr. Moody gave his boys what he called a treat. He had secured several large sacks of apples and he went through the crowd pouring them out to see the boys scramble after them. He highly enjoyed the performance, but when he had finished he did not have much left worth speaking of in the way of clothes.

One of Mr. Moody's plans was to approach his intended scholars with candies, apples and toys, thus gain their confidence, and finally get them into the school. When he got them there once he had no fear but that they would return. Several men are now living who were members of that school, and they state that although at the time they had no deep religious convictions yet there was something about Mr. Moody and his methods that drew them to him and made the Sunday-school a desirable place to go, although the outside attractions were certainly very inducing in those days.

Thus early Mr. Moody realized the value of music, and believed it to be one of the strong points which would hold his Mission school together. He secured the services of Mr. Trudeau, a musical friend, and installed him as chorister. It was not long before the school began to grow to such proportions that Mr. Moody saw he must make other arrangements to accommodate the crowd. He, therefore, obtained permission of Mayor Haines to

use the hall over the old North Market. This hall had generally been used on Saturday nights for a dance, and it took most of the forenoon on Sunday to sweep out the debris, such as sawdust, tobacco and beer stain. There were no furnishings in this room, but Mr. Moody took it upon himself to do the financial work and soon succeeded. Among those whom he called on was Mr. J. V. Farwell, the millionaire merchant prince of Chicago. Mr. Farwell succumbed to the blandishments of Mr. Moody and subscribed money enough to furnish the hall. After Mr. Moody received his subscription he asked Mr. Farwell what he was doing in the way of personal work for Christ. Mr. Farwell told him, and Mr. Moody finding that all his time was not occupied, suggested that he visit his Sunday-school on the next Sunday. Mr. Farwell did so and was surprised on his arrival there to learn that Mr. Moody had nominated him as Superintendent. He hesitated somewhat about accepting the office, but Mr. Moody insisted, however, that he should try it, and he did, and thus began a friendship which lasted throughout Mr. Moody's life. The school grew from seventy-five scholars to 200 in three months; there were 350 scholars in six months, and within a year the average attendance was 650. It was estimated that fully 2,000 children passed through the school a year.

Mr. Moody not only did scout work for his Sunday-school, but in his travels through the lowly districts of Chicago he found many cases of want and his energies were largely turned in the direction of relieving the distress of such people as came under his observation. In order to do this he had to call upon his friends; this circle he extended wider and

wider each year until he knew every prominent business man in Chicago, and it has been stated that there was not a single one of them but had contributed more or less to Mr. Moody's plans.

During these labors at the North Market Street Mission he attended to his duties of a traveling salesman. This made his work much harder, because he would frequently be miles from Chicago toward the end of the week, but he had made an arrangement with his employers that he was to spend his Sundays at home and he never allowed anything to interfere with this. It is not to be supposed that he had clear sailing in his Sunday-school work. There was a strong Catholic element living on the North Side at that time and among the boys were numbered several who were certainly anything but saints. These boys broke windows constantly in the old Market Hall, and did other things which annoyed Mr. Moody very greatly. He knew it would be of little use to expostulate with the boys and less use to expostulate with their parents, and he determined to go to the fountain head and see what could be done. He, therefore, called upon the Catholic Bishop of Chicago and laid the matter before him. The Bishop was surprised, of course, but Mr. Moody won him over and the Bishop issued an order which prevented any further disturbances.

After his school had been fully established, he determined to give all his service to Christian work, and the manner in which this was brought about is told in another place in this work. He made it a practice to speak to one unconverted man each day, and he has related many instances of his work in this manner.

On the 28th of August, 1862, he entered into marriage with Miss Emma C. Revell, who still survives him. She is a sister of Fleming H. Revell, the well known Chicago publisher. Two children were born of this union while they resided in Chicago and one child after they removed to Northfield, all of whom survive.

With his work during the war, on the Christian Commission, he found time, in 1863, to erect a large building in Illinois Street, at a cost of $20,000, and removed his mission and church from the North Market Hall to that place when it was completed. He did not give up his work with the Y. M. C. A. by any means. He determined that the Association should have a permanent hall and this he secured for them. It was known as "Farwell Hall," and was dedicated on September 29, 1867.

CHAPTER V.

HIS Y. M. C. A. WORK.

Mr. Moody was one of the first members of the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, in 1858, when that organization opened its room at 205 Randolph street. He continued his work, and, in 1864, was made a member of a special committee for the procuring of ground and the erection of a permanent building. As a result of this work, the first building of the Association was dedicated at 148 Madison street, in 1867. He was president of the Association from 1865 to 1869. One of the principal reasons ascribed for the success of the Y. M. C. A. was the daily prayer-meetings and the religious efforts growing out of it. Mr. Moody was the leading spirit, and gathered round him a band of men who were winners of souls. The very atmosphere of the rooms of the Association was one of prayer and praise. Although the appointments were very modest and plain, the spirit of those who met in those daily services was one of remarkable consecration.

The good effected by the Y. M. C. A. in connection with the United States Christian commission during the civil war was altogether incalculable, many of whom were among the first who responded to the call for 75,000 men, and from that time to the capture of Richmond the labor of societies were un-

remitting to aid and comfort soldiers in camp and on the battle-field.

A large chapel was erected in Chicago where there was preaching and prayer-meetings every day. The hospitals were visited by regular agents who supplied all the needs of the soldiers during sickness and convalescence. Dwight L. Moody was the first regular army agent of the societies.

Camp Douglas, in Chicago, was selected for a military prison by the United States authorities, and many men who had fought in the Confederate army were brought there for safety. Mr. Moody and his co-workers saw in this camp, which was tenanted alike by Union and Confederate forces, a need of spiritual instruction. He, therefore, put forth his efforts to do all the good he could in the camp, and held meetings there as often as his affairs and the exigencies of the camp would permit.

From Camp Douglas he went to other camps of the army, and for years his familiar face and pleasant voice were seen and heard in many places where blood ran in streams.

At the close of the war, there was organized what was known as the American Christian Commission, which held conventions in many cities of the country, among the most notable of which were the ones held in Boston, Minneapolis, and Des Moines, Iowa, in 1866; Leavenworth, Kansas; Minneapolis, Pittsburg, and Grinnell, Iowa, in 1867; St. Louis, Philadelphia, Peoria, Detroit, Terre Haute, Columbus, and terminating with the great national convention held in Marble Church, New York, in 1868. At each of these conventions Mr. Moody presided, and was the moving spirit of the meetings. His work

in the Christian Commission brought him more than local fame, but his work in these conventions made him known to people all over the United States, and the culmination was in the New York meeting when he answered the questions and expounded his views on the Bible against Dr. John Hall and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. In the judgment of the contemporary critics, he came out with the fullest of honors.

At the close of the work of the Commission, he came back to Chicago, occasionally making visits here, there and elsewhere, for the purpose of holding revivals. He began to be much sought after and he thought that perhaps it would be best to give up his local work in Chicago and vicinity, and traverse more ground.

In a history of the First Congregational Church of Chicago for the quarter-century ending in 1876, appeared the following: "In closing the records of this portion of our history a brief word ought to be spoken respecting the peculiarly close relation sustained by this church to the evangelistic work of our honored brother, Dwight L. Moody, Major T. W. Whittle, and P. P. Bliss. It is a matter of pardonable pride that when Brother Moody was canvassing the question of duty as to his future work, when some ridiculed his illiterateness, were offended at his plain, blunt way of putting the gospel truth; when some pulpits were shut against him, and some Christian people were disposed to think him a clown, not to say a fool, this church had, as a whole, only sympathy, this pulpit only a welcome and a God-speed. And I know that this hearty fellowship and regard were most grateful and inspiriting to him.

"The first Bible-reading he gave in this city, or

gave anywhere, as covering the new method of evangelistic labor which was shaping itself before his mind, he gave in the lecture-room of this church, and the work of that series of twelve readings greatly encouraged this dear brother to continue in his chosen work. Church and pastor were one in this. You never found fault with me for welcoming him so heartily to this pulpit. You never sneered at his broken, unpolished utterances, his faulty grammar. You agreed with me, that taught in the schools or taught only in the closet, ordained by the laying on of men's hands, or ordained only by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, whosoever he might be, that evinces the seal of God's approval on his endeavor to lead men to Christ, he should have our heartiest fellowship, our sincerest prayers.

"Brother Whittle is our rightful ambassador, for he was converted under the ministry of this pulpit. Brother Bliss, whom Brother Moody feels to be as truly raised up of God in his service of gospel song, as was Charles Wesley, is still one of our household, and thank God for this fellowship. They all pray earnestly for us as we do for them; and may God grant to endue both them and us with a double portion of His Spirit, and in the future exalt through all our labors, as never before, the gospel of salvation through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ."

In speaking of Moody's Y. M. C. A. work, Rev. F. G. Ensign, superintendent of the American Sunday-school Union, says: "The services of Dwight L. Moody in the early days of the Young Men's Christian Association were of inestimable value, and his influence has remained through all these later years as a benediction. From 1861 to 1870

no man was so constant and persistent in the work as was Mr. Moody. He gave to it the first labors of his early days, and the ripe thoughts of his mature years. As a well-known business man, in whose store Mr. Moody was once employed, said: 'Mr. Moody would make quite a good clerk if he had not so many other things on his hands.' Those other things were the eternal interests of his fellow men, and such a spirit as his could not be long confined even by the bounds that hold most men to the appointed desks by which they earn their daily bread. With an enthusiasm which could not be dampened, and an energy which never abated, Mr. Moody pursued his arrow-straight course.

"What he has done for communities and nations during these latter years, he did for the Association during his early days. It would be impossible to estimate his usefulness to the Association, or to catalogue the details of his successful work. The association claims him as its greatest single champion and honors him for the work that he did while here not less than for the work for the world's evangelization, which he has since pursued with great success. It rejoices that one whose training was in part obtained in its service should be so manifestly called of God to the great work in which he has since engaged."

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST MEETING WITH BLISS.

Mr. P. P. Bliss, who is known as the sweet singer and great song-writer, tells of his first meeting with Mr. Moody, in 1869. Mr. Moody at that time was holding gospel services in Woods' Museum, Chicago, which stood near the corner of Clark and Randolph Streets. Previous to his holding services in the theater, he was accustomed to speaking in the open air from the steps of the court house. Mr. Bliss said that one Sunday evening, accompanied by his wife, they went out for a walk, and passing up Clark Street, they came to the open air meeting. "I was at once attracted by the earnestness of the speaker, who was Mr. Moody, and waiting until he closed with an earnest appeal for all to follow him to the theater, we decided we would go, and fell in with the crowd. I spent the evening in his meeting there. That night Mr. Moody was without his usual leader for the singing, and the music was rather weak. From the audience I helped what I could on the hymns, and attracted Moody's attention. At the close of the meeting, he was at the door shaking hands with all who passed out, and as I came to him he had my name and history in about two minutes, and a promise that when I was in Chicago Sunday evenings, I would come and help in the singing at the theater meetings. This was the commencement

of our acquaintance. I sang at the theater meetings often after that, and making longer stops in Chicago in connection with writing music, I was often at the noon meeting, and was frequently made use of by Mr. Moody in his various gatherings."

Mr. Bliss was engaged in holding revival services in different cities in connection with Major Whittle for several years and was very successful. His music is still used in Sunday-schools.

Phillip Paul Bliss was born in Clearfield County, Pa., July 9, 1838, in the usual log house occupied by the English settlers of the mountain and forest region of northern Pennsylvania. In February, 1844, the family moved to Kinsman, Trumbull County, Ohio, where they resided three years. In 1847, the family returned to Pennsylvania, residing in Esterville, Crawford County, and, in November, 1848, they removed to Tioga County. Mr. Bliss was one of sixteen children, all but two of whom died in infancy. When about ten years of age, he had his first piano, and he thought it was the sweetest music that had ever been produced. He worked on a farm in his early days, that is, from the time he was eleven until he was sixteen years of age. A portion of this time, however, he was enabled to obtain a little schooling. He was converted by a Baptist minister in 1850, and was immersed in a creek near his own home by a minister of the Christian church, who was holding meetings in that neighborhood.

In 1855, he spent the winter in a select school at East Troy, Bradford County, Pa. In 1856, he worked on a farm in the summer, and taught school in the winter at Hartsville, Allegheny County, N. Y. The following winter he passed at Towanda,

Pa., and at Towner Hill. Here he met for the first time J. G. Towner, who was afterward associated with him in concerting. The same winter he attended the musical convention at Rome, Pa. This did much to strengthen his growing passion for music. In 1858, he was at Almond, N. Y., and in the winter of that year he taught in the Rome Academy, at Rome, Pa. He became acquainted with O. F. Young, whose family were singers. He fell in love with the eldest daughter, Lucy, and, on June 1, 1859, they were married at the little town of Wysocks; the year after his marriage he worked on the farm for his father-in-law, and received for his support $13 a month, the amount usually paid to farm hands. In the winter he commenced teaching music at Bradford County for $2 an evening and board. His first musical composition was written in 1864, and published in 1865 by Root & Cady. It was called "Lora Vale." From 1864 to 1876, for twelve years, his pen was usually giving expression to songs that came thronging through his mind. He was twenty-six years old when he wrote his first song, and thirty-eight when he wrote his last.

His first meeting with Mr. Geo. F. Root, of Chicago, was in 1863 or 1864. When he went to Illinois to hold musical conventions and give concerts, he connected himself with the musical publishing firm at that time, and took editorial charge of the "Musical Visitor." Mr. Bliss continued to hold revival meetings first with the Rev. D. W. Whittle, and then with Mr. Moody. Among his famous songs was "Hold the Fort, for I Am Coming," which was taken from the message sent by General Sherman to the command which was holding Kenesaw moun-

tain during the civil war. This was written in 1870. In September, 1876, he visited Mr. Moody at Northfield, and spent a week with him there. He accompanied him during that visit to Greenfield, Brattleboro, Keene, and adjacent towns, and sang at the meetings Mr. Moody conducted. In October of that same year, he was present at the Moody and Sankey opening service in Chicago. He did not participate in any of the Chicago meetings in a public way, but for three weeks was a constant attendant. On October 21st he went to Kalamazoo, his wife accompanying him. He sang at the Young Ladies' Seminary at the Baptist College. From the 11th to the 21st of November, 1876, he was at Jackson, Mich., holding meetings. On the 25th of November he went to Peoria, and held a meeting. On the 14th of December the meeting was closed, and Mr. Bliss went to Chicago. He left on that same evening for Towanda, Pa., where he spent Sunday with his mother, and sister, Mrs. Willson. It was his intention to return to Chicago on December 31st, when he and Mr. Whittle were to take up the work in that city. He attended nearly every meeting in the little town where he was visiting, his last one being on Wednesday evening, December 27th. He was full of the holy spirit, and sang with more than usual power, among the songs being "In the Christian Home in Glory," "Hold Fast Till I Come," "Father, I Am Tired," and "Eternity." He prefaced his remarks on the song, "Hold Fast Till I Come," by saying that it was one of the first occasions of its being sung, and it might be the last song he should ever sing to them. This seemed afterward in the light of a premonition of his approaching end.

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MR. MOODY'S NORTH SIDE TABERNACLE, CHICAGO.

This was one of the first church buildings erected in Chicago after the great fire of 1871, and stood as an example of Mr. Moody's enterprise.

Thursday morning, December 28th, he took his little boys into a room by themselves, and prayed with them, and bade good-bye to all. His tickets read to Chicago by the way of Buffalo, on the Lake Shore road. He took the afternoon train at Waverley, and expected to be in Buffalo that night, but the engine of the train on which he was going was detained three hours. Upon arriving at Hornellsville late in the evening, they decided to wait over and have a night's rest. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss left there Friday morning, December 29th, taking the train which connected at Buffalo with the Chicago train, wrecked at Ashtabula, Ohio. There were eleven cars on the train, consisting of two engines, three baggage, one smoker, two coaches, three sleepers, one parlor car—probably 250 on the train. A blinding snow storm was raging when the train pulled out of Buffalo an hour late. Just before reaching the bridge at Ashtabula, the snow was very heavy, and the prospect was that the train would be snowed in. There were two passenger cars in front of the smoker, which did not come in the regular way, and next behind the smoker came the parlor car in which were Mr. Bliss and his wife. When the train fell, Mr. Bliss succeeded in crawling through a window, supposing he could pull his wife through with him, but she was jammed fast, and all efforts proved unavailable. She was caught in the iron work of the seats, and finding he could not save her, he staid with her in an attempt to put out the fire and rescue her, and perished with her.

Some of his best known pieces were: "Hold the Fort," "Pull for the Shore," "Jesus Loves Even Me," "We Are Going Home To-morrow," "More

to Follow," "The Light of the World Is Jesus," "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," "Almost Persuaded," "What Shall the Harvest Be?" "Hallelujah, It Is Done."

CHAPTER VII.

SERMONS ON P. P. BLISS.

One of Mr. Moody's most touching sermons was that preached at the Chicago Tabernacle, Sunday, Dec. 31, 1876, in memory of P. P. Bliss, who, with his family, perished in the Ashtabula disaster a few days previous. Mr. Moody's subject was "The Return of Our Lord." He stood in his place, and with manifest trouble to keep back the sobs and tears, he repeated those words of David, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel." Then, almost unable to speak for weeping, he said: "Let us lift up our hearts to God in silent prayer." A long period of silence followed, broken by the voice of a member of the congregation, who gave thanks to God for eternal life. The congregation then joined in singing "In the Christian's Home in Glory there remains a land of rest," after which Mr. Moody arose and said:

"I was to take up the subject of our Lord's return, but I cannot control my feelings so as to speak as I had intended. I will take up that subject at another time. When I heard last night that Mr. Bliss and his whole family had perished, at first I could not believe it, but a dispatch from a friend who was on the train took away all hope and left me face to face with death. For the past three months

I have seemed to stand between the living and dead, and now I am to stand in the place of the dead. Mr. Whittle and Mr. Bliss were announced to hold the four-o'clock meeting in the Tabernacle to-day, and now Mr. Farwell and Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Whittle, with other friends, have gone to see if they can find his remains to take them away for burial. I have been looking over his hymns to see if I could find one appropriate for the occasion, but I find that they are all like himself, full of hope and cheer. In all the years I have known and worked with him, I have never once seen him cast down, but here is a hymn of his I thought we might sing.

"Once after that wreck of the steamer at Cleveland, I was speaking of the circumstance that the lower lights were out, and the next time we met he sang this hymn for me. It is the 65th in our collection.

"Let us sing it now. It begins 'Brightly beams our Father's mercy,' but still more brightly beams the light along the shore to which he has passed. It was in the midst of the terrible storm he passed away, but the lights which he kindled are burning all along the shore. He has died young, only about thirty-eight years old, but his hymns are sung around the world. Only a little while ago we received a copy of these hymns translated into the Chinese language.

"In spite of the mourning it is sweet to think that this whole family passed away together, father, mother, Paul, only four years old, and little George, only two years old, all gone home safe together. There comes a voice to us saying 'Be still and know that I am God,' but we know that our Father

doeth all things well. My heart goes out for his mother. He was an only son and his mother was a widow. Let us just put up a prayer for his mother. And there was dear Mrs. Bliss who was not an inch behind her husband. She taught him how to pray and encouraged him with his music. I have often heard him say, 'All I am I owe to that dear wife.'

"Now about that charge of his singing for money. The royalty on this little book has amounted to about sixty thousand dollars, which has been devoted to charitable purposes. I once asked Mr. Bliss to take $5,000 for himself, telling him I thought he needed it, but he would not take one farthing. Chicago never had a truer man. He will be appreciated hundreds of years hence, like Charles Wesley and Doctor Watts. He was raised up to sing in the Church of God. God be praised for such a woman; God be praised for such a man."

On this occasion the only collection ever taken in the Tabernacle was at the suggestion of Mr. Moody for the erection of a monument to Mr. Bliss, and he requested that as so many would want to contribute, that the largest contribution should not exceed $1.00.

That same morning Mr. Moody preached a sermon at the Chicago Avenue Church, and referred to the work of the church, which was built in the hope that Messrs. Moody and Sankey would return and labor in Chicago through its means. Mr. Moody said:

"It seems as if God is calling us to other fields, and I cannot help believing that if our Christian frie ds will just come together and pray earnestly to God, that the work will go on just as well without

us as if we were here. Some people get discouraged and think the work will not go on because we are not coming back. That is not the fact. Bear in mind that God is willing to labor through any one in the church who will consecrate himself to His cause. I cannot help believing that the best days of this church are in its future and not, as some think, in its past." Thinking of workers, Mr. Moody's thoughts were drawn to Mr. Bliss, concerning whom he said:

"Why he was so dear to all of us and why we loved him so much was because he was always cheerful. We never saw him discouraged or cast down; he was all the time singing about gladness. 'I am so glad' was the key note of all his songs. How pleasant it would be if every man and woman were full of the joy of the Lord because He is our strength.

"This being the last day of the year, I have been looking forward to it as one of the most solemn days of the year, and I had prepared some thoughts to bring out on this occasion. But little did I think that it would be as solemn as it is. My thoughts have been drifted into another channel entirely. A text came into my mind when I heard of the sudden death of Mr. Bliss and his family. He was coming to the city to fill an appointment here to-day. He was to have been with us this morning and it seems almost as if I am standing in the place of the dead. It is always solemn to stand between the living and the dead, as a preacher does, but it is always more solemn to step into dead men's shoes, as I feel I have done to-day. The text that occurred to me is in the 24th chapter of Matthew and the 43d verse,

'Therefore be ye also ready.' Death often takes us by surprise, but it did not find Mr. Bliss unprepared. He and his wife had been ripening for heaven for years, and I have been thinking of that family before the throne this morning, singing the sweetest song they had ever sung. They should profit by this awful calamity. God was coming very near to this city. There was never before such an inquiring after God as there is now, and this last stroke of Providence ought to be a warning to every one to get in readiness to meet the Lord. It might be said that I am taking advantage of this catastrophe and preaching for effect. If people do not take this warning, I do not know what will move their hearts. There are three things every man and woman ought to be ready for: life, death, and judgment. Life is uncertain; no man can tell at what hour nor in what manner death may visit him. Accidents like the one which occurred Friday are by no means uncommon and might strike down any one of us. It therefore behooves every man to place his trust in Christ, so that he may be prepared to meet Him at any moment."

The Evangelist was greatly moved during the sermon and he pleaded earnestly and tearfully that the audience should heed this terrible warning and accept Christ as their Savior. There were few dry eyes in the congregation when Mr. Moody resumed his seat.

In the afternoon he preached again in the Tabernacle from the text, "Therefore be ye also ready," which he said had been ringing in his head all day. He called upon those who had heard him preach for three months to bear him witness that

he had said nothing about death, confining himself to life, but it might be that before long God might lay him away and send some one to take his place, and he could not forbear saying a word urging on all the necessity of regeneration and preparation. His voice was more subdued than usual, and in all he said and all the reading from the Scriptures it came tremulously and mingled with tears. He spoke painfully and with difficulty, the words sometimes utterly unintelligible.

"'Be ye therefore ready.' Do not put it off. There are some who may say I am preaching for effect and making use of this good man's death to frighten you." Satan might even say that of him and say it truly. He *was* preaching for effect, and he hoped the effect would be to save the soul of every human being before him. He felt he must warn them, and would warn them of the wrath to come and the death pursuing. That death had sent many a warning during the year, and now an awful one had come. Many of them had looked down upon the dead faces and open graves of departed friends. Would they not heed those warnings? Would they not heed this last warning, which might be even nearer to themselves than any before. Death had taken them by surprise and had taken Mr. Bliss at the very time the speaker was writing out the notice of Mr. Bliss's appearance to-day. He and his wife were snatched from life but they were ready. They might have suffered for a few minutes, it may be for an hour, but when they reached heaven there was none in all the celestial choir that sang sweeter or played better on his golden harp than P. P. Bliss.

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P. P. BLISS.

The "Singing Evangelist" and song-writer, whose music was used in Mr. Moody's meetings with wonderful success.

" 'Be ye therefore ready:' no matter how or when a man may die, if he is only ready. Little did Mr. Bliss and his wife look for what was coming and it seems to me that no man or woman should ever go on a railroad train again until they have made their preparation to die. We may be called upon to die at any time the death of martyrs. I would rather die like Stephen than die like Moses. I would as lief die like P. P. Bliss as die like Stephen. Were they ready? Those who went on that train saw the the sun go down for the last time. Many in this house may have seen it go down for the last time as they came here. Are they ready? You may fall down and break something, or you might have diseases of the heart that would carry you off before morning. Are you ready? There was no time to repent when they were rolling down that bank into that awful chaos and confusion. Some men were dead before they knew what had happened. God help the man who waited for a catastrophe before he repented.

"Look at that young girl. She had a deceptive cough. It was all right, the doctor said, or would be in the spring. He said this when he knew that spring grasses and flowers would wave over her grave. How much lying is done in sick chambers and by death-beds!

"I would rather have been on that train and taken that awful leap and died like P. P. Bliss and his wife than have them go as they did, and every man should feel so who knows God and is ready to die.

"O that you might profit by the calamity!"

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST MEETING WITH SANKEY.

Mr. Moody's meeting with Mr. Sankey took place in June, 1871, at Indianapolis. Both were delegates to the national convention of the Young Men's Christian Association held there at that time. It was at an early prayer-meeting; the singing was dull and doleful until Mr. Sankey was called forward to act as leader. His sweet voice and fervent spirit at once brought the bold evangelist to his side.

"Where do you live?" asked Mr. Moody, bluntly.

"At Newcastle, Pa.," was the answer.

"Are you married?"

"Yes,"

"How many children have you?"

"One."

"I want you with me to help me in my work in Chicago."

"I cannot leave my business."

"You must. I have been looking for you for the last eight years; you must give up your business and come to Chicago with me."

"I will think of it; I will pray over it; I will talk it over with my wife."

With painful reluctance Mr. Sankey severed the associations so dear to him at his home, and in the

spirit of faith joined Mr. Moody in his vast labors as an evangelist in Chicago, and here they worked together in harmony and were blessed with many souls as their hire.

Then came the great Chicago fire, which not only devastated Mr. Moody's mission and home, but almost the entire city. Mr. Moody was one of the first relief workers. He toiled day and night, forgetful of self, forgetful of everything except the safety of his family, and the rebuilding of a city in which had been wrought such ruin. One of his first thoughts was the rebuilding of his place of worship, and when once the thought was fixed in his mind, it did not take him long to execute it. Even before the ashes had cooled, and smoke was yet issuing from the embers, Mr. Moody began to clear away a place to erect his tabernacle. His enterprise brought him success, however, and his church was one of the first rebuilt in the city. He was one of the persons entrusted with the relief funds, and had a hand in distributing more than $7,000,000.

Mr. Sankey now rejoined his family in Pennsylvania, and set about singing in conventions again until a telegram from Mr. Moody, three months later, said, "Come at once," and he returned to work in the new tabernacle in Chicago.

Ira David Sankey was born on the 28th of August, 1840. His birthplace was the village of Edinburgh, Lawrence County, Pa. On the paternal side, he came from English stock, and on the maternal, Scotch-Irish. His parents were natives of Mercer County, and were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Out of their family of nine children, only three sons and one daughter grew up to ma-

turity. David, the father, was well off in worldly circumstances, and in such good repute among his neighbors that they repeatedly elected him a member of the state legislature. He was also a licensed exhorter in his own church. Thus the means and the character of this household were such as to insure ample advantages for culture in general knowledge and spiritual truth.

Ira, from his childhood, was noted for his joyous spirit and trustful disposition. The sunshiny face that is so attractive in his public ministry, has been a distinguishing feature from early boyhood, and very early won him the praise of being "the finest little fellow in the neighborhood." His father states: "There was nothing very remarkable in his early or boyhood history. The gift of singing developed in him at a very early age. I say gift, because it was God-given; he never took lessons from anyone, but his taste for music was such that when a small boy he could make passable music on almost any kind of instrument." An old Scotch farmer, named Frazer, early interested himself in the little lad; and of his good influence Mr. Sankey thus spoke, at a children's meeting held in the town of Dundee, Scotland: "The very first recollection I have of anything pertaining to religious life was in connection with him. I remember he took me by the hand, along with his own boys, to the Sabbath-school—that old place which I shall remember to my dying day. He was a plain man, and I can see him standing up and praying for the children. He had a great, warm heart, and the children all loved him. It was years after that when I was converted, but

my impressions were received when I was very young, from that man."

Thus reared in a genial, religious atmosphere, liked and respected by all who knew him and accepted as a leader by his boyish comrades, Ira lived on till past his fifteenth year before his soul was converted to Christ. His conviction as a sinner occurred while he attended a series of special services held in a little church three miles from his home, and of which Rev. H. H. Moore was then pastor. At first, he was as gay as his curious companions. But an earnest Christian met him each evening with a few soul-searching words; and after a week's hard struggle, he came as a sinner to the Savior and found peace in acceptance. Soon after, when his father removed to Newcastle to assume the presidency of the bank, Ira became a member of the Methodist church, and also a pupil at the academy at Newcastle.

This young Christian was richly endowed with a talent for singing spiritual songs. His pure, beautiful voice gave a clear utterance to the emotions of his sympathetic, joyous nature, and was potent in carrying messages from his heart to the hearts of his hearers. It now became his delight to devote this precious gift to the service of his Lord, and it was his continual prayer that the Holy Spirit would bless the words sung to the conversion of those who flocked to the services to hear him. Before he attained his majority he was appointed superintendent of the Sunday-school, which contained above three hundred scholars; and it was blessed with a continual revival. His singing of the gospel invitations in solos dates from this time. These sweet

hymns were sung in the very spirit of prayer, and the faith of the singer was rewared with repeated blessings. A class of seventy Christians was committed to his charge, and this weighty responsibility made him a more earnest student of the Holy Bible. He encouraged his class to tell him of their condition in Bible language, as texts abounded for every state of grace, and every description of religious feeling. The choir of the congregation also came under his leadership. Young as he was, he insisted on conduct befitting praise-singers in the House of God, and on a clear enunciation of each word sung.

These congenial religious duties were suspended for a time by a call for defenders of the flag upon the fall of Fort Sumter. Mr. Sankey was among the first to volunteer for three months and he served out his term of enlistment. Even in the camp, he gathered about him a band of singers and was an earnest worker in the prayer meetings of the soldiers. Upon his return home, he became assistant to his father as collector of internal revenue and held that position with credit, until his voluntary resignation nearly ten years later. He was united in marriage on the 9th of September, 1863, to Miss Edwards, a helpful member of his choir and teacher in his school.

He assisted in organizing a Y. M. C. A., at Newcastle, and was elected president, and it was in this connection that he attended the Indianapolis convention as a delegate.

CHAPTER IX.

CHARACTER INDICATORS.

Mr. Moody was an exceedingly heavy eater. He was not capricious, by any means, as to the quality of his food, although he appreciated good cooking as well as anyone who had traveled as much as he. Quantity was what he wanted, and it made no difference how heavy a meal he ate, it never seemed to bother him in the least.

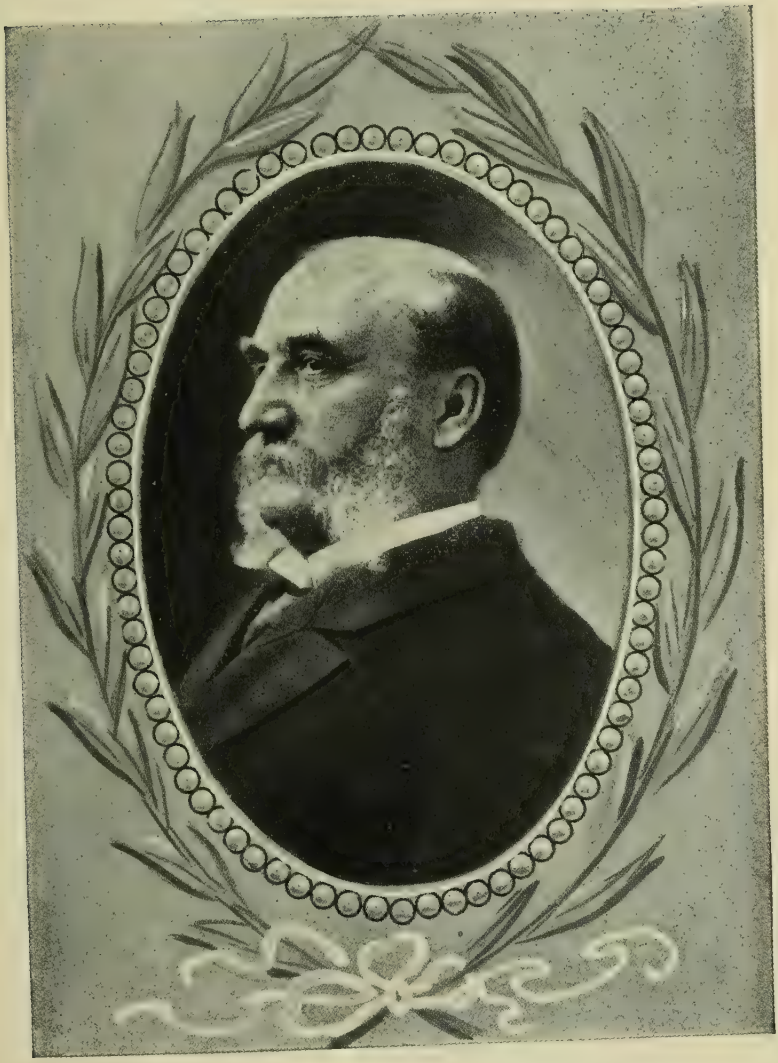
One of the things which contributed to his endurance was the fact that he never got nervous, although many times he appeared to do so. He could lie down after a heavy meal, or at the close of a very exhausting meeting, and sleep the sleep of a child. It did not seem to make any difference whether at home, on a railway train, in a boarding-house, or a hotel, he appeared to sleep as well in one place as in the other.

He was a bitter opponent of the church fair, and other forms of amusement and entertainment. He thought that a man could get enough pleasure in walking, driving, conversing with people, or playing with children. These were the sole amusements in which he indulged, if amusements they might be called.

His memory was remarkable. He seldom forgot a face, and could usually tell on the spur of the

moment where he had met some acquaintance years before. Many times he would remember the minute details of the meeting, and recall incidents that the acquaintance had forgotten. The distinguishing traits of his memory, however, were centered on the Bible. He could quote passage after passage, chapter after chapter. He seemed to know the book by heart, and was seldom at fault in telling one where to find certain passages. It has been said that he never forgot an anecdote. He was an expert at handling every interesting phase of life which came under his notice. He never tired his auditors with useless explanatory words. He usually left something of the anecdote for their imagination. He had the happy faculty for selecting anecdotes to adorn his text, and to fix a particular point which he wished to impress upon the minds of his auditors. When one listened to his sermons, he was reminded of that peculiar trait in the character of Lincoln, which has been so strongly brought out by the historians.

Mr. Moody was a great admirer of Lincoln, and in the latter part of 1860 or early in 1861, Mr. Lincoln visited Chicago, and was importuned by Mr. Moody to visit his North Side Sunday-school. Mr. Lincoln complied with his request. The Sunday-school building was crowded when Mr. Lincoln arrived, and he was greeted with cheers by the scholars. Mr. Moody insisted that Mr. Lincoln should talk to his boys. Mr. Lincoln wanted to know what he should talk about. Mr. Moody said: "Anything you like." Whereupon the President proceeded to instill in the minds of his youthful auditors that the greatest gifts of a nation—that the



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IRA D. SANKEY.

The man who accompanied Mr. Moody for twenty-five years, and was intimately associated with him in his best work.

greatest honors which could be bestowed upon man —were open to any American boy, who had ambition, and who would lead a proper course in life. He referred incidentally to the great struggle which was then coming on between the North and South, and tried to impress upon their minds a reverence for the flag and for their country.

Mr. Moody was quite an admirer of Garibaldi, the great Italian statesman, and while he did not agree with him in all things, yet he did admire his enthusiasm. He said he never saw his name in the newspapers or in a book but he read what was said about him. He said he could not help but admire a man whose advocacy of the cause of freedom was stronger than his desire for his own comfort.

Mr. Moody could not sing a single note and could hardly distinguish one tune from another. He was a firm believer in music, however, in religious work, as has been shown in several instances in this book, and especially in Mr. Moody's eulogy of Mr. Bliss.

Mr. Moody was a great believer in advertising. He thought it should be done judiciously. He said one time that if business men conducted their business in the same manner as churches, they would fail inside of six months. He could not see the idea of having millions of dollars locked up in church edifices and furnishings, which were closed six days in the week. He said he could conceive of no greater waste of capital. He said that almost the only notice you could find on some churches was that of the undertaker. He thought there should be bulletin boards on every church.

Mr. Moody was a firm believer in the idea that people would instantly know each other in heaven.

He said on one occasion that he did not think when he got there that he would have any trouble in recognizing Paul or John or Elisha.

He expressed himself as being opposed to the theater for various reasons, but among the principal ones was that they had no regard for the Sabbath; that it was a place where fallen women frequented and that in the building or near by could always be found a saloon. That he did not think it was elevating to associate in that connection with this kind of people, and for that reason he believed that one's time could be better employed elsewhere.

In speaking of Sunday newspapers, he said that one of his friends one time made an analysis of the Sunday papers of New York. This friend had been advised that all of the Sunday newspapers published sermons and that the character of the other matter was such as might be safely taken into the home and was considered very elevating and entertaining. This friend found that a large per cent of the matter was sporting, murders, suicides, divorces, fashions, political, and foreign news, aggregating something like nine hundred columns, and that the religious news amounted to only three and a quarter columns.

First impressions of the great evangelist were disappointing. He was neither of commanding height nor striking form. He was the appearance of the substantial, prosperous business man of the world; nor was the effect more marked after he began to speak. His voice, while strong and pleasant, had none of the magnificent qualities possessed by Henry Ward Beecher. He had no polish of rhetoric, nor elements of diction, and yet the people went in

crowds to hear him, and were turned from the doors at every meeting. Some no doubt came to hear him through curiosity, others were drawn because of the interest in the work he represented, but the real secret lay undoubtedly in the man himself. He was tremendously in earnest. Rough in speech he might be, but he impressed you with the sense that he believed every word that he said, that he considered his ideas of transcendent importance. He told plain truths and did not mince his words in the telling. He talked face to face with his audiences. He had no new Gospel. Disciples of newer methods of scriptural interpretation urged their views upon him, but he said that he had no time to investigate such things. He did not talk about the terrors of hell. He gave warnings of the consequences of evil deeds, encouraging to repentance.

His success from the beginning of his work in getting such money as he needed for the purpose of benevolence has been amazing. He understood the secret of reaching the pockets of men of wealth. 'Last of all the beggar died also,' is the epitaph which he laughingly said should be inscribed upon his tombstone.

He died a poor man. Vast sums had been given him by people whose hearts were warmed by him into new life, but he accepted nothing for his own use. Princely royalties received from the sale of the popular Moody and Sankey Hymn-books have all been used in the support of his public work. Not a penny had been expended upon himself. There isn't a good photograph of him in existence. He would not permit them to be taken, lest some should accuse him of using the proceeds of their sales

for private gain. He was careful to avoid every appearance of questionableness. He inspired absolute confidence in the integrity of his manhood.

A writer, in describing the meetings at the Hippodrome, New York, which stood on the ground where the Madison Square Garden now stands, in 1876, says of Mr. Moody:

"He is a man of another and different class from Mr. Sankey. Tall, stalwart, squarely, massively built. At first the physique and general appearance of the man seem heavy. The head is attached to the body by a short neck. The forehead is rather broad than high. The nose is not classical, nor are the eyes large or lustrous, but the whole man is illustrative of strength and thoroughness and seems to have untold source of will and determination to draw upon. Mr. Moody's features have been somewhat etherealized in the engravings, and none we have yet seen resemble him. The head recalls slightly the Socratic lineaments, and Socrates had not a classical face. There is nothing ascetic in Mr. Moody's appearance, for it is blunt and hardy. He wears a long, flowing beard, and a heavy moustache, which partly hide any emotional expressions. His voice has its peculiarities. Naturally it must have been what teachers of declamation call 'an impossible voice,' but by dint of training it accomplishes its purpose admirably. It can be heard anywhere in the largest hall. If there is no grace in Mr. Moody, there is no awkwardness, the gestures are sober. He never thumps nor bangs nor forges out the text on imaginary anvils."

When John Wesley felt with grief that Whitfield was drawing souls from his church, the grand old

man said: "Do men gather from his amorous way of praying to Christ or that luscious way of preaching his righteousness in real holiness?"

Mr. Moody's manner is heartless. It is not always that he is at the highest point of tension. There are lots of shadows in his preaching. The accumulative power which puts him in close connection with the thousands, and which imbues them with the hold feeling, is not always foreseen, and for that very reason is all the more impressive. It may be that the first text chosen by him, which as a scriptural trellis his tree is to grow on, is too scant and restrictive. Incidentally he supplements this text with new ones, and the inspiration comes. Then suddenly issues forth a new growth, which bears both its flowers and fruits.

Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, D. D., Vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow Square and Prebendary, and St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in writing to a religious journal in August, 1896, of the great Evangelist, said: "Mr. Moody's work whether at home or abroad has been up-reared upon three foundations, which if anything can make a human work indestructible will certainly guarantee the after results of his toil.

"First: Every stone has been laid upon the solid basis of prayer; God's grace, God's gardens and God's glory have been sought without ceasing, and before another step has been taken, whether at Northfield or Chicago, it has been made as certain as prayer, and its wonderful answers can make it, that the faith of the Almighty was upon the undertaking. Let those who will scoff at the power of prayer, Dwight L. Moody and his work are magnificent testimonies to all who have the humility and

the will to be convinced that God is, indeed, a prayer-answering God, and that they who put their trust in him shall never lack for wisdom or for supplies. The first power in Northfield is the power of prayer.

"Second: Upon every soul with whom Mr. Moody has had to deal, he has unceasingly and with courageous determination impressed his simple scriptural capacity, which tells of the infinite love of God, of the perfect atonement wrought for sin, of the death of Lord Jesus Christ, of the absolute knowledge of the new birth by the Spirit, and of the wondrous power of that Holy Spirit to sanctify all who receive him into their souls.

"There is no uncertainty about Dwight L. Moody's evangelism, and while Mr. Sankey and others should be never forgotten, but honored and rejoiced over as God's power and song, and while multitudes hold to the sweet singer a debt of infinite gratitude, it is quite certain that the rock upon which all the educational and evangelistic results of these brethren have been based, is that solid rock of the atonement or gospel of substitution so freely announced by Mr. Moody and his co-workers, whether as preachers or singers of the gospel.

"But not only has the divine aid been sought and the divine council been declared at every step of Mr. Moody's work, but we must if we would learn the real secret of its success, notice that.

"Third: The Divine Being has in everything and at all times been acknowledged as the author or giver of all good gifts, wisdom and money, power and success. 'The Lord for whose glory every step

must be taken, and as the Master to whose guidance every detail must be submitted.' "

At Northfield no man is allowed to glory in men. The work is the Lord's. He must rule at all points and receive the full honor for all that succeeds. Mr. Moody would be the first to acknowledge that he owes an incalculable debt to his mother and to his wife, who have so long been the blessing home spirits of his life. In Mr. Moody's children the father has living monuments of his wisdom and power in the home. And yet not for one moment either in Northfield or Chicago is any ruler acknowledged or spoken of but Jehovah. These are the secrets or grounds of the success which God has so generously given to his servant.

Mr. James H. Whiton, in August, 1896, said of Mr. Moody: "Mr. Moody ranks as high in the qualities of insight, prominence and energy, which make great administrators of business, as in those who make a successful evangelist. And these he gave a splendid administration in the organizing, financing and direction of the six months' evangelistic campaign in Chicago during the World's Fair, and yet no man ever had a more humble estimate of himself. If he can get others to speak, he prefers to listen. He values the printed page also, and has been busy with his pen in producing quite a library of books or documents, some two dozen in all, some of which have been sold far above 100,000 copies. What General Booth's books are to his army, these are for the masses Mr. Moody has inspired. Some of them have been translated into Swedish, German and Danish-Norwegian. Nor are they allowed to wait for buyers. He has organ-

ized a colportage association to spread the sale of these and similar books. The profits support the workers in their work. One book in the list is especially characteristic of the man, the Northfield edition of Bagster's Bible, especially prepared according to Mr. Moody's suggestion, for the use of his students.

Rev. W. C. Gannett, in an address before the Free Religious Society of Providence, R. I., in 1877, said of Mr. Moody:

"I think the way to look at Moody and his work is somewhat in this wise: Here is a great religious phenomenon. We study the phases of history in religion. We watch in the lands of the present the Indian with his totems, the Buddhist at his shrine, the Mohammedan on his praying-carpet in the desert, the Roman Catholic before his ribboned and jeweled Virgin, the Presbyterian with his Sunday face—it is a family history. They are all our ancestors or cousins. But here is something wondrous in religious happenings in our day and in our midst. We need not travel far in time or in space to watch it. Two men have been going through the capitals of the highest English-speaking civilization. Wherever they come, the crowd gathers before their lips, and light hearts grow heavy and then light again with a new kind of joy, and many a selfish life grows earnest for the time, at least, and many a drunkard gives up drinking and struggles as he never struggled yet before he falls again.

"In Boston, twice or thrice a day, four and five and six thousand people fill a vast building to hear them. What go they out to see? A man big-bodied, short-necked, heavy-faced, harsh-voiced, of no

culture, such as colleges and books supply, poor in grammar, poorer in pronunciation, and poverty is not the word to describe his lack of grace in manner. But here is the fact—six thousand people, men and women, old and young, life-tired and life-jubilant people, come twice a day to hear him. The educated ministers, their usual teachers, are his servants. He says to this man 'Speak,' and he speaketh; to that man 'Pray,' and he prayeth. Here is something not to be ignored or pooh-poohed away. Can it be explained?

"The man strikes straight for your conscience, and he deals with certain universal forms about the conscience. Not all men carry ideas, not all men carry feelings which can be moved by a word said to them in common; but every man who goes to the Tabernacle carries a conscience, and knows what Moody means when he says straightforwardly: 'You are a sinner; you need cure; you feel mighty little power to cure yourself; there is a power that can cure you; lay hold of it—here it is, and be well.' And Mr. Moody cannot philosophize about this matter—sin; he hardly tries to—is the last man to succeed if he tried. Neither can his audience philosophize about it. But that inability helps, not hinders, the effect. That saves time, and keeps the aim to the target. There is a clear track between his lips and your conscience. He knows what he is talking about, and you know, too, be the doctrine what it may.

"Another secret is an open secret. He preaches in pictures and stories. A sermon of his is a cabinet of anecdotes, is a little picture gallery. He states his point in a few words, and then, instead of moralizing over it, he says: 'I remember a man in

Glasgow,' and everybody listens to find out about that Glasgow man. And when he is through with him, the Chicago man is ready, and when he is dismissed, you have Mr. Moody's point vividly etched on your mind ready to be carried away in memory. His anecdotes are anecdotes of the conscience, gathered in his long experiences, most of them moulded by truth into telling shapes. Not all, however. Some of them are very wooden yet, and sometimes they act like boomerangs, and lay the teaching flat. But he can take a little Bible incident, and fill in and fill in with details, until you have a special correspondent's photograph instead of two or three Bible verses. And this, till there is too much of it, is fascinating, and many people can stand a great deal of it. It is Sunday-school talk, and we all like to be treated as children in this way. In the best bred Temple as well as in the rough and ready Tabernacle the anecdote is often the liveliest part of the sermon. If I should begin right here, 'I remember a man,' you would all look up, and I should have you as long as I held on to him. Now, Mr. Moody never lets him go beyond arm's length, and as a consequence, everything he says is personalized, living, dramatic, easy to understand, hard to forget.

"Is not that self-surrender the supreme necessity of here and now, if you have never made it? And is it not 'new birth' when made? And is it not an interior act that does precede all outward deeds? And in that inward struggle between the higher and the lower self, that wrestle between a conscience and the lawful right, that knowledge that now and here it must be settled. If you go off from that

moment of clear conviction without the self-surrender to the Highest, goes not your soul towards suicide? And when, by the surrender you get upon God's side, feel you not as if His entire Almightiness were pledged to give you strength henceforth as his co-worker? These are only facts that you and I ought to be able to recognize under any symbol. The poor drunkard, the light-living woman, the selfish husband, the thieving merchant, the restless-hearted boy or girl, know what he means. They know very well that his 'Come to Jesus,' whatever else it means, means consecration to a new and better life, that to believe in Him, to accept Him, means a turning about—conversion.

"They are not utter fools. It is not a pantomime of private theatricals—it is a conscience wrestling with the living God. And shall we laugh or cavil at the symbol? You do not laugh at the idea of consecration to the highest right you know? No, your heart leaps and aches at the thought, your cheeks flush with the yearning to do that heroism, your tongue has no ha! ha! for that; but that is what your Evangelical neighbor called 'Coming to Jesus.' Are you going to call it cant? His symbol serves him as yours serves you. Honor your own in honoring his. Do I idealize Mr. Moody and his converts by these words? They do not consciously mean anything so intensely moral as this—I hear some one protest. The consecration that you make centrally in the 'Come to Jesus' may be these, indeed, but it is the incentive rather than the central thing. The central thing with them is not character, but salvation, that imputed righteousness that buys off their punishment for sin, that indulgence

element of which the Roman Catholic indulgence is only a lower form. I doubt not that it is so with some, and that with still more—with very many, although they fully mean a find of consecration, and only sing—

> 'Till to Jesus' work you cling,
> Doing is a deadly thing.'

That streets tend to make them feel that doing is a comparatively indifferent thing, after they cling to Him; in short, that the 'symbol' like idols everywhere, often gets the worship away from the inner moral meaning. Without abatement of this kind, I frankly own is exaggeration in the way I have put the matter. But I believe that truer estimate of a movement like the revival is gotten by making an abatement from this way and looking at it, rather than by approaching it in the opposite spirit and with a little pity to abate our scorn. It is very easy to pick out many a bit from Mr. Moody's talk that seems to contradict all this. 'The Greatest Sin of the world is unbelief.' 'If I read my Bible right there is no hope out of Christ,' and so on. But these are to be interpreted by his prevailing method, not that by these.

"That he confounds his symbol with his substance utterly, that the two are one to him—is that any reason why we should make the same mistake? And he would laugh about all this talk about symbols, nor understand a word of it. But get him to tell you what he means by 'belief' and 'out of Christ,' and in two minutes you will probably find him deep in the morality, spite of himself, or rather, because of himself, for that is what his Christology is in his heart of hearts.

"Can I not be large-natured enough and trust my nature enough to entertain them all in my own soul, and say to each with infinite sincerity, Brother? The man or the party who does this most heartily and fully is thereby fitted best to make his own light shine. The only excuse for warning another man to give up his thoughts and take on ours is our belief that ours will bless him more—excuse, indeed, to furnish missions and enthusiasm. The most of us are so eagerly unselfish in our proselyting that we call hard names and feel bitter against him if he does not accept our friendly offer. Let us rather fall back on our unity with him, make our own light shine the better and wait.

"Best of all methods to recommend an unpopular faith to acceptance is being brave in thought, yet broad in sympathies. Not visibly brave and invisibly broad, as some are apt to be. Not visibly broad and invisibly brave, like certain other friends, but brave, so that men will say 'He is a radical'; broad, so that men shall add: 'He is reverent,' and by being so religious in actual life that, as far as one is known, men and women shall be confronted by a living proof that what they may call 'infidelity' is at least fidelity to high morality and widely active unselfishness. Live up to the motto, 'Freedom with Fellowship in Religion,' and then within some humble sphere, we cannot help being its missionary, for as we go our whole bearing will preach it—it, the Freedom with the Fellowship."

CHAPTER X.

THEIR ENGLISH VISIT.

After the Chicago fire, Mr. Moody received what he termed a "call from on High" to visit England. So, in 1873, accompanied by Mr. Sankey and their respective families, they arrived in Liverpool. Mr. Moody had previously received two invitations from London clergymen to come and hold meetings in that city, and it was with this in view that he made the trip. On his arrival in England, what was his surprise to learn that both ministers were dead. The evangelists had taken but a small amount of money with them, and they were consequently about stranded. Mr. Moody's financial genii, however, came to his aid, and he at once issued an edition of song books, which brought them in sufficient money to pay their expenses, and became a wonderful success from the start, many thousands of copies being sold and much revenue being derived therefrom. Mr. Moody remembered that he had had some correspondence with a minister at York. He wrote to that gentleman of his arrival in London, and of his disappointment in not finding the two friends he had come to see, and suggested that it might be well to start the meetings at York. The York minister replied that he did not think the time propitious for a revival, but this did not prevent Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey from going there.

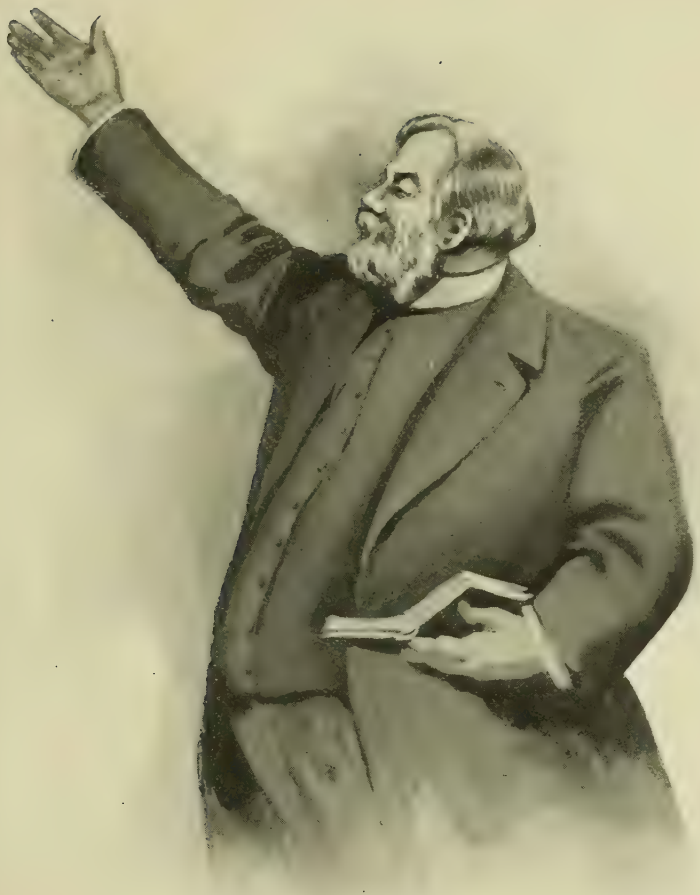
Their reception was not the most cordial. Their methods of advertising were so new and different from what the conservative English church people had been used to, that they were looked upon with suspicion. They advertised their meetings in the daily press, and placed large posters on the dead walls.

At the first prayer-meeting, held on Sunday morning in a small room of the Association building, only four persons were present; and Mr. Moody has characterized that as the best service he ever attended. The clergy looked coldly on the evangelists as intruders, and most of the churches were closed to them. They labored on bravely against these discouragements for a month, and were comforted by seeing above two hundred converts to Christ. Their work at Sunderland began on Sunday, July 27th, at the invitation of a Baptist pastor. The ministers still held aloof, and even the Young Men's Christian Association eyed them suspiciously for a week before offering the hand of fellowship. But the meetings steadily waxed larger.

The evangelists were invited to Newcastle-on-the-Tyne by the chief ministers of that town, and were heartily sustained by the leaders of the congregations. And now Mr. Moody confessed his hope. "We are on the eve of a great revival which may cover Great Britain, and perhaps make itself felt in America. And why may not the fire burn as long as I live? When this revival spirit dies, may I die with it." His prophetic words met an immediate fulfillment. All the meetings were thronged with attentive listeners, and as many as thirty-four services were held in a single week. A noonday prayer

meeting was organized, while special efforts were made to reach the factory hands and business men. An all-day meeting was held on September 10th, wherein seventeen hundred participated. One hour was spent in Bible reading, another on the promises, and the last in an examination of what the Scriptures teach concerning Heaven. The town was wonderfully awakened, and every night sinners were drawn to the uplifted Savior.

Edinburgh was prepared for the manifestation of a signal blessing by a series of union prayer-meetings held in October and November, which softened and unified the hearts of Christians of various names. Hence it was that the evangelists were welcomed in such a spirit of sympathy that captious criticism was unthought of. The ministry of song was an unheard-of innovation. Yet the rooted aversion of the Scottish people to the singing of aught but psalms, gave way quickly to the evident testimony of the Spirit to the spirituality of his messages and the tenderness of his voice. On the first day, Sunday, November 23d, the Music Hall was thronged with two thousand auditors, and many more were excluded. Five hundred met at noon on Monday for prayer, and that attendance was soon doubled. Meetings for inquirers was held after each service. Three hundred in the first week confessed their sins had been forgiven. Their ages ranged from seventy-five to eleven. Students and soldiers, poor and rich, the backsliding, intemperate, and skeptical, were all represented. The largest halls were found to be too small to accommodate the eager audiences. A striking case of conversion was that of a notorious infidel, the chairman of a club of free-



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MR. MOODY'S CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE.

This was a favorite gesture of Mr. Moody when making a telling scriptural point.

thinkers. He declared his utter disbelief in the value of prayer, and defied Mr. Moody to test its power on him. The evangelist accepted the challenge in faith, and remembered him continually in his petitions till he heard of his finding Christ, months afterward. An impressive watch-meeting was held on the last night of the year 1873, and a special blessing was besought for the British people. The week of prayer, from the 4th to the 11th of January, 1874, was observed throughout all Scotland, as a season of united prayer for invoking the Lord to visit the nation, and the entire world in mercy. The most remarkable feature of this revival has been described as "the presence and the power of the Holy Ghost, the solemn awe, the prayerful, believing, expectant spirit, the anxious inquiry of unsaved souls, and the longing of believers to grow more like Christ—their hungering and thirsting after holiness." Similar characteristics have marked the advent of these yoke-fellows in every community. This mission in Edinburgh, which lasted till the 21st of January, 1874, resulted in adding three thousand to the city churches.

At Dundee, meetings were held in the open air, at which from ten to sixteen thousand were present. Four hundred converts attended the meeting for praise and instruction. The city of Glasgow was reached on Sunday, February 8th. The first audience consisted of three thousand Sunday-school teachers; the prayer-meeting opened with half that number. The Crystal Palace, which held above five thousand, was always crowded, though admission could only be had by ticket. To meet the emergency, special meetings were organized for young

men and young women, inquirers, workingmen, and the intemperate. Seventeen thousand signatures to the pledge were secured here. So the work of awakening went on for three months, steadily increasing in power. On the last Sunday afternoon, a great audience of some twenty or thirty thousand gathered in the Palace garden, and hung on the words of Mr. Moody, as he spoke from the seat of a carriage. More than three thousand united to the city congregations, the large proportion of whom were under twenty-five. Short visits were then made to Paisley, Greenock and Gourock. In the summer a tour was taken through the Highlands, for the sowing of the seed of the Word. Meetings were held in the open air at Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, and elsewhere; and many souls were won. In Ireland, the common people heard the preacher gladly. The good work began at Belfast, on Sunday, September 6, 1874. To reach as many as possible, separate sessions were had for women and for men, for professing Christians, for the unconverted, and for inquirers, for young men and for boys. Huge gatherings were also addressed in the Botanic Gardens, a space of six acres being filled with attentive hearers. On Monday, September 27th, a remarkable meeting of eight hours for inquirers was held, wherein above two hundred young men came unto Jesus and took His yoke upon them. And when the young converts were collected into a farewell meeting, tickets for 2,150 were granted to such applicants.

Dublin, five-sixths of whose inhabitants were not Protestant, awoke into a newness of religious life on the advent of the evangelists. From the 25th of

October to the 29th of November, the whole city was stirred in a wonderful way. The great Exhibition Palace contained audiences in the evenings and on Sundays of from twelve to fifteen thousand. At the prayer-meetings and Bible readings, the number often exceeded two thousand. Many Roman Catholics were attentive listeners, and parish priests as well. The stillness of these vast assemblies was very marked. Truly the Lord was faithful in answering the prayer Mr. Moody continually offered in private: "O God, keep the people still, hold the meeting in Thy hand." These labors ended with a three-days' convention, at which eight hundred ministers attended, from all parts of Ireland. Above two thousand young converts confessed their new-born faith.

Manchester for eight months had besought a blessing on its people; and these preparatory services were closed with a Communion in which two thousand Christians united. The month of December was devoted here to evangelistic work. In spite of the wintry weather, the halls were crowded, and overflow meetings had to be organized. Here, as elsewhere, the large proportion of men in attendance was noticeable. The city was mapped out into districts, and the duty of distributing cards at every dwelling was assigned to a large corps of volunteers. On one side of these was printed the hymn "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By;" and on the other, a short address by Mr. Moody, his text being Revelations iii., :20. The efforts of the Young Men's Christian Association to purchase a suitable building met with a cordial indorsement, and a fourth of

the entire amount needed was obtained at the first public meeting.

In Sheffield, the scheme of house-to-house visitation had to be abandoned in order to secure the co-operation of the clergy of the Church of England. The opening meeting was held on New Year's eve, and the address in that watch-night service was upon *Work*. The great congregation, in response to Mr. Moody's request, finished the old year and began the new on their knees. For a fortnight the dwellers in this industrial town collected in such numbers as to pack the halls and the sidewalks about them, so that the evangelist had frequently to speak in the open air. The work at Birmingham, "the toy-shop of the world," was also limited for lack of time. The spacious Town Hall was crowded on January 17, 1875; and for the other gatherings, even Bingley Hall, which held twelve thousand, proved too small. Another Christian convention was held, at which above a thousand ministers attended. Sixteen hundred converts received tickets to the special meeting for counsel. After pausing a week for a vacation, these lay apostles began their ministry of a month at Liverpool on February 7th. Victoria Hall, a wooden structure, able to shelter eleven thousand, was expressly erected for their reception. It was crowded at all the night services, while an average of six thousand attended the Bible lectures and noon meetings for prayer. These three services were held every day except Saturday, when these devoted laborers took the rest which their overtaxed energies so imperatively demanded. The house-to-house visitation was resumed here, and efforts were made to have a

personal talk with the non-churchgoers. The corner-stone for the new hall of the Y. M. C. A. was laid, and a convention held for two days, which was largely attended by ministers and laymen.

Four months were devoted to evangelizing the gigantic metropolis of London. Four centers were selected for preaching. Agricultural Hall, at Islington, North London, could seat 14,000 and give standing room for 6,000 more; Bow Road Hall, in the extreme east had 10,000 sittings; the Royal Opera House in the west end was in the aristocratic quarter of Westminster; and Victoria Theater, in the south, was used until Camberwell Hall was completed in June. This gospel campaign—the mightiest ever undertaken by any evangelist—was preceded by a course of union prayer-meetings for five months, that the Lord might prepare the way for a glorious manifestation of His power by purging the hearts of His own followers. A private conference was also held in advance with fifteen hundred of the city clergy, in order to explain the usual plan of procedure, and remove any misapprehensions that might exist. The whole city was parceled out for canvassing, and countless bands of yoke-fellows were sent out to leave at every dwelling the tract drawn up by Mr. Moody, and to tender an invitation to the services. Among these laborers was an old woman aged eighty-five years, who fulfilled her duties faithfully, and met everywhere words of kindness. This wonderful mission was opened on Tuesday evening, the 9th of March, at Islington. For a time the services were met with mockery and ribald speeches without, by disorderly men and women. But these demonstrations soon subsided, as the real piety of

the speakers became evident. Fully 80,000 attended the services of the first three days, and 45,000 heard the three addresses on the Sunday following. At the Royal Opera House, the nobility and gentry of England were directly reached by Bible readings, and members of the royal family were frequently present. The last gospel meeting was greater than any preceding, and a great number arose to receive the Lord Jesus Christ. The final meeting of thanksgiving was held at Mildmay Park Conference Hall, on July 12th. Seven hundred ministers were present to say farewell to the evangelist, whom they were so loth to see depart. Dr. A. Bonar testified that the work of increase was still going on in Glasgow, with at least 7,000 members already added to its churches. Other ministers bore witness to the abundant fruit of the revival. Then, after silent prayer, the two evangelists hastily withdrew, not daring to expose themselves to the ordeal of parting with so many dear associates. They had held 285 meetings in London; these were attended by fully 2,500,000 people; the expenses were $140,000. These companions came together at the final meetings in Liverpool. They sailed homeward on the 6th of August, attended by many loving prayers, and arrived in New York on the 14th.

It was during their first meetings in England, that a rumor was circulated throughout the British Isles, that Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were frauds of the rankest order, and that they had no standing whatever in America, and particularly in Chicago, from whence they hailed. Mr. Moody did not pay much attention to this at first, but it began to be so widely circulated that it appeared as if the conse-

quences might be serious. So he cabled to his friends in America, and the ministers of Chicago endorsed him in the following resolutions:

"We, the undersigned pastors of the city of Chicago, learning that the Christian character of D. L. Moody has been attacked, for the purpose of destroying his influence as an evangelist in Scotland, hereby certify that his labors in the Young Men's Christian Association, and as an evangelist in this city and elsewhere, according to the best information we can get, have been evangelical and Christian in the highest sense of those terms; and we do not hesitate to commend him as an earnest Christian worker, worthy of the confidence of our Scotch and English brethren, with whom he is now laboring; believing that the Master will be honored by them in so receiving him among them as a co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord."

While holding meetings in Liverpool, an immense audience was assembled one evening, which was being addressed by the Rev. Chas. Garrett, a Methodist minister of that city. Mr. Garrett, in his remarks, deplored the fact that there was no place in Liverpool or any of the large English cities, where workmen could find recreation without spending their time in the saloons and drinking places. He thought that it would be a splendid scheme if some plan could be devised whereby the workmen could be looked after. This gave Mr. Moody an idea, and he was seen in a hurried whispered consultation with a number of the gentlemen who occupied the stage. Mr. Garrett finished his remarks while Mr. Moody was still whispering. Mr. Moody requested him to continue for ten minutes. Mr. Garrett con-

tinued, and at the close of his remarks, Mr. Moody announced that he had just formed the British Workmen Company—limited — with a capital of $50,000. That Lord So-and-So—indicating one of the gentlemen on the stage—had subscribed a thousand pounds; Lord So-and-So, another stage occupant, another thousand pounds, and so on, until forty thousand pounds had been subscribed inside of ten minutes. Mr. Moody then announced that Mr. Garrett would take charge of the fund and proceed to the erection of coffee houses, as outlined in his address, and also suggested that Mr. Garrett raise the balance necessary to make up the total capital. Mr. Garrett protested that the rules of his church would not permit him to remain longer in Liverpool, he having finished the three years' term of his pastorate. Mr. Moody told him, he would fix that, and he did. The coffee houses were established in Liverpool and spread to all of the large cities of England. They paid, in dividends, to the stockholders, 25 per cent for many years, and never less than 10 per cent. In this connection it may be well to state that Mr. Garrett, who remained at the head of the institution for many years, was the first minister of the Methodist Church in England who was ever allowed to remain in one place longer than the stipulated three years.

In speaking once of the incidents of his European visit, Mr. Moody told the following story:

"I went to London in 1872 just to spend three or four months, and one night I spoke in a prayer-meeting. I went into a Congregational church, and I preached with an unusual power. There didn't seem to be anything out of the regular line in the

MR. MOODY ON A MORNING DRIVE.

He was in the habit of rising early and, while at Northfield, usually took an early morning drive over the settlement and farms.

service. In fact, I was a little disappointed. I didn't seem to have much liberty there. That evening, at 6.30, I preached to men. There seemed to be a great power. It seemed as if the building was filled with the glory of God, and I asked for an expression when I got through. They rose by the hundreds. I said, 'They don't know what this means;' so I thought I would put another test. I just asked them to step back into the chapel—all those that wanted to become Christians, but no one else. They flocked into the chapel by the hundreds. I was in great perplexity. I couldn't understand what it meant. I went down to Dublin the next day, and on Tuesday morning I got a dispatch saying, 'Come to London at once and help us.' I didn't know what to make of it, but I hastened back to London and labored there ten days, and there were four hundred names recorded at that time. For months I could not understand what it meant, but by-and-by I found out."

CHAPTER XI.

THE BIRMINGHAM MEETING.

Moody and Sankey were at Birmingham in the early part of January in 1874. Their first meeting was held on Sunday morning, the 17th, at 8 o'clock, in the town hall. The meeting was for "Christian workers," and the admission was by ticket. The morning was cheerless, damp and raw, but the people were crowded in every part. In the afternoon they held an open service in the hall, and thousands went away unable to get in. The great test, however, which they had excited came in the evening. In October, 1873, when Mr. Bright addressed his constituents after his return to the cabinet, he spoke in Bingley Hall, a building used for the annual cattle show, and as a drill hall for the volunteers. Various estimates were made as to the number of people who listened on that occasion. It seems probable that most of them fell far short of the truth. There were no seats on the floor of the hall, and without seats there is now reason to believe that the hall will hold between 20,000 and 25,000 people. It was crowded in every part.

For the meetings, the "Moody and Sankey Committee" hired upwards of 9,000 chairs. On their first Sunday evening, long before 8 o'clock, when the services commenced, not only were all the

chairs occupied, but several thousands of people were standing, and thousands could not gain admission. It is believed by those who are in a position to judge, that there were fully 13,000 people present every night. Through the first week the hall was thronged in the same way, and there were vast crowds outside.

On Sunday morning, January 24th, it was filled with people who obtained admission by tickets, and who, before they received their tickets declared that they were not in the habit of attending any place of worship. In the afternoon of the same day, it was filled with women, and a second service was held in the town hall for the overflow, and in the evening it was filled with men. There was a break on the Monday afternoon of the second week, when Mr. Moody had an engagement at Manchester. He professed to have met Christ on his visit to that city. Mr. Bright spoke in the hall that night, and it was most inconveniently crowded, but some people were of the opinion that on several of the following evenings the crowd that filled the hall for religious service was denser than that which filled it for the political demonstration.

Night after night, long before the hour of service, long rows of carriages stood in the street filled with persons who hoped that when the crowd about the doors had thinned, they might be able to find standing room just inside, and thousands streamed away because they found they had come too late to have a chance of pressing in.

In addition to the evening service, there was a prayer meeting every noon, at which Mr. Moody gave an address of twenty or twenty-five minutes,

and Mr. Sankey sang. The meeting was held at first in the Town Hall, which was generally quite full. On the last four days it was held in Bingley Hall, and the attendance varied from four to six thousand. At three o'clock, after the first day or two, Mr. Moody gave a Bible lecture. He began in Carr's Lane Chapel, which was soon found to be too small. It was then transferred to Bingley Hall, and the attendance varied from five to ten thousand.

The meetings had been well advertised. The local newspapers published a series of articles on Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey before they came, describing the impression they had produced in Scotland and Ireland. The Morning News generally gave several columns each day to the reports of the service. The Daily Post gave great prominence to this news feature, and even the local Conservative organ, the Daily Gazette, always had enough about the evangelist to attract attention. The local committee, in addition to the newspaper notoriety, covered the walls of the town with placards, announcing the services and these were constantly being renewed. When the fact became known that Bingley Hall, the largest in the city, had been filled to hear the strangers, it created a certain measure of popular excitement and curiosity, which made it almost certain that the hall would be filled again.

These services were not deemed "hysterical." The first sign of hysterical excitement was instantly repressed by Mr. Moody, and it is a curious fact that although the crowds were enormous, very few women fainted. It is said there were only three or four cases during the meeting.

Mr. Sankey had a great share in keeping up the

interest in the meetings, and it is interesting at this time to note that the songs which to-day have lived and are popular in the church and evangelistic work were the ones used by the great singer in his European meetings. The people were much in love with such songs as "Hold the Fort for I am Coming," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and " I am So Glad that Jesus Loves Me," but it was not the singing only that made the services interesting. There was great animation and variety in them. In the evening they began with a hymn, which the people sang together, but what would be the order of the service no one knew before hand, and it has been frequently said that Mr. Moody did not even know. He had the instinctive perception to a remarkable degree whereby he could easily tell if the people were interested. After the first hymn somebody generally offered a short prayer. If it was clear that the heart of the attendance went with the prayer, he would then read a chapter and make a few remarks on it as he read. If not, he would ask Mr. Sankey to sing a solo, or a solo with a chorus, in which the people joined, or else one of the most popular hymns; then he would read a chapter and perhaps have another hymn or offer a short prayer himself. Then would come another hymn, and then the sermon. Sometimes the sermon would be followed by a solo from Mr. Sankey. Sometimes by a hymn, in which all united. Sometimes by a prayer. Everything was determined by what was felt to be the actual mood of the moment. Generally the whole service was over in a little more than an hour and a quarter.

"One of the elements of Mr. Moody's power,"

said a critic of the period, "consisted in his perfect naturalism. He had something to say and he said it, and said it as simply and directly to 13,000 people as to thirteen. He had nothing of the impudence into which some speakers are betrayed when they try to be easy and unconventional, but he talked in a perfectly unconstrained and straightforward way, just as he would talk to half a dozen old friends at his own fireside. The effect of this was very intelligible. One would no more think of criticising him than to think of criticising a man one meets in the street who directs you to the shortest route to the depot. There are some men who force one to be critical. There is a tendency to test every sentence they utter. Their words are received with a kind of suspicion, yet this never occurred to the people when they listened to Mr. Moody. Now and then Mr. Moody quoted a text in a very illegitimate sense. Now and then he advanced an argument which would not hold water. Now and then he laid down principles which seemed untenable, and there may have been a protest, but if so, it was only momentarily."

Mr. J. R. Creed, in an article published in Pearson's Magazine, in 1898, about Moody and Sankey, now says, Though it is more than twenty years since the Americans, Moody and Sankey, left this country after their remarkable diatribe on British morals; these names are not forgotten.

During their famous evangelistic tour over 2,500,000 people attended their meetings in London alone, and when we consider the thousands that thronged nightly to hear them in the Provinces and in Ireland and Scotland, it is probable, that taking all in all,

they addressed the greatest number of different people that any other preachers have succeeded in reaching.

Their names, therefore, have passed into a phrase, and the memory has been kept green by the sale of their hymn books, which have attained a circulation of several millions, a secret the publishers will not divulge.

And what wonderful men these two—orators and solicitors—were, whatever may be our opinion of their methods.

The friends who had invited them to this country, and guaranteed to pay their expenses, were no longer alive when they at last reached Liverpool. To meet these predicaments, which left them completely stranded, an edition of their hymn book was at once issued, part of the proceeds from the royalty being sufficient to cover their personal expenses from the first. Indeed, so ready was the sale that on his return from Ireland, in 1875, Mr. Moody announced in public his intention of ceasing to make private use of the income so derived, and the balance, which, at the close of the London mission, had amounted to nearly £6,000, was devoted to the liquidation of the debt incurred by the members of the Chicago church, in which Moody was interested.

There were people who declared that Moody and Sankey were over here "to make as much money as they could out of the Lord," But though fabulous sums were collected on their behalf, fabulous sums were also spent. In March, 1875, Moody received an invitation to visit London. "If I come," was the preacher's response, "you will have to raise £5,000 for expenses."

The answer came at once—

"We have £10,000 ready!"

As a matter of fact £28,238 9s. 6d. was altogether received, while the expenses amounted to £28,296 9s. 6d., thus showing the deficit of £58.

Moody and Sankey's reputation had preceded them, and London awaited their arrival with no little curiosity. Who were these great men who placarded each town they intended to visit with vast posters announcing their arrival? "Moody and Sankey are coming!" Was it a traveling show or a circus, or some popular entertainers?

Wherever they went they engaged the largest buildings, and, provincial theaters and public halls were crammed each night from floor to skylight, thousands who had waited for hours struggled vainly for admission.

"To hear Moody and Sankey," says a writer of the day, in a London paper, "the theaters are deserted, the gin shops emptied, the streets appear depopulated, and the very nature and habits of a work-a-day's world were seized and transformed by them into something new. They came in scorn, and left behind respect, surprise, new thoughts, and whole communities stirred to the quick."

On March 16, 1875, over twenty-two thousand people thronged the Agricultural Hall to hear them, and more than ten thousand people were turned away unable to obtain even standing room. Such various characters of all ranks and all conditions of men and women and children as could gather in the largest buildings, London had never before seen or known in the metropolis. During the addresses the audience arose literally in hundreds and

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FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY HALL, EDINBURGH.

Fifteen thousand Scotchmen crowded into this building to hear Moody and Sankey in 1873, and thousands were turned away unable to gain admission.

expressed their desire to be saved! "The cream of the hour," Mr. Moody asserted, "was in the inquiry room."

The Prince of Wales, Dean Stanley, and Lord Cairnes honored the revivalists by going to hear them. Already they had become popular heroes. One thousand pounds was offered to Mr. Moody if he would sit for a photograph, an offer which he, however, unhesitatingly declined, declaring that he would pay five hundred pounds to be able to prevent portraits of himself to be sold. Thousands of men and women, people of high life, who drove up in their carriages, poor creatures who dragged themselves to the meetings on weary feet, professed to "find Christ." The converted were divided into classes and placed under the pastors to whose congregation they belonged.

In speaking of Moody and Sankey, the preacher was always mentioned first. But to imply from this that the singer played an inferior part in the work would be both an unfair and a mistaken view. Sankey had one of the finest tenor voices that had ever been heard. When he sang he held the people enraptured. Moody's eloquence it is difficult to criticise. To address and entertain 20,000 people night after night, month after month, was a performance that only a great preacher could accomplish. Yet he made no attempt at rhetoric. Illustration was employed to occupy the place of argument. Eloquence receded before a store of simple anecdote.

It was Moody who knitted the attention of the vast audiences, who held them spellbound, and Sankey's wonderful voice which carried them away in a burst

of spiritual enthusiasm, ceasing to leave them once more, in the great hush that follows, in the convincing arguments of the preacher.

The most extraordinary event in connection with Moody and Sankey's visit to this country was in connection with their proposed visit to Eaton College. From some of the boys, or some of the boys' parents, they received a pressing invitation to visit the school. The moment this became known there arose such a storm in London as no similar event has ever called forth.

The question came up before the House of Commons. Thirty-four members arose to their feet. A serious and animated discussion occurred in the House of Lords; a remonstrance, newly signed, was sent to the head master.

In spite of this a large tent, capable of holding a thousand persons, was erected in the south meadow of the College play field, and a public notice was given of a service, especially addressed to the students. At the last moment, however, an edict was issued which emphatically prohibited this. Mr. Moody at once appealed to the Mayor for the use of Round Hall, a request that was at first acceded to. Shortly before three, however, the hour at which the service was to commence, a notice was posted on the door declaring that no meeting would be held.

Nothing daunted, Moody obtained permission to deliver his address in the garden of one of the houses in High street. At least seventy or eighty Eaton boys were present. The meeting was very quiet and orderly. It may be that a lasting impression was made on these youthful attendants; at all events,

Mr. Moody's address and Sankey's melodies could not have done them the slightest harm.

When the two finally quitted the country vast crowds congregated at Liverpool to see them off. At their farewell services both Moody's stand and Sankey's organ was decorated with flowers and costly bouquets; their appearance was greeted with tremendous applause; nor is it surprising that orator and melodist should both be broken down on that occasion.

CHAPTER XII.

AMERICAN MEETINGS.

Mr. Moody, at the close of one of his great meetings in Boston, gave a talk on finance and asked the people there to give him $30,000. He said that $20,000 of it would be used to defray the expenses of the meetings that had been held there, and $10,000 was to secure the use of the tabernacle for one year for gospel purposes. He stated that in the meeting he recently held in Chicago not only had they raised enough money to pay the expense of that meeting, but had raised $80,000 additional to pay the debt of the Y. M. C. A. He said that when this big sum had been raised, people not in sympathy with him or his work, stated that Moody and Sankey had carried off a large portion of it. He said that if this had been true it would have been very good pay for three months' work. He said if he had taken the money the public would have a right to know how they spent it. But as they were not employed by the public, he did not see any reason why he should give any statement, as there had never been any collection for them. He said that when he gave up his business in Chicago, after three months of the severest struggle of his life, as to whether he should go for dollars and cents, or for souls, that from that day he had no more lived for

money than he had for water. He said he had been offered $500 a night to lecture, and that when the lecture was over he could go to his hotel and get a comfortable night's sleep. But during his evangelism he had worked all day and talked all night with inquirers, and that when he was done he was so tired and weak that he could hardly get to his room.

While holding meetings at Burlington, Ia., a number of years ago the hall was crowded so densely that women began to faint; one woman in particular fell down in a crowd in the aisle and it was with difficulty that she could be removed. The weather was bitter cold and the air inside the building was very bad. Mr. Moody changed his plan of conducting the meeting and would order hymns every five or ten minutes, at which time the windows or doors would be thrown wide open, allowing the air of the place to become clear. This was quite a relief and no bad effects were noticeable.

At the Christian convention held in Boston, in 1877, Mr. Moody was present and told of his own experience in his Christian work in Chicago, and when his congregation was discouragingly small, he said he found a way to success by putting the converts to work trying to bring others into the fold. He said that one man who was converted was unable to speak English, and that when conversation took place it was done through an interpreter. This man wanted to do something for the cause and he was put to work distributing religious bills. Mr. Moody said that some people blessed him and some cursed him, but it made no difference to the man, for he could not understand English. But this man was the means of converting a great many people.

Mr. Moody also advocated congregational singing, as he believed this had done much good work. He said that he had been able to reach many young men by going to billiard halls and singing some patriotic song followed by a religious hymn. He said that the first signs of the breaking of the ice was noticed in the men removing their hats and they soon did not object to hearing the Scriptures read or a prayer offered. He said that one time he took sixteen men out of one saloon and nine of them went to the inquiry room.

In this same Boston meeting Mr. Moody was asked a number of questions, and among them was, "Why don't you teach baptism?" He said in reply, "If I should teach baptism by sprinkling, I would lose the influence of one good sort of Christians. Evangelists are just to proclaim the gospel, and they should keep out of that controverted question." He said the work of the evangelist was always in proportion to the number of churches interested in the movement. He said it was never any good arguing with an infidel, the thing was to pray with him. He was not a great believer in books or tracts, but believed in the Scripture.

Somebody asked him how gambling in churches could be cured. He said, have no festivals, there is no gambling in prayer meetings. He said the first thing was to get life in yourself. In the camp Sion convention, held at the Hippodrome in New York in March, 1876, Mr. Moody said in the course of one of his talks on Evangelism that he believed the secret of John Wesley's success was that he set every man to work as soon as they were converted.

He thought the plan a good one, as idleness was conducive to spiritual laziness.

He said that sometimes a convert would wake up a whole community and that it was very natural that the first thing a man was to do after he was converted was to go out and tell somebody about it.

He was not a believer in the plan of changing speakers each night, he said he had known of several times when that had been tried and that there had been no good results. He thought that the proper way to hold a religious revival was to have one or two men to preach continuously for two or three weeks. He said that a great many meetings were killed because they were so long. He said that one of the troubles was that you preach the people into the spirit and out again before the meeting was over. He said that the proper thing was to send the people home hungry and then they would come again.

The gospel campaign in the Union began at Brooklyn on Sunday, October 24, 1875, and continued there until November 19th. The Rink, on Clermont Avenue, which had sittings for five thousand, was selected for the preaching services, while Mr. Talmage's tabernacle was devoted to prayer-meetings. A choir of 250 Christian singers was led by Mr. Sankey.

In Philadelphia a spacious freight depot, at Thirteenth and Market streets, was improvised to serve as a hall. Chairs were provided for about 10,000 listeners, besides a chorus of six hundred singers seated on the platform. The expenses were met by voluntary contributions outside, which amounted to $30,000. A corps of three hundred Christians acted

as ushers, and a like number of selected workers served in the three inquiry rooms. At the opening service, early on Sunday morning, November 21st, nine thousand were present, in spite of a drenching storm. In the afternoon, almost twice as many were turned away as found entrance. Henceforth, until the close on January 16th, the attendance and popular interest never slackened. A special service was held on Thanksgiving Day, and a watch-meeting on New Year's eve, from 9 to 12. Efforts were made to reach all classes of the community, and the meetings for young men were specially blessed. A careful computation puts the total attendance at 900,000, and the converts at 4,000. Before leaving the city, a collection was made on behalf of the new hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and about $100,000 were obtained. A Christian convention was held on the 19th and 20th of January, and pertinent suggestions about the methods of evangelistic work were given for the benefit of the two thousand ministers and laymen in attendance from outlying towns.

For the mission in New York City, the Hippodrome at Madison and Fourth Avenues was leased, at a rental of $1,500 weekly, and $10,000 were expended in its preparation. It was partitioned into two halls, one seating 6,500, the other 4,000, the intent being to use the second for overflow meetings, and so bring such large congregations more completely under the speaker's control. A choir of 800 singers and a corps of lay workers were organized. The deep concern of the people to hear the plain gospel preached and sung was as deep here among all classes as elsewhere, and the attendance was un-

flagging from February 7th to April 19th. Again, a Christian conference was convened for two days, at which Christian workers from the North and East took counsel together. At the final meeting for young converts 3,500 were present by ticket.

Mr. Moody spent two weeks in May with his friend, Major Whittle, at Augusta, Georgia, while Mr. Sankey took a rest at Newcastle. He preached with his usual fervor to large congregations. He traveled northward to Chicago by way of Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis and Kansas City, holding meetings on the way. His new church edifice on Chicago Avenue, was opened on his arrival. It was a large brick building with stone facings, measuring 120 by 100 feet, and having a bell-tower 120 feet high. Its entire cost was $100,000, all of which was paid before its dedication. August and September were spent in a visit to the old Northfield homestead, and in little tours to Greenfield, Springfield and Brattleboro.

Chicago gave the heartiest welcome to its own Moody and Sankey in October, where they resumed the mission work suspended by them three years before. A tabernacle was erected which could shelter 10,000, and a choir of 300 singers was organized. The city pastors gave a most cordial support, and its populace, many of whom had seen their homes twice burnt to the ground, were eager to listen to the earnest messages of free salvation. The great Northwest was now moved, as never before, especially when tidings came of the sudden death of Phillip P. Bliss and his wife at Ashtabula on December 29th. Within three months 4,800 converts were recorded in Chicago.

The evangelical Christians of Boston had long been waiting on the Lord for a special blessing on their city. A permanent brick edifice was built on Tremont Street, able to seat a congregation of six thousand. Dr. Tourjee gathered a body of two thousand Christian singers, and organized it into five distinct choirs. The thoughtful addresses of Rev. Joseph Cook were of use in preparing that cultured and critical city for the advent of the eavangelists. And the result of the religious services was almost beyond expectation. Instead of a single noon meeting for prayer, seven or eight sprang up throughout the city, with numbers varying from 200 to 1,500. Ninety churches co-operated in a house-to-house visitation, and 2,000 visitors were enrolled into these bands of yoke-fellows. Throughout all New England the quickened activities of the churches were unmistakable, and the evangelical faith met a more respectful hearing from its thinking classes than had been witnessed for a hundred years.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. MOODY'S CRISP SAYINGS.

Personal dealing is of the utmost importance. No one can tell how many souls have been lost through not following up the preaching of the Gospel by personal work.

People are not usually converted under the preaching of the minister. It is in the inquiry-meeting that they are most likely to be brought to Christ.

A doctor doesn't prescribe cod-liver oil for all complaints.

What a man wants is to be able to read his Bible, and to read human nature, too.

There are a great many church-members who are hobbling about on crutches.

One backslider can do more harm in the world than twenty Christian men can do good.

Every man should make a public confession if his sin has been public.

When you tell an unconverted person who desires to become a Christian that he is to live without sin, you discourage him.

You can't offer a man a greater insult than to accuse him of telling a wilful lie.

I challenge any infidel to put his finger on any promise that God has not kept.

For 6,000 years the devil has been trying to find out if God has broken His word.

What a jubilee there would be in Hell to-day if they found God had broken His word!

Just preach Christ, and the Spirit of God will bear witness.

We want to get the church up on a higher plain. Let there be a teaching out of the Scriptures, and the church will grow.

A great many churches in this country hardly expect to gain in numbers. If they hold their own they think they are doing pretty well.

I don't believe a man can preach the simple Gospel faithfully, anywhere in this country, and not have inquirers inside of thirty days, and there will be those added to the church daily of such as shall be saved.

If you can get a man to walk across a church before all the people, and go into an inquiry-room, it means a great deal.

There is nothing like keeping the people stirred up all the time—full of courage—full of hope.

There is no trouble about getting the people to attend the weekly prayer-meeting if it is made interesting.

We don't hear of long prayers in the Bible, except at the dedication of Solomon's Temple, and that comes but once in centuries.

No one likes to hear a long prayer, and when a man is making one, very likely the people are praying that he will stop.

Long prayers may have been all right in other times, but they are not now. Men think quicker than they used to, and act quicker.

If a man will pray fifteen minutes in a prayer-meeting, he will pray all the spirituality out of it.

Any minister that preaches twice on Sundays, and then gives a long lecture in the prayer-meeting, will kill any church in this country.

I believe the time is coming when in many of our churches there will be a meeting every night in the week.

Everything shouldn't depend on the minister. What you want is to bring out all the talent you have got in the church.

It helps a meeting wonderfully to introduce new tunes as fast as the people will learn them.

There ought to be more effort made for good music in all our churches and Sabbath-schools.

If a woman goes into a house she can sit down with the wife and family, and talk and pray, and when the man comes home in the evening he won't get mad and rage as he might if a man had been there.

I firmly believe that if we had to-day, in these great cities, hundreds where we have one lady missionary, we would soon break up this Nihilism, and Communism, and all such things.

When a young mother is just beginning to feel her responsibility, it isn't very difficult to reach her heart.

When I commenced to give Bible readings, years ago, I used to give about forty quotations at one time; but I found the people got tired—the sermon was too heavy for them. Then I cut the number down to twenty. Now I have cut it to ten. If I can bring out the meaning of ten passages, with a story here and there to keep up the interest, I think I get more truth lodged in their minds than if I used a hundred passages. There is a dan-

ger of giving too much; the people won't stand it. We must give them homœpathic doses. It is better to take a dozen passages and throw light on them than to run over a hundred and not say a word between them.

I think there is no better place for people to begin Christian work than right at their own homes.

If a man hasn't got a good enough record to have any effect at home, he won't be of much account in the foreign field.

If we keep at it three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, there will be a good deal of work done at the end of the year.

Money is a very small account in the sight of God.

The great trouble with many of us is, that we are working for God without power.

There was a time when I thought the raising of Lazarus was the greatest work ever done on this earth. But I think the conversion of those three thousand Jews on the day of Pentecost was more wonderful still.

There are a great many men who had power five years ago that haven't got it now. They are like Samson robbed of his strength, or like fishermen working with old, broken nets.

It is an awfully sad thing for a man to outlive his usefulness, to be laid aside as a vessel no longer meet for the Master's use.

There are a good many Christians God can't use as He used them once.

Of all the skeptics I have seen, I have never seen but one who claimed to have read the Bible through, and I doubted him, because he could not tell me of

but one verse in the Bible, and that was, "Jesus wept."

As for the mysteries of the Bible I am glad they are there, and that there are heights and depths that I have never been able to fathom, and length and breadth that no man has ever been able to discover. If I could take that book up and understand it all it would be pretty good proof that it did not come from God.

It is easy to talk against the Bible, but did you ever think how dark this old world would be without it?

Millions of men have gone down to the grave because of their loyalty to the Bible. Some people have tried to stamp it out, but God has raised up witnesses for it. I thank God I live where it is read. Anarchy, nihilism, socialism, would sweep this whole country, your property and your life would not be safe, if it was not for this old book.

If you do not like the Bible it is because it condemns your sins. So if you see a man to-morrow talking against the good book you may know he gets hit. Throw a stone among a group of dogs and the dog that gets hit goes off yelping every time.

Take the most faithful follower of Satan in Chicago for the last five years, and take a most faithful follower of Jesus Christ and let the two stand on this platform and their very faces would tell the story.

There is a great joy in the service of Christ that the world knows nothing of, and you never will know unless you taste it.

If you find a man howling about hypocrites, you

just look out for him, he doesn't live very far from one himself.

Most people have the idea that a man has got to join the church to be a hypocrite; my friends, I will find a hundred in the world while you find one in the church.

No man can believe the Bible without purifying his soul.

I don't think the prodigal son did much feeling till he got his feet under his father's mahogany table.

Let men act up to their convictions and what a meeting we would show you.

A man who will let a saloon-keeper or a gambler or a harlot keep him from what is right, I greatly pity.

Life is very sweet to me, and I can conceive of no sweeter work than that I am engaged in.

If your excuses will not stand the light of eternity throw them to the four winds.

It is the work of the shepherd to seek the lost. Who ever heard of a sheep seeking a lost shepherd?

I want to tell you, if your religion isn't saving you and keeping you day by day from sin, it is a shame, it is not the religion of Jesus Christ.

The Catholics have the same Savior as the Protestants,—one shepherd, one Christ.

The difficulty with a great many churches is that there are too many stumps in the way of the plough.

Knowledge is certainly better than feelings.

If you want results, just pray.

There is only one thing that will thoroughly satisfy a longing heart, and that is Jesus Christ.

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EXHIBITION HALL, DUBLIN.

This great hall in the heart of the Irish Capital was daily filled during the Moody meetings at that place.

You never saw a millionaire in your life, who was satisfied.

You know sheep never lie down to rest until they get enough to eat and drink.

I believe that where there is one sermon preached to the unconverted, there should be one hundred preached to the church members.

I remember when I was a boy I used to attempt to jump over my shadow, but I never succeeded in getting over it.

There are quite a number of nameless characters in the Scriptures that have shone very brightly in this world in the Scripture.

There are a good many who have an idea that distilling whiskey is all right if they will only give their money to the church.

A man may erect a synagogue and still be a black-hearted villian.

Treat men as they should be treated, and see if you do not win their esteem and respect.

Don't blow a trumpet and say that you have done so much for your servants; do it kindly and quietly.

If you find a man that has very high thoughts of himself he will have very low thoughts of God.

I pity those men who hold on with a tight grip to everything they have.

If you want to show kindness to a person, do it while you are living.

Business men can reach the men employed by them a good deal better than the minister.

If we are going to get victory over the world we will have to get it through Christ.

I wouldn't think of talking to unconverted men

about overcoming the world, for it is utterly impossible for them to accomplish anything.

Don't let any man think that he is going to overcome his enemies without putting forth his strength with God's power.

If you were to take a mill and put it forty feet above any river in this country, there isn't capital enough in the world to make that river turn the mill; but get it down about forty feet and then it works.

When Abraham took his eyes off God he was weak like other men and denied his wife.

It is a very singular thing to notice how the men in the Bible, if they have fallen, have generally fallen on the strongest points of their own characters.

Abraham was celebrated for his faith, and he fell there; but he lost that faith and denied his wife.

Moses was noted for his meekness and humility, he lost his temper and God kept him out of the promised land. Elijah was honored for his power in prayer and his courage, but he became a coward. Queen Jezebel scared the life nearly out of him. Peter was noted for his boldness, and a little maid frightened him nearly out of his wits.

The most objectionable characters one meets are those who are attempting to walk by sight and not by faith.

I believe that a great many Christians are overcome because they don't know what a terrible fright they have.

It is no sign because a man is a Christian that he is going to overcome the world.

The worst enemy one has to overcome, after all, is oneself.

I have had more trouble with D. L. Moody than with any other man who has ever crossed my path.

If one member of the family is constantly snapping, the whole family will soon be snapping.

Christianity isn't worth the snap of a finger if it doesn't straighten out characters.

If people ain't sure when you are telling the truth, there is something radically wrong, and you had better straighten it out at once.

There are a great many people who only want enough Christianity to make them respectable.

There is only one royal way, and that is by the way of Calvary.

There is more said in the Bible against covetousness than against intemperance.

We think when a man gets drunk he is a horrid monster, but a covetous man will often be received into the church and be put up into office, who is as vile and black in the sight of God as any drunkard.

You needn't be proud of your face, for there is not one of you but that after ten days in the grave the worms would be eating your body.

You must put off the mortal to put on immortality.

Every time we overcome one temptation we get strength to overcome another.

I honestly believe we are down here in school; in training; and if we cannot overcome we are not fit for God's service.

I am a joint heir with Jesus Christ, and you must find out how much He is worth in order to estimate my wealth.

We are not only heirs but joint heirs, and all Christ has I have.

What we want is a Christianity that goes into our homes and every-day lives.

Some men's religion just makes me sick.

It is wrong for a man or woman to profess what they don't possess.

If you are not overcoming temptations, the world is overcoming you.

Your ministers may preach like Gabriel on Sunday, but that won't do any good if you live like Satan during the week in your homes.

There are a good many people who are delighted when you talk about the sins of the patriarchs, and other Bible characters, but when you come here and touch upon the sins of this city that is another thing.

Did you ever notice that all but the heart of man praises God? If you look right through history, you will find that everything but the heart of man obeys God.

Now if you want to get near God, just obey Him.

Obedience is a matter of the heart.

He takes those into the nearest communion with Himself who just obey Him.

The man or woman that is nearest to God is the man or woman that is just obeying Him.

My dear friends, as long as we are living a disobedient life, we cannot do a thing to please God.

What the Lord wants is not what you have got, but yourself, and you cannot do a thing to please God until you surrender yourself to Him.

I believe the wretchedness and misery and woe in our American cities to-day comes from disobedience to God.

There is a great reward in keeping God's laws and statutes, but a great curse upon them that will disobey God.

People don't like to read legal documents; but if you are mentioned in the will it becomes instantly very interesting reading.

If you haven't any faith in a doctor, you don't want him in the house, you wouldn't commit the life of your child into his hands.

Faith is the foundation of all social intercourse.

You might as well ask a man to hear without ears, see without eyes, walk without feet, as to ask a man to believe without giving him something to believe.

A creed is the road or street. It is very good as far as it goes but if it doesn't take us to Christ it is worthless.

I don't believe any man is so constituted that he can not believe God if he wants to.

Put your finger on a promise that God has made to man that he hasn't kept, and then we will talk about not believing Him.

When a man says he can not believe himself, but can believe in God, then he is on the right road.

The trouble is, people who don't know what the Bible says say they cannot believe it.

There are a lot of people running around who haven't got any roots.

A good many people live on negations. They are always telling what they don't believe.

The best illustration of faith is a little child. She never bothers her head as to where she is going to get her breakfast or supper.

I believe that faith grows like every other thing. You only have to water and feed it.

There is nothing to hinder you from being saved but your own will.

There are a great many people living on a few chapters and verses. They don't take the whole of the Bible.

You cannot touch Jesus Christ anywhere that there is not something supernatural about Him.

I don't like these gilt-edged Bibles that look like they had never been used.

I earnestly believe that this old world has swung out in the cold and dark and will never swing back until the truth dawns upon it, that "God is love."

You take a man or woman and make them believe that there is no one in the wide world that loves or cares for them, and they would rather die than live. That is the class that commits suicide.

The thing we prize above everything else in this world is love, and that is what God prizes above everything else.

There isn't a commandment that hasn't come from the loving heart of God, and what He wants is to have us give up that which is going to mar our happiness in this life and the life to come.

There is no book after all that will draw people like the Bible.

Don't get a Bible so good that you will be afraid to carry it for fear you will soil it.

There are a great many people who know only what they hear from other people.

A good way to study the Bible is to take one book at a time. I know some people who never sit down to read a book until they have time to read the whole of it.

Justification is what turned Martin Luther inside

out. The truth dawned upon him as he went up those stairs in Rome.

I believe a man may come in here a thief and go out a saint. I believe a man may come in here as vile as Hell itself and go out saved.

I honestly believe that the greatest mistake we are making in this country is that we don't have more expository preaching.

I never saw anyone that kept the Sabbath and reverenced God's sanctuary who didn't prosper. I have never seen a man desert the house, the law, or the statutes of God, but that he grew lean.

I believe the reason so many people are having such hard times now is because they have wandered into sin.

The kiss of Judas wounded the heart of the Son of God a good deal more than the Roman spear did.

The wife that lets down the standard in order to reach her husband always loses ground.

When you see a Christian minister making the ungodly people in his congregation his society, look out for him.

When you see a man or woman in your church that would rather be with the ungodly than with God's people look out for their piety. It isn't skin deep.

Did you ever think of the yards and yards of talk that you hear that doesn't amount to anything?

There are many Christians in the world about waist deep, and then they wonder why they haven't any power or influence.

Don't let the world get hold of you. Keep it under.

Let every man use the talent God has given him.

Don't be mourning because you haven't more, but just take what you have and go to work.

If you can reach a man by taking him to the Episcopal church, take him to the Episcopal church. If you can reach him by taking him to the Baptist church, take him to the Baptist church. Never mind about the creeds and doctrines. Never mind about these names, they are nothing. What we want is to get him above these party walls.

It is the work of the Holy Ghost to convict of sin.

I have seen people who, when the spirit of God has been working mightily, would get up and go out and slam the door after them in a bad passion. Not a bad sign.

A great many are always trying to make themselves love God. You cannot do it. Love must be spontaneous. You cannot love by trying to make yourself love.

You never in your life saw a man full of God who wasn't fullof Scripture.

I don't know what angel it was that got down to the plains to tell the shepherds that Christ had come, but I have an idea that it was Gabriel.

I believe John Wesley did as much good as Charles. One preached and the other sung the gospel halfway around the world in a very short time.

I don't believe that any four walls are going to hold any man's influence.

I think one of the most lamentable things of this day is that Satan can walk right into some of our best Christian homes and families and haul the children down into the deepest and darkest depths, and we haven't got the power to reach them and bring them back.

A good many are trying to work with the anointing they got many years ago.

There are a lot of Samsons around who have lost their hair. How many sermons have you heard of which you cannot remember a single word?

When the Spirit of God is in a man the fire just burns.

I have no sympathy with the idea if we ask God to do a certain work He is going to give us chaff in return.

Sometimes when I have prayed it has seemed as if the Heavens were closed over me.

I have often said I had rather be able to pray like Daniel than preach like Gabriel.

I am sometimes ashamed of myself to think how fluent I am when I go into the presence of God. As if God was on an equal footing with me, or rather as if I was on an equal footing with God—as if there was no difference between us.

One of the truest signs that a man is growing great is that God increases and he decreases.

The next true element to prayer is restitution.

It is folly for us to ask God to do something for us that we can do for ourselves.

Let us look out that we are not one of the class who come to the Lord constantly for favors and never thank Him.

This is one the sweetest promises Christ left for us. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

If I wanted to find a man who had rest I would not go among the very wealthy.

The man or woman that is looking after the last fashion doesn't get rest to his soul.

Some people go back into the past and rake up all the troubles they ever had, and then they look into the future and anticipate that they will have still more trouble, and then they go reeling and staggering all through life.

About the first thing a mother does is to teach her child to look.

I tell you I had rather have ten thousand enemies outside than one inside.

The moment we begin to rob God then darkness and misery and wretchedness will come.

It is very easy to talk about revivals, but do you know that there is not a denomination that hasn't sprung out of revivals?

I venture to say there is many a church where four-fifths of the members were converted during revivals.

I believe whenever you see a Christian man's children turn out wrong, a good deal of the fault lies at his own door.

There is one thing about a back-slider, he is always finding fault with church members.

I will challenge you to find a father or mother that has back-slidden whose children haven't gone to ruin.

I think the hardest people to reach are the sons and daughters of back-sliders.

That Pharisee that went up to the temple to pray with the poor publican, did he know anything about meekness?

You put a man that has been living in wickedness and sin in the crystal pavement, and it would be Hell to him.

You may look at your little innocent child, but remember that a separation is going to come. If that child dies in early childhood, the Master will take it to Himself, and you will not be permitted to sit in the kingdom with that child until you are born again.

When God speaks you and I can afford to listen.

I pity any man that goes into the pulpit and picks that old Bible to pieces.

I have noticed that when a man does begin to pick the Bible to pieces it doesn't take him more than five years to tear it all to pieces. What is the use of being five years about what you can do in five minutes?

I am not here to defend the Bible. It will take care of itself.

I want to say to any scoffer that has come in here to-day, you can laugh at that old Bible, you can scoff at your mother's God, you can laugh at ministers and Christians, but the hour is coming when one promise in that old book will be worth more to you than ten thousand worlds like this.

It is an old saying, "Get the lamb and you will get the sheep." I gave that up years ago. Give me the sheep and then I will have some one to nurse the lambs.

It has always been a mystery to me that a woman can turn against the Son of God, for there is not a country to-day where Christ is not preached where woman is not a slave or a toy.

I said when I was in Jerusalem that if I had my

choice, in a Mohammedan country, of being born a woman or a donkey I would rather be a donkey, for it is treated better than a woman.

Every day you put it off you are going back from God, and are making it harder for you to be saved.

Nations are only collections of individuals, and what is true of part in regard to character is always true of the whole.

It is a great deal better to judge our own acts and confess them, than go through the world with a curse upon us.

It is not mere gush and sentiment this nation wants, so much as it is a revival of downright honesty.

A man once said he had a good well, only it would dry up in summer and freeze up in winter. Some Christians are just like that well, good at certain times.

It is doing a thousand times more harm than all the lectures of infidels to hear Christians say, "This and this isn't inspired."

We want to believe the whole Bible. We want to take the whole of it, from Genesis to Revelation.

I believe that for years after the death of Christ the air was full of the words which fell from His lips.

I have a good deal of sympathy with that old colored woman who said if the Bible said Jonah swallowed the whale she would believe it; God could make a man large enough to swallow a whale.

The best way to convert an infidel is to take him to the prophecies fulfilled.

I'm glad there are things in the Bible that I don't understand. If I could take that book up and read

it as I would any other book, I might think I could write a book like that, and so could you. I'm glad there are heights I haven't been able to climb up to. I am glad there are depths I haven't been able to fathom. It's the best proof that the book came from God.

I believe that God would have created a world rather than that any prophecy should be unfulfilled.

Dozens of people have repented who don't know what repentance is.

Lots of people think repentance is going to strike them like lightning.

I have learned that sometimes the medicine people don't like to take may be the very best medicine for them.

Lots of people think they can go to heaven on a good moral character.

Look at the parable of the prodigal son. I would rather be the younger brother than the other. The elder brother had what the world calls a moral character, and yet I think he was about the meanest case in the whole Bible.

I think the best book on Assurance is the first Epistle of John.

For men who have nothing but essays it is hard to get pulpits, and it will be harder in years to come.

The reason there are so many pulpits vacant is that there arn't men enough willing to give the word of God.

A great many churches have mere exhortations all the time, and it gets very tiresome.

I don't believe there is any place in the world where error has such a slim chance of getting a hold as in Scotland. The Scotch are a most wonderful

people. You've got to be careful in preaching to them, or the first thing you know some old woman will come up with her Bible under her shawl, and say: "Here; you said so and so. The Bible says so and so." If you make a misquotation, a Scotchman will straighten you right up; but you might make forty misquotations in American churches and no one would know the difference.

In Scotland a minister doesn't think of preaching till everybody has found the text.

If we had more of the word of God there would be fewer defalcations and scandals inside the church.

It seems to me the time is coming when there should be a change in the churches of God in this land.

CHAPTER XIV.

TYPICAL ANECDOTES.

The following are some of the anecdotes related by Mr. Moody at Cooper Union meeting, New York, November 20, 1896.

A man went out of the jail at Chicago to go to Joliet to serve a seven years' sentence, and a friend put a religious book into his hand, while he was in the jail at Chicago. Some time after he had gone to Joliet this friend visited him, and found that the cover of his little book was nearly worn off, and he had sewed it on with thread, and the book was pretty well worn out. His friend noticed that he had nineteen names written on the back of the book, and he inquired "What have you got those names there for?" "Well," the prisoner replied, "those are the names of prisoners who have read this book." "But here is a cross against three of them; what does that mean?" said his friend. "Oh," he said, "those are my brothers." "What do you mean by that?" "Well," he said, "I read that book in the jail in Chicago and was converted, and I thought when I came down here I would try and get some more converts, and I have loaned that book to nineteen prisoners, and when any prisoner tells me he is converted, I put a cross against his name." Pretty good investment, was it not? The book cost less than ten cents.

My son was speaking down at Brockton, Mass., the other Sunday. You see I have got him stirred up, and the secretary of the Christian Association said to him when the meeting was over, "Perhaps you will be interested in something that occurred in our rooms a little while ago. A young man, quite a nice looking fellow, came in and wanted to know if I could not give him work. I told him I could not. He was from out of town, and I thought if I could find work for anyone I ought to put it in the hands of some man of Brockton, and he turned away with a look on his face that kind of haunted me, and so I called him back and said:

"Look here, my friend, you seem to be quite disappointed. I have some colporter's books here. I want you to take them and go out on the street and try to sell them." The young man colored up, and I said, "Do you mean that you are ashamed to sell those books?" He replied, "Oh, no; that very book you hold in your hand was given to me in jail, and it led me to Jesus Christ, and when I got out, I thought I would leave my own country and neighborhood and go among strangers and start life anew, and when I went to your place and saw the Christian Association, I thought maybe they could find something for me to do, so that I could get among Christian people." So that young man took the books and went out on the street and sold them right and left, and a business man noticed him and liked the way he worked, and he hired him and gave him steady employment; so you see, my friends, it is a very good investment.

Some Englishmen went to Africa a good many years ago to colonize. They came to a beautiful

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HAYMARKET OPERA HOUSE MEETING.

Interior view showing Mr. Moody in his familiar attitude addressing great crowds in this large theater building in London.

spot, and thought it would be a good place to establish a town, and after they had decided to stay there, they asked a native if there was plenty of rain there the year round. The native said no, that there were a few months in the year when everything dried up, so they thought that would not do, and they went on to another place that looked inviting, and they asked a native how it was there about the rain, and the native told them that in certain months everything dried up. Well, that would not do, and they went to a third place, and made the same inquiry, and the reply was that the clouds were pierced the year round and everything was beautiful and green, and the Englishmen decided to stay there, and they founded a town and flourished. So we want to keep right under the pierced clouds all the time.

I remember the first time I went to California. I dropped down out of the Sierra Nevada mountains, where the snow was forty feet deep, into the Sacramento valley, where it was like midsummer, and I saw ranches that were perfectly beautiful, everything green and luxurious, and where everything seemed to be flourishing, but sometimes right across a fence I would see another ranch where there was nothing green and everything seemed to have dried up. I said to a gentleman in the train, "I do not understand this, what does it mean? There is a ranch that is green and flourishing, and there is another that has nothing green about it. It looks dried up." "Oh," said he, "you are a stranger here." I said, "Yes, that was my first visit." "Well," he said, "that man there irrigates and brings the water down from the mountains, and in consequence he

raises two or three crops a year, while the man that owns the other ranch, does not raise hardly anything, because he does not irrigate." In many churches you will find men and women as dry as Gideon's fleece. Some people will come and go and occupy the same pew for forty years and not move an inch. Another man right close to him is active and bright, and everything he touches seems to grow; the breath of God seems to be upon him.

When I was a young man and preached out in the West—I was a commercial traveler then—I would go into a little town and hold a meeting in a log schoolhouse, when some old gentleman would say, "This young brother from Chicago will speak here this evening at early candle light," and the first person that came would bring an old dingy lantern and stick it up on a bench—even an old lantern with old oil and a wick, you know, gives out considerable light after all on a dark night—and the next person that came, an old woman, perhaps, would bring along a sperm candle, and then would come an old farmer with another candle, and they would stick them up on the desks, and they would sputter away there, yet all the time giving a good deal of light, and do you know, by the time the people got together there in that old school house we had plenty of light. Now, it can be just so here in New York; there are Christians enough here to light up the whole city.

You remember that it was revealed to Elijah that he should be caught up into heaven. He was with Elisha at Gilgal, and he said to Elisha, "Let us go to Bethel and see how the prophets are getting along." They had a sort of theological seminary

down there, as it were. Well, Elijah and Elisha went to Bethel, and I suppose their arrival created no small stir among those young prophets, for it had been revealed to them that Elijah was to be taken away, and one of them got Elisha off alone, as I can imagine, and whispered to him, "Do you know that your man is to be taken away?" "Sh! sh! hold your peace," said Elisha, "I know all about it." Presently, Elijah said to Elisha, "You stay here now, and I'll go down to Jericho and see how the prophets are getting along there," for there was another theological seminary down there, but Elisha would not let him go alone, and went with him. When they got down there, another prophet got Elisha to one side and said, "Do you know that Elijah is to be taken away?" "Yes, I know all about it," said Elisha; "keep still, do not say anything." Presently, Elijah turned to Elisha and said, "Elisha, you stay here with the prophets, and I will go over to the Jordan and worship." Elisha said, "As the Lord liveth and as I live, you will not go without me." He tried to leave him up there at Bethel, and he would not be left, and I can imagine him locking arms with Elijah and going along with him, as they started to the Jordan together. I was in Palestine some time ago, and oh, how I longed to see the very spot where those two men crossed the Jordan; as they passed along down the valley and came to the river, Elijah took off his mantle and waved it, and the waters began to recede on either side of them and piled up higher and higher, and they stepped down into the bed of the river and crossed, and climbed up the bank on the eastern side, and passed out into the desert. And by-and-by the two

men disappeared. I had wished that their whole conversation had been put on record, but, alas, there came a whirlwind which caught up the sand and dirt and drove it into their eyes, and the two men got separated, but before they were separated, Elijah turned to Elisha and said, "What is it that you want?" I tried to leave you back there at Bethel, but you would not stay. Make your petition known. Whatever you ask I will grant it." I think if some of our millionaires in New York should ask me to make my petition known to them, that they would grant it, I would draw on them for enough money to support my schools at Northfield. I would not be afraid to make my petition known, and I would get a big draft.

But, as I said, this whirlwind separated the two men. The Master was going to take Elijah away, and I can imagine Elisha getting the sand and dust out of his eyes and exclaiming, "Where is my master?" and looking in all directions for him, and suddenly he looked up and saw a flame of fire , and he cried out, "My Father, my Father," and "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Elijah remembered his promise as Elisha called to him, and he took off his mantle and threw it back, and Elisha took off his old mantle and rent it.

When Mr. Moody was asked at the last service in Cooper Union whether he was satisfied with his New York campaign, he replied: "Satisfied, I am not satisfied. I did not come to New York to reach sinners, but to reach Christians. I wish them to live on a higher plane, to be comforted to the image of Christ. If that result has not been reached, my work here will be of little avail, and the result will

soon pass away like a cloud." For five weeks Mr. Moody preached twice a day, five days in the week in Cooper Union, to audiences which taxed the resources of that large hall to its utmost seating capacity, and sometimes its standing capacity. In addition to these meetings, he preached every Sunday in November and December in Carnegie Music Hall.

"Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." Now, I come to the Sunday newspapers. I would not touch a Sunday newspaper any more than I would touch tar. If there are any attacks on me next Sunday I won't see them, for if anyone sends me a Sunday newspaper, I always tear it up. Nothing is doing more damage to the church and God than the Sunday newspaper. The papers abuse Tammany, but Tammany never did one-fourth as much harm in this city as have the Sunday newspapers. There are about twenty-five thousand divorces every year in the United States. Many of them are directly due to the Sunday newspapers, which publish accounts of divorces in all their details. The Sunday newspapers are responsible for many suicides and murders. All the theaters in Chicago are open on Sunday, as the result of the Sunday newspapers. In Chicago men are knocked down and robbed in open daylight. Murders occur every day. Masked men go into stores and rob them. There is not a divorce case which is full of filth, there is not a case of adultery which the Sunday newspapers do not rake up and publish. The Angel Gabriel could not be heard by the Sunday newspaper readers. Now, how many will swear that they will never again read a Sunday newspaper?

Once on a battlefield, Napoleon's horse became

frightened, and a private jumped from the ranks and grasped the bridle and quieted him. Napoleon looked at the soldier and said, "Thank you, captain." "Of what company, sire?" asked the soldier. With a moment's hesitation, "The life guards," said Napoleon. The soldier went at once to the life guards and placed himself at the head of the company. The officers were going to put him under arrest; but he told them he was captain. "Who said so?" demanded the officers. "He said so," replied the soldier, pointing to Napoleon. If God says a thing in this book, you lay hold of it and believe without question.

There is a man living in this city, who has a home on the Hudson river. His daughter and her family went to spend the winter with him, and in the course of the season the scarlet fever broke out. One little girl was put in quarantine, to be kept separate from the rest. Every morning the old grandfather used to go upstairs and bid his grandchild good-bye before going to his business. On one of these occasions the little thing took him by the hand, and leading him to a corner of the room, without saying a word, she pointed to the floor where she had arranged some crackers, so they would spell out "Grandpa, I want a box of paints." He said nothing. On his return he hung up his overcoat, and went to the room as usual, when his little grandchild, without looking to see if her wish had been complied with, took him to the same corner where he spelled out in the same way, "Grandpa, I thank you for the box of paints." Don't you think the old gentleman was pleased with the faith his little grandchild had in him?

I had a large Sunday-school in Chicago with twelve

or fifteen hundred scholars. I was very much pleased with the numbers. If the attendance kept up, I was pleased, but I didn't see a convert. I was not looking for conversions. There was one class in a corner of the large hall made up of young women, who caused more trouble than any other class in the school. There was only one man who could ever manage that class and keep it in order. If he could keep the class quieted, it was about as much as we could hope for. One day this teacher was missing, and I taught the class. The girls laughed in my face. I never felt so tempted to turn anyone from Sunday-school as those girls; never saw such frivolous girls. I couldn't make any impression on them. The next day the teacher came into the store. I noticed that he looked very pale, and I asked him what was the trouble. "I have been bleeding at the lungs," he said, "and the doctor said I cannot live.

I must give up my class and go back to my widowed mother in New York State." As he spoke, his chin quivered, and the tears began to fall. I said I was sorry, and added, "You are not afraid of death, are you?" "Oh, no, I am not afraid to die; but I shall soon stand before my Master. What shall I tell Him of my class. Not one of them is a Christian. I have made a failure of my work."

I have never heard anyone speak in that way, and I said, "Why not visit every girl and ask her to become a Christian?" "I am very weak," he said, "too weak to walk." I offered to take a carriage and go with him. He consented, and we started out. Going first to one house and then to another, the pale teacher sometimes leaning on my arm, he saw each girl, and calling her by name, Mary, or

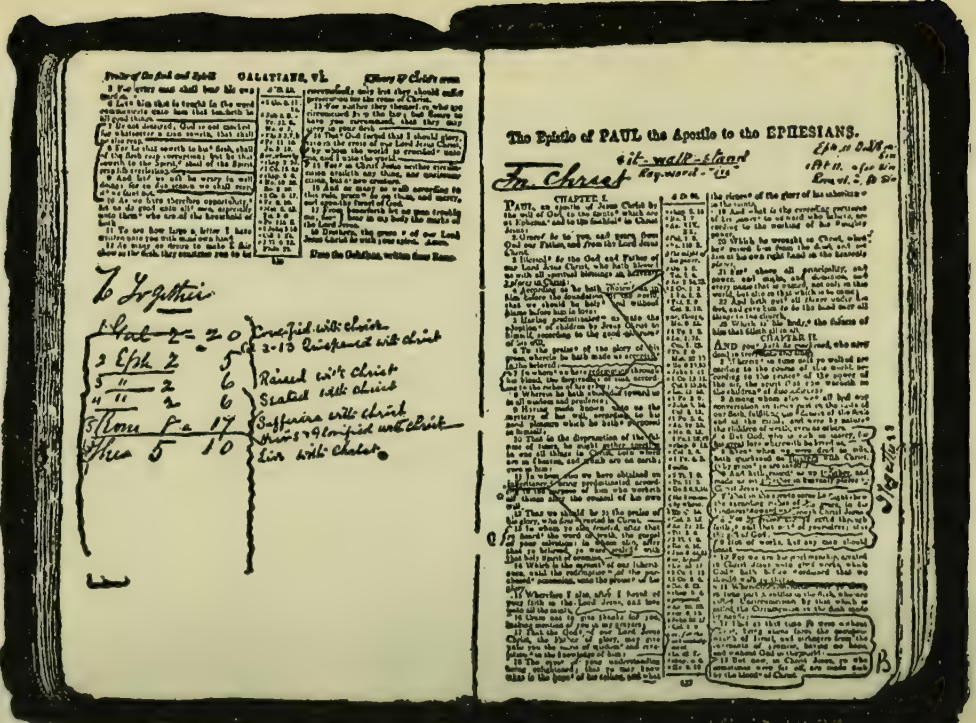
Martha, or whatever it was, he asked her to become a Christian, telling her he was going home to die, and that he wanted to know that his scholars had given their hearts to God. Then he would pray with her, and I would pray with her; so we went from house to house, and after he used up all his strength, I would take him home, and the next day we would go out again. Sometimes he went alone. At the end of ten days he came to the store, his face beaming with joy. "The last girl has yielded her heart to Christ. I am going home to New York. I have done all that I can do, and my work is done."

I asked when he was going, and he said, "To-morrow night." I said, "Would you like to see your class together before you go?" He said he would, and I asked if he thought the landlady would allow the use of her sitting-room. He thought she would. So I sent word to all the girls, and they all came together. I had never spent such a night up to that time. I had never met such a large number of young converts. The teacher gave an earnest talk, and then prayed, and then I prayed. As I was about to rise, I heard one of the girls begin to pray. She prayed for her teacher, and she prayed for the superintendent. Up to that time I never knew that anyone prayed for me in that way. When she had finished, another girl prayed. Before we arose, every girl had prayed. What a change had come over them in a short space of time. We tried to sing, but did not get on very well. We bade one another good-bye, but I felt that I must see the teacher again before he left Chicago, and so I met him at the station, and while we were talking, one of the girls came along, and then another, until

the whole class had assembled. They were all there on the platform. It was a beautiful summer night. The sun was just setting down behind the western prairies. It was a sight I shall never forget. A few gathered around us—the fireman, engineer, brakeman and conductor on the train, and some of the passengers lifted their windows as the class sang together—

> "Here we meet to part again,
> But when we meet on Canaan's shore,
> There'll be no parting there."

As the train moved out of the station, the pale-faced teacher stood on the platform, and with his finger pointing heavenward, said, "I will meet you there." Then the train disappeared from view.



A CHARACTERISTIC PAGE IN ONE OF MR. MOODY'S BIBLES.

Mr. Moody marked up hundreds of Bibles in this manner, and gave them to his friends. His plan greatly aided the study of the Scriptures.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. MOODY'S BIBLE.

Mr. Moody's Bible was a spectacle indeed, marked, underscored, much of it defaced with hieroglyphics, ragged with incessant use, but only one of many. He was always wearing out bibles or filling their margins and passing them on. It was a treasure, indeed, for many to get hold of these and one was welcome if they would give as much as they would take.

Great interleaved Bibles are now in circulation, to which he had contributed many of his gleanings from the stores of observation and research, but he expected them to come back with additions from those who had had the loan. And he was quick to lay hold of any fresh point or striking illustration to incorporate in the address which he was always engaged in preparing, re-modeling or adding to. His process of sermon manufacture was very original. There was something automatic about it. The basis for each sermon was a big envelope, labeled Repentance, Faith, Peter, Zaccheus, the Elder Son; into this envelope he put clippings from papers, extracts from books, illustrations and incidents, scraps of all kinds, which were more or less connected with the subject. When this process had continued for some time, he went

through the mass of accumulation, rejecting some, laying hold of some, fitting it into a connecting whole. Of this he took a few jottings in a large hand to the pulpit or platform. The process of looking through the envelope was constantly repeated so the points that had been overlooked were brought to his mind, fresh illustrations introduced and the entire subject was entered anew in all its lights. This secured freshness of delivery, and preserved him from the monotony of perpetual repetition.

DEATH OF MR. MOODY'S MOTHER.

Betsey Holton Moody, the mother of the great evangelist, died at her home in Northfield, January 26, 1896, aged ninety-one years. She left to mourn her loss four sons and three daughters.

Mr. Moody made an address at her funeral and it was the more remarkable, because he told not only of her love and patience, but also of her stern discipline. "She was so loving a mother," he said, "that when we were away we were always glad to get back. But I never shall forget her old-fashioned whippings. I believe in them to-day." He also spoke of her way of making all her boys go to church. He was strongly of the impression that the teachings which he imbibed in those early days, in a great measure, influenced his subsequent life.

Mr. Moody's mother was buried in a large plat of ground contiguous to the cemetery. It was always kept beautifully filled in with flowers placed there by a young man at the special instigation of Mr. Moody. Mr. Moody, in the summer after her death,

when standing by her grave with her friends, said: "She made home so pleasant. I thought so much of my mother and cannot say half enough. The dear face, there was no sweeter face on earth. Fifty years I have been coming back and was always glad to get back. When I got within fifty miles of home I always grew restless and walked up and down the car. It seemed as if the train would never get to Northfield. For sixty-eight years she lived on that hill, and when I came back after dark I always looked to see the light of my mother's window. It was because she made our home so happy that she started me thinking how to make homes happy for others, and when God took mother he gave me these little children. Here is one century that is passed. And here is the century that's coming," and with this he beckoned for the little babes and other children who were on hand in their mother's arms, and they were brought into the circle and dedicated to God in united prayers.

MOODY MEETS MISS WILLARD.

Miss Frances E. Willard, the celebrated temperance advocate, was identified with Mr. Moody in several of his meetings. Miss Willard said that she would never forget a stormy Sabbath day early in 1877 when through a blinding snow 9,000 women gathered at the Tabernacle in Chicago to hear a sermon especially for them, from what she termed the most successful evangelistic of the Christian era. It was then she and Mr. Moody met for the first time and he asked her to lead the meeting in prayer. She said she never beheld a more impressive scene.

At the close of the meeting in January of that year Mr. Moody sent for Miss Willard to come to his hotel, and he asked her to accompany him to Boston and help in the women's meeting there. She said she would be glad to do so, but that she wanted to consult her mother about it. He asked her what her means of support were and she told him that her expenses were paid by the W. C. T. U. while she worked for them, but that if she should devote her time to revival meetings even that source of income would cease. Mr. Moody suggested that they pray for light; this they did and the interview ended. Her mother liked the plan and early in February she took up her work in Boston and devoted considerable time each morning to the study of the Bible.

One day as Miss Willard was about to open her new meeting in the Burkley Street Church, Mr. Moody came rushing up the steps and said that he had heard that she had been talking temperance all around the suburbs. He asked her why she did this and stated that he wanted her attention to the Boston meeting. She replied that she had no money and that it was necessary that she should go out and earn some. Moody seemed perplexed and wanted to know whether he had given her nothing. She replied that he had not. He then wanted to know if certain people had not paid her way from Chicago and sent her money for traveling expenses. She said that they had not. Moody said that he guessed that they had forgotten it and rushed away. That night when she was going to a meeting he thrust a generous check in her hand.

Miss Willard continued throughout the Boston meeting, and then devoted herself to other work.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE KANSAS CITY MEETING.

On November 15, 1899, Mr. Moody told the ministers who were associated with him in the revival which he was holding in the great Convention Hall at Kansas City, that he was nearly exhausted, and that he must have rest, and that he would not lead the after-meetings in the church as had been his custom previously. Mr. Moody had been holding revival services in Kansas City for some weeks, and they had been remarkably successful. The great effort, however, in speaking in an immense hall, was too much for his years and strength. The next day a physician was called after he left the hall, and went to his hotel, and the next evening he announced himself very much better; he said he did not know just what was the matter with him, but that he was under the impression that he had a little cold and a little touch of malaria, but that he was being brought around all right. He concluded that in order to cure himself that he would only hold two meetings each day in Convention Hall. The morning and afternoon prayer-meeting and the after meetings, all of which were held in the Second Presbyterian church, were led by someone else; Mr. Moody was not present. In four days that week some three hundred people had expressed

their intention of becoming Christians. The names and addresses of all the converts were taken, with their church preferences, if any, and these facts were to determine who should look after them until they were safely landed in the right path and to be able to see their own way to salvation.

On the 17th of November, for the first time in forty years as a preacher-evangelist, Mr. Moody was obliged to give up and leave a meeting. Mr. Moody found himself worse on Friday morning, and he kept getting worse, until, by noon, his physician, Dr. E. W. Schauffler, found his patient becoming so weak that he informed him that it would not be advisable for him to preach at the afternoon meeting. Mr. Moody held out until the last moment, hoping his strength would revive, but finally was reluctantly compelled to coincide with his physician in his views.

As the morning wore on, Mr. Moody's friends saw that he kept growing weaker, and it was not long before Mr. Moody himself decided that he must do what he had never done before in his life, abandon a series of meetings before its close, and go as soon as possible to his home in Northfield, Mass. It almost broke his heart to carry out such a decision, but his rapidly waning strength warned him that he should be at home where he could have the cheering and reviving influences which would come to him from the ministrations of his wife and family.

Accordingly, arrangements were made for the journey by the road which would get him to his home in as short a time and in as comfortable a manner as possible. No special or private car in the city being available at that time, Mr. and Mrs. Neil, the evangelists, tendered the use of their gos-

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FAREWELL MEETING AT GLASGOW.

The interest at the Glasgow meetings was so great that toward the close no hall large enough to hold the people could be had, and Mr. Moody spoke in the open air.

pel car, "The Messenger of Peace." This was accepted, and it was attached to the Wabash train. Mr. Moody left Kansas City at 9.15 o'clock on the night of November 17th for the long journey to his home, going by way of St. Louis and Buffalo. Mrs. Neil accompanied the car to assist in nursing the sick man, who was also accompanied by Dr. Robert Schauffler, who, with his father, had been attending Mr. Moody, and by Mr. Charles M. Vining, teller of the Union National Bank, who went at Mr. Moody's special request, Mr. Vining having been a classmate and intimate friend of Mr. Moody's son at college. Mr. Moody's friends say that he had shown much physical weakness since his arrival at Kansas City, and there had been a rapid running down in his condition, and to this they attributed the fact that he had seemed to fail to get the hold upon his audiences which was usual with him.

His talks had appeared to lack the power and convincing energy to which those who had heard him frequently were accustomed, still there had been a great awakening among religious people, and quickening of the spirit, which had resulted in great good to the church. The foundation had been laid upon which great revivals in the individual churches could be raised, while the way had been opened for successful evangelical meetings, as they had been previously advertised in nearly all the churches in the city. The direct results in actual converts at the meetings, however, had not been nearly so large as was usual in his meetings.

Mr. Moody himself, nevertheless, did not appear to have any fears but that he would be able to go on with his evangelistic meetings after a few days.

He regretted very much to leave the Kansas City meetings, and he cancelled an engagement which he had for beginning a series of meetings at Rochester, N. Y., on the following Wednesday.

He said that it was not the speaking in the hall there that had brought on his illness. The speaking, he said, did not specially tire him, as he felt no pain or difficulty while preaching. It was in walking back and forth from Convention Hall to the Coates House, where he stopped, that he felt pain and difficulty in breathing.

Mr. Moody thought of the meetings up to the time he left, sending a special word over to the evening meetings, thanking the choir for their services, and asking all to continue under the arrangement whereby the meetings were to continue on to the next Sunday evening as planned. He also thanked the ministers for the cordial support they had given him, and the reporters for their work, saying he had never held meetings in a city where the newspapers had reported his meetings with more appreciation and cordiality.

Mr. Moody's last sermon was on the night of November 16th, was on the parable of a certain man who made a great feast and invited his friends, but when these friends all sent their regrets, he went out into the streets and invited everybody, and into the hedge rows and compelled people to come, declaring meanwhile that they who had been invited and refused to come should not taste of his feast.

Mr. Moody took up the excuses of those who refused to go to the feast, and showed how frivolous they were. The man who had just bought a piece of land surely knew what it was before he bought

it. So with the oxen and the man who married—his bride would undoubtedly have been glad to go to the king's banquet.

"These excuses do look pretty foolish now when I hold them up to you," said Mr. Moody, "but I have an invitation to-night to all of you to attend a royal feast—the marriage supper of the Lamb—and your excuses for not coming are even more frivolous and false.

"Men at the present time are about all making excuses. The habit is as old as Adam. Adam made a mean, contemptible excuse; said it was his wife; he even threw the blame back upon God, and said, 'This woman that Thou gavest me.' But men all have excuses. They have not the moral courage to say they don't want to go to the feast; they lay awake nights to make up excuses, and if I were to tear up every excuse that you have here to-night and then jump down off this platform and ask the first man down there, he would have a new excuse ready. I tell you excuses are the devil's cradles to rock souls off to sleep in."

Mr. Moody then took up the excuses men most frequently give for not becoming Christians. " 'The Bible is not true,' they say. They criticise the Bible who have never read it, never study it, don't know anything about it. Some say, 'I don't know as I have been foreordained to be saved'; others stay out because 'there are so many hypocrites in the church.' "

Said Mr. Moody: "I'll find a hundred hypocrites in the world to where you will find one in the Church. Of course, there are hypocrites in the church—the tares and the wheat grow up together;

but if you stay out of church because there are hypocrites in it, why don't you quit your business because there are hypocrites in that? Are you a grocer? There are folks in this country who grind marble up in the sugar. Are you a lawyer? Are there any hypocrites among the lawyers? Are you a doctor? Are there any quacks among the doctors? Are you a Republican? Are there any hypocrites there? Or a Democrat? 'But,' you say, 'I don't belong to either; I am a Prohibitionist.' Are there any hypocrites among the prohibition parties?

"Oh, I am about tired and sick of people trying to live on the faults of others; you can't get very fat on that; look out for the men who are always howling about hypocrites; they are hypocrites themselves."

Other excuses which were given were treated very much in the same manner by the speaker, who finally said that there were two excuses which were more universal than any, but which are seldom avowed. "One is the lack of moral courage," said he; "they are a pack of cowards waiting to enter the kingdom of God if they would act up to their convictions. The other excuse is sin. People have some sin possibly they do not want people to know about, but they don't want to give that sin up as they would have to do if they became Christians."

Mr. Moody closed by stating that if an excuse was written out by one of the reporters asking God, "I pray Thee have more excuses from the marriage feast," that no one in the house would sign it, but those who go out of the house without accepting the invitation virtually do the same thing. If the note was written to go to God direct, "I will be there,"

all would want to sign it. "Now," said the preacher, "how many will accept this invitation? How many will say, 'I will?' "

Half a dozen, scattered through the audience, responded, and as Mr. Moody repeated the request, there was as many more that had been stirred to the heart by his resistless logic, and as he said, "I will wait a few moments longer to see if any one else, any man, woman or child, will say the word. I could stand here all night and listen to those 'I wills.' "

The responses came from all parts of the great hall until about half a hundred had responded to the invitation held out by Mr. Moody.

Mr. Moody arrived in St. Louis the next day, and after partaking of a hearty breakfast at the Union Station, continued his journey home. In the morning he sent the following telegram to the Convention Hall meeting at Kansas City: "I thank the good people of Kansas City for all their kindness to me. Had best night in a week. Heart stronger and temperature nearly normal."

Mr. Moody reached Northfield, Sunday, the 19th.

His wife and son, William R. Moody, had gone to Buffalo to meet him, but as he did not stop in Buffalo, they missed each other. He went to Greenfield over the Fitchburg road, where he was met by his youngest son, Paul, with a pair of horses, and was at once driven over the country roads to East Northfield, twelve miles away. The ride apparently did Mr. Moody much good, and he expressed himself as greatly pleased at having reached his home.

He sent the following telegram, which was read at the opening of the last meeting of the revival in

Kansas City that night to ten thousand people: "East Northfield, Mass., November 19th. Have reached here safely; have traveled back and forth for forty years, and never felt better. Regret heartily that I had to leave Kansas City. Had I been there to-night, I would have preached on 'They are not far from the Kingdom.' My prayer is, that many be led into the kingdom under Mr. Torrey's preaching. I want to thank the good people of Kansas City for their kindness and prayers. Dr. Robert Schauffler and Mr. Vining have been of great help, and I appreciate your kindness in sending them." (Signed.) DWIGHT L. MOODY.

CHAPTER XVII.

DEATH OF MOODY.

With the words "God is calling me," Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, whose fame was world wide, fell asleep in death, at his home in East Northfield, Mass., at noon, December 22, 1899. The passing of his spirit from a body which had been tortured with pain for some weeks, to the rest beyond, was as gentle as could be wished for. His family were gathered at his bedside, and the dying man's last moments were spent in comforting them and in contemplation of that reward for which he had so long and earnestly labored. He knew that death was near, but its sting to him was lost in the unfolding to his mental vision of a beautiful scene, judging from his last words.

The gathering of the family around the bedside of the great evangelist was a scene that will be referred to many times in years to come, as Mr. Moody's work is carried forward. Besides the family there were present also Drs. Schofield and Woods, and the nurse.

During the night, Mr. Moody had a number of sinking spells. He was, however, kindness itself to those about him. At two o'clock in the morning Dr. N. P. Wood, the family physician, who spent the night in the house, was called at the request of

Mr. Moody. He was perspiring, and he requested his son-in-law, A. P. Fitt, who spent the night with him, to call the physician that he might note the symptoms. Dr. Wood administered a hypodermic injection of strychnia. This caused the heart to perform its duties more regularly, and Mr. Moody himself requested his son-in-law, Mr. Fitt, and Dr. Wood to retire. Mr. Moody's eldest son, Will R. Moody, who had been sleeping the first of the night, spent the last half with his father.

At 7.30 in the morning Dr. Wood was called, and when he reached Mr. Moody's room found his patient in a semi-conscious condition. When Mr. Moody recovered consciousness, he said, with all his old vivacity:

"What's the matter; what's going on here?"

Some member of the family replied: "Father, you haven't been quite so well, and so we came in to see you."

A little later he said to his boys: "I have always been an ambitious man, not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to leave you work to do." In substance Mr. Moody urged his two boys and his son-in-law, Mr. Fitt, to see that the schools in East Northfield, at Mt. Hermon and the Chicago Bible institute should receive their best care. This they assured Mr. Moody they would do.

During the forenoon, Mrs. A. P. Fitt, his daughter, said to him: "Father, we can't spare you." Mr. Moody's reply was: "I'm not going to throw my life away. If God has more work for me to do, I'll not die."

As the noonday hour drew near the watchers at the bedside noted the approach of death. Several

times his lips moved as if in prayer, but the articulation was so faint that the words could not be heard. Just as death came Mr. Moody awoke as if from slumber, and said with much joyousness:

"I see earth receding; heaven is opening. God is calling me."

And a moment later he had entered upon what one of his sons described as "a triumphal march into heaven."

Dr. Wood says that Mr. Moody did not have the slightest fear of death. He was thoroughly conscious until within less than a minute of his death. Dr. Wood says the cause of his death was heart failure. He adds that the walls surrounding the heart grew weaker and weaker. While it is true that Mr. Moody had symptoms of Bright's disease a few days ago, his death was due, the physician says, to dilation of the heart. There had been dilation in a gradual way for the past nine years. The family had been told some time ago that Mr. Moody might get out and about, but still he was liable to drop away at any time.

There were present in Mr. Moody's chamber when he died his wife, his daughter, Mrs. A. P. Fitt, and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Will R. Moody, Paul Moody, the youngest son; Dr. N. P. Wood and Miss Powers, the nurse. Mrs. Moody had carried herself during the sickness of her husband with the greatest bravery and patience, but when death came she was prostrated. As soon as Mr. Moody's death became known in the village the utmost sorrow was shown.

The death of Mr. Moody was not unexpected, although his temporary recovery from illness was hoped for, not only by his friends near at hand, but

by those who had listened to his words and teachings on both continents. In the family there was fear that death was not a long way off. The cause of death was a general breaking down of his health, due to overwork. His constitution was that of an exceedingly strong man, but his untiring labors had gradually undermined his vitality until that most delicate of organs, the heart, showed signs of weakness.

Mr. Moody's exertions in the West during the month of November brought on the crisis, and the collapse came during the series of meetings at Kansas City. An early diagnosis by eminent physicians made it evident that Mr. Moody's condition was serious and cancelling his engagements he returned to his home in East Northfield, so near the greatest achievements of his later life.

On reaching his home the family physician, Dr. N. P. Wood, took charge of Mr. Moody, and for some days bulletins as to the patient's condition were issued, all having an encouraging tone, seemingly, but unerringly pointing to the fact that the evangelist's work on earth was about finished. During the week previous to the one in which his death occurred, a change for the worst prepared immediate friends for what was to come.

In the last week, however, the patient improved steadily, until the day before his death, when he appeared very nervous. This symptom was accompanied by weakness, which much depressed the family, who were anxiously watching the sufferer.

Mr. Moody's failing health, or, rather, his appreciation that he must guard the vitalities of his life, unless he wished to have his work cut short even

before it was, came when he was in England some years ago, when physicians cautioned him. And it appeared that he took some heed, but the zeal that was in him must find its outlet, and his ceaseless work had done the rest.

At Kansas City, after beginning a short series of meetings there, he found that the hand of prostration, if nothing more, was laid upon him, and he returned to his home to rest and recover. The physicians and specialists had offered encouragement, but coupled it with the reservation that, with his vitality impaired by such excessive calls upon it, there was a chance that he might recover and be ready for more work. They felt, in the light of the great efforts of the past, it could not be told with surety that this favorable turn would come. The end came and the great man passed from earth.

Mr. Moody made, in his will, provision for his wife, but the sons receive a legacy of their father's work to continue, and they modestly say they look upon it with some tremulousness, realizing that the mighty will and intense personality of their father is absent. However, the school work at which Mr. W. R. Moody is practically the head as representing his father's plans and ideas will be continued. The outside work they make no pretense of repeating. From many sources Mr. Moody received large sums of money, and, after the devotion of it to the school work, where so directed, was careful and prudent with the rest. On his own account, he acquired large sums, too, and, after proper provision for his home and those nearest him, he gave the rest to his work. With many legitimate opportunities to become a wealthy man, he never used them, and his

estate is unknown, not large, but presumably large enough for the purposes he devised.

A quiet night followed the day that brought bereavement to the Moody family and the town of which Mr. Moody and the institutions founded by him were such prominent figures. The inmates of the Moody home, after a restful night, were astir early. Mrs. Moody seemed to be considerably refreshed, and the other members of the family had gained new strength for their experience during the intervals of sleep which came to them.

Messages of condolence, which began to come in the first day, were received in increased numbers the next day. Nearly one hundred telegrams from all parts of the United States were received during the day. A number of cablegrams were also received.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, who has been a prominent speaker at Northfield, and who, with Mr. Moody, held meetings in several of the large cities of the country last fall, cabled from England his condolence.

Some of the expressions of sympathy follow:

Deepest sympathy and Christian love. Our hearts bleed for you.

H. M. Moore,
C. A. Hopkins,
Boston.

Sad news just received. Will be there to-morrow.

Ira D. Sankey, Brooklyn.

Our entire household bereaved with you.

H. C. Mabie, Newton.

Deepest and most affectionate sympathy. A wonderful life and a triumphant entrance to the Father's house.

William E. Dodge, New York.

The whole world seems to be incomplete without our dear Moody. God bless and keep you all.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Tenderest sympathy in this overwhelming sorrow.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER,
Philadelphia.

Please accept and extend to all the family my deepest sympathy at the time of this great bereavement.

WILLIAM H. HAILE,
Springfield, Mass.

My deepest sympathy. It has been given to few men to live a life of such characteristic service as did your noble father.

ANSON P. STOKES.

Lord and Lady Overton send loving sympathy in our common sorrow. All Scotland mourns. Tenderest sympathy with you all.

GEORGE B. STUDD, California.

Profound sorrow. Deepest sympathy. I loved Mr. Moody.

GEORGE F. PENTACOST,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Your loss is great, but it is for time. Mr. Moody's work will live for all eternity. The Salvation Army throughout the whole world prays for you.

BOOTH-TUCKER.

Permit me to extend sympathy to your family. Uppermost in my heart and mind is gratitude to God for Mr. Moody's life.

J. WILLIS BAER.

All Christendom mourns with you. Our prayers are that you may be mightily comforted.

T. DE WITT TALMADGE.

You have the deepest sympathy of my race in your affliction. Your husband's work is of lasting value to both races.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

I profoundly sorrow and sympathize with you and rejoice with him who has gone.

F. E. CLARK.

Please accept my friendly sympathy in your sad bereavement in the death of your good husband.

FR. QUAILLE, Northfield.

I beg you to accept for yourself and family my sincere sympathy in your great loss.

MARSHALL FIELD, Chicago.

Mrs. Sage unites with me in deepest sympathy for you and your family in your sad bereavement.

RUSSELL SAGE.

We stand by in deepest sympathy. The blank is awful; but our beloved is with the King. God comfort you. C. G. MORGAN, London, Eng.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

The funeral was held at Northfield, December 26. During the morning the members of the Moody family were with the body, which has lain in the death chamber since Mr. Moody's death, Friday. Soon after ten o'clock the body was placed in the heavy broadcloth casket and removed to the parlor of the Moody home, where a simple service of prayer was conducted by Mr. Moody's pastor, the Rev. C. I. Schofield, and the Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago.

At the close of the service the casket was placed on a massive bier, and thirty-two Mt. Hermon students bore it to the church, where it was to lie in state. The funeral cortege was led by the Rev. Messrs. Schofield and Torrey, and followed by the members of the various institutions with which Mr. Moody was connected, friends, and Christian workers from all over the United States, and some representatives from foreign countries.

One of the touching incidents of the morning was the appearance on the lawn outside the Moody home of the son, Will R. Moody, who stood in the keen December air, without hat or overcoat, as the procession passed out of the house, until the last mourner had left the door; then the young man

leaned against a tree and gave vent to his long-suppressed grief.

At the church, the body was placed directly in front of the altar, and the casket immediately opened. Then began to file in the neighbors and friends from Northfield and surrounding towns, who had known Mr. Moody as a neighbor and personal friend, as well as a spiritual helper.

The casket and the oak burial case which was to receive it bore plates with the inscription—

"Dwight L. Moody, 1837—1899."

Around the casket were banked the numerous and beautiful floral offerings, among them being a pillow from the trustees of Mt. Hermon School, bearing the inscription, in purple and white, "God is calling me"; from the trustees of Northfield Seminary, an open book; from the faculty of the Bible Institute, in Chicago, a spray of cycas leaves; from the girls of Northfield Seminary, a spray of roses; from the Mt. Hermon students, white roses and laurels; from the teachers of the schools, bouquets of violets and hyacinths.

While the body lay in state in the Congregational Church, between 11 and 2:30 o'clock, fully three thousand persons looked upon the face of the man whose name is known the world around and who, it was stated by several here to-day, spoke during his life-time to billions of people.

For a small country town, this gathering seemed large; but, in comparison, this number was an infinitesimal delegation from the vast throngs which had been influenced by the voice and life of a wonderful man.

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CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH

This is the church which Mr. Moody founded and in which he always preached when in Chicago

The church services over the remains of Evangelist Moody were simple but unusually impressive

The services began at 12:30 o'clock, at which time the family arrived, Mr. Will R. Moody with Mrs. D L. Moody, Mr. Paul Moody and Mrs. A. P. Fitt, Mr. A. P. Fitt, and Mrs. W. R. Moody Following these came other relatives—Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Moody, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Walker, Mrs. L. C. Washburn and Mr. Edward Moody. Following these were the grandchildren and members of the faculty and trustees, they having come in and taken seats directly behind those occupied by the family. The Rev Mr. Schofield and the Rev. Mr. Torrey, the honorary pallbearers, and several clergymen, and the Hon. John Wanamaker followed.

The services opened with a hymn, "A Little While and He Shall Come," and Dr. Schofield followed with prayer. The Rev. A. T. Pierson read the Scripture lesson, from II. Corinthians iv. 11—"For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." This was followed by prayer, by the Rev. George C. Needham, after which the congregation sang "Emanuel's Land," the music being directed by Prof. A. B Phillips, professor of music in the Northfield Institute.

The Rev. Mr. Schofield then pronounced the eulogy, saying:

"'Weknow. We are always confident.' That is the Christian attitude toward the mystery of death. 'We know,' so far as the present body is concerned, that it is a tent in which we dwell. It is a conve-

nience for this present life. Death threatens it, so far as we can see, with utter destruction. Soul and spirit instinctively cling to this present body. At that point revelation steps in with one of the great foundational certainties and teaches us to say: 'We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. But that is not all. Whither after all shall we go when this earthly tent dwelling is gone? To what scenes does death introduce us? What, in a word, lies for the Christian just across that little trench which we call a grave? Here is a new and most serious cause of solicitude. And here again revelation brings to faith the needed word: 'We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be at home with the Lord.'

"Note, now, how that assurance gives confidence. First, in that the transition is instantaneous. To be absent from the body is to be at home with the Lord. And secondly, every question of the soul which might bring back an answer of fear is satisfied with that one little word 'home.'

"And this is the Christian doctrine of death. 'We know.' 'We are always confident.' In this triumphant assurance Dwight L. Moody lived, and at high noon last Friday he died. We are not met, dear friends, to mourn a defeat, but to celebrate a triumph. He 'walked with God and he was not, for God took him.' There in the West, in the presence of great audiences of 12,000 of his fellow men, God spoke to him to lay it all down and come home. He would have planned it so.

"This is not the place, nor am I the man to present a study of the life and character of Dwight L. Moody. No one will ever question that we are laying to-day in the kindly bosom of earth the mortal body of a great man. Whether we measure greatness by quality of character or by qualities of intellect, Dwight L. Moody must be accounted great

"The basis of Mr. Moody's character was sincerity, genuineness. He had an inveterate aversion to all forms of sham, unreality and pretense. Most of all did he detest religious pretence or cant. Along with this fundamental quality Mr. Moody cherished a great love of righteousness His first question concerning any proposed action was: 'Is it right?' But these two qualities, necessarily at the bottom of all noble characters, were in him suffused and transfigured by divine grace. Besides all this, Mr. Moody was in a wonderful degree brave, magnanimous and unselfish.

"Doubtless this unlettered New England country boy became what he was by the grace of God. The secrets of Dwight L. Moody's power were: First, in a definite experience of Christ's saving grace. He had passed out of death into life, and he knew it. Secondly, Mr. Moody believed in the divine authority of the Scriptures. The Bible was, to him, the voice of God, and he made it resound as such in the consciences of men. Thirdly, he was baptized with the Holy Spirit, and he knew it. It was to him as definite an experience as his conversion. Fourthly, he was a man of prayer; he believed in a divine and unfettered God. Fifthly, Mr. Moody believed in work, in ceaseless effort, in wise provision, in the power of organization, of publicity.

"I like to think of D. L. Moody in heaven. I like to think of him with his Lord and with Elijah, Daniel, Paul, August, Luther, Wesley and Finney.

"Farewell for a little time, great heart; may a double portion of the Spirit be vouchsafed to us who remain."

The next address was by the Rev. H. B. Weston, of Crozier Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa., who said:

"I counted it among one of the greatest pleasures of my life that I had the acquaintance of Mr. Moody: that I was placed under his influence and that I was permitted to study God's words and work through him.

"He was the greatest religious character of this century. When we see men who are eminent among their fellows, we always attribute it to some special natural gift with which they are endowed, some special education they have received, or some magnetic personality with which they are blessed. Mr. Moody had none of these, and yet no man had such power of drawing the multitude. No man could surpass him in teaching and influencing individuals—individuals of brain, of executive power. I am speaking to some of such this afternoon. Mr. Moody had the power of grouping them to himself with hooks of steel, and many of them were good workers with him many years; and they will carry on his work now that he has passed away.

"Mr. Moody had none of the gifts and qualifications that I have mentioned. No promise, and apparently no possibility in his early life, no early promise, if he had any promise, of the life he had to lead. What had he? There was never anything

as interesting in Northfield, as Mr. Moody to me. I listened to him with profound and great interest and profit, as the one who could draw the multitude as no one else in the world. He entered fully into the words, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' So he fed upon that word; his life was instantly a growth, because he fed on the word of God, so that he might have it ready for every emergency

"All this was not for himself, but for others. He did not study the Bible for himself alone, but that he might add to his stock of knowledge. He did not study his Bible in order to criticise, but to make men partakers of that light which had enlarged his own soul, and that, I appeal to you, was the first desire of his heart, that other men might live.

"With this one conception in his heart he dots his plain all over with buildings which will stand until the millennium. His soul was full of joy, and that definite joy finds its expression like the Hebrew prophet. I don't think he sung himself, but he wanted the gospel sung, and I used to listen to song after song and I remember all the time this was simply the expression of that joy that welled up in his heart, and the joy of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"You remember last summer how hopeful he was, constantly, as he compared himself to 'that old man of 80 years, and I am only 62, and I have so much before me to live for.' Because D. L. Moody had mastered, or the power of Christ had so mastered, every fibre of his being; because of that—well, you'll pardon me in saying, I hardly dare say it—put Jesus Christ in the same body, the same metal

calibre and surroundings, and he would fill up his life much as Moody did, and that is the reason to-day that I would rather be Dwight L. Moody in his coffin than any living man on earth."

The next speaker was the Rev. R. A. Torrey, who said:

"It is often the first duty of a pastor to speak words of comfort to those whose hearts are aching with sorrow and breaking underneath the burden of death, but this is utterly unnecessary to-day. The God of all comfort has already abundantly comforted them, and they will be able to comfort others. I have spent hours in the past few days with those who were nearest to our departed friend, and the words I have heard from them have been words of 'Rest in God, and triumph.'

"As one of them has said: 'God must be answering the prayers that are going up for us all over the world, we are being so wonderfully sustained,' Another has said: 'His last four glorious hours of life have taken all the sting out of death,' and still another, 'Be sure that every word to-day is a word of triumph.'

"Two thoughts has God laid upon my heart this hour. The first is that wonderful letter of Paul in I. Corinthians xv. 10—'By the grace of God I am what I am.' God wonderfully magnified His grace in the life of D. L. Moody. God was magnified in his birth. The babe that was born 62 years ago—the wonderful soul was God's gift to the world. How much that meant to the world; how much the world has been blessed and benefited by it we shall never know this side of the coming of Christ. God's grace was magnified in his conversion. He

was born in sin, as we are, but God by the power of His word, the regenerating power of His Holy Spirit, made him a mighty man of God. How much the conversion of that boy in Boston 43 years ago meant to the world no man can tell, but it was all God's grace that did it.

"God's grace and love was magnified again in the development of that character. He had the strength of body that was possessed by few sons of men.

"It was all from God. To God alone was it due that he differed from other men. That character was God's gift to a world that sorely needed men like him. God's grace and love were magnified again in his service. The great secret of his success was supernatural power, given in answer to prayer.

"Time and time again has the question been asked, 'What was the secret of his wonderful power?' The question is easily answered. There were doubtless secondary things that contributed to it, but the great central secret of his power was the anointing of the Holy Ghost. It was simply another fulfillment by God of the promise that has been realized throughout the centuries of the church's history: 'Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost shall come upon you.'

"God was magnified again in his marvelous triumph over death, but what we call death had absolutely no terrors for him. He calmly looked death in the face, and said, 'Earth is receding. Heaven is opening. God is calling me.' Is this death? It isn't bad at all. It is sweet. No pain. No valley. 'I have been within the gates.' It is beautiful. It

is glorious. 'Do not call me back. God is calling me.'

"This was God's grace in Christ that was thus magnified in our brother's triumph over that last enemy, death. From beginning to end, from the hour of his birth until he is laid at rest on yonder hilltop, Mr. Moody's life has been a promulgation of God's everlasting grace and love.

"The other thought that God has laid upon my heart in these last few hours are those of Joshua i. 2 —'Moses My servant is dead. Now, therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them.'

"The death of Mr. Moody is a call to his children, his associates, ministers of the Word, everywhere and to the whole church: 'Go forward.' Our leader has fallen. Let us give up the work, some would say. Not for a moment. Listen to what God says: 'Our leader has fallen. Move forward. Moses My servant is dead, therefore arise, go in and possess the land. As I was with D. L. Moody, so I will be with you. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.'

It is remarkable how unanimous all those who have been associated with Mr Moody are upon this point. The great institutions that he has established at Northfield, Mt. Hermon, Chicago, and the work they represent must be pushed to the front as never before. Many men are looking for a great revivial.

"Mr. Moody himself said when he felt the call of death at Kansas City: 'I know how much better it would be for me to go, but we are on the verge of a great revival, like that of 1857, and I want to have a hand in it.' He will have a mighty hand in it.

His death, with the triumphal scenes that surround it, are part of God's way of answering the prayers that have been going up for so long in our land for a revival.

"From this bier there goes up to-day a call to the ministry, to the church: 'Forward.' Seek, claim, receive the anointing of the Holy Ghost, and then go, forthwith, to every corner, preach in public and in private to every man, woman and child the infallible word of God."

After Mr. Torrey had finished, Bishop Mallalieu said:

"Servant of God, well done. Thy glorious warfare passed, battles fought, the race is over, and thou art crowned at last.

"I first met and became acquainted with him whose death we mourn, in London, in the summer of 1875. From that day, when he moved the masses of the world's metropolis, to the hour when he answered the call of God to come up higher, I have known him, esteemed him, and loved him. Surely we may say, and the world will indorse the affirmation, that in his death one of the truest, bravest, purest, and most influential men of this wonderful nineteenth century has passed to his rest and his reward.

"With feelings of unspeakable loss and absolute regret we gather about the casket that contains all that is mortal of Dwight L. Moody, and yet a mighty uplift must come to each one of us as we think of what his character and achievements were. He was one who never turned his back, but breasted forward, never doubting the clouds would break, never dreaming that, though right was worsted, wrong would triumph.

"In bone and brawn and brain he was a typical New Englander. He was descended from the choicest New England stock. He was born of a New England mother, and from his earliest life he breathed the free air of his native hills, and was carefully nurtured in the knowledge of God. It was to be expected of him that he would become a Christian of pronounced characteristics, for he consecrated himself thoroughly, completely, and irrevocably to the service of God and humanity.

"The heart of no disciple of the Master ever breathed with more genuine, sympathetic and utterly unselfish loyalty than did the great, generous, loving heart of our translated friend, because he held fast to the absolute truth of the Bible, and unequivocally and intensely believed it to be the inherent word of God; because he preached the gospel, rather than talked about the gospel; because he used his mother tongue, the terse, clear-ringing, straightforward Saxon; because he had the profoundest sense of brotherhood with all poor unfortunate and every outcast people; because he was unaffectedly tender and patient with the weak and the sinful; because he hated evil as thoroughly as he loved goodness; because he knew mightily how to lead a penitent soul to the Saviour; because he had the happy art of arousing Christian people to a vivid sense of their obligations and inciting them to the performance of their duties; because he had in his own soul a conscious, joyous experience of personal salvation.

"The people flocked to his services, they greeted him gladly, they were led to Christ, and he came to be honored and prized by all denominations, so that

to-day all Protestantism recognizes the fact that he was God's servant, an ambassador of Christ, and indeed a chosen vessel to bear the name of Jesus to the nations.

"We shall not again behold his manly form, animated with life; hear his thrilling voice, or be moved by his consecrated personality; but if we are true and faithful to our Lord we shall see him in glory, for already he walks the streets of the heavenly city, and mingles in the songs of the innumerable company of white-robed saints, seeing the King in his beauty and awaiting our coming. May God grant that in due time we may meet him over Jordan."

J. Wilbur Chapman, of New York, the next speaker, said:

"I cannot bring myself to feel this afternoon that this service is a reality. It seems to me that we must awake from some dream and see again the face of this dear man of God, which we have so many times seen. It is a new picture to me this afternoon. I never saw Mr. Moody with his eyes closed. They were always open, and it seemed to me open not only to see where he could help others, but where he could help me. His hands were always outstretched to help others. I never came near him without his helping me.

(At this point the sun came in through a crack in a blind, and the rays fell directly on Mr. Moody's face, and nowhere else in the darkened church did a single beam of sunshine fall.)

"The only thing that seems natural is the sunlight now on his face. There was always a halo around him. I can only give a slight tribute of the

help he has done me. I can only especially dedicate myself to God, that I, with others, can preach the gospel he taught.

"When a student in college, Mr. Moody found me. I had no object in Christ. He pointed me to the hope in God; he saw my heart, and I saw his Savior. I have had a definite life since then. When perplexities have arisen, from those lips came the words, 'Who are you doubting? If you believe in God's word, who are you doubting?' I was a pastor, a preacher, without much result. One day Mr. Moody came to me, and, with one hand on my shoulder and the other on the open Word of God, he said: 'Young man, you had better get more of this into your life,' and when I became an evangelist myself, in perplexity, I would still sit at his feet and every perplexity would vanish just as mist before the rising sun. And, indeed, I never came without the desire to be a better man, and be more like him, as he was like Jesus Christ. He was the dearest friend I have had. If my own father were lying in the coffin I could not feel more the sense of loss.

The Rev. A. T. Pierson spoke next, saying:

"When a great tree falls, you know, not only by its branches, but by its roots, how much soil it drew up as it fell. I know of no other man who has fallen in this century having as wide a tract of uprooting as this man who has just left us.

"I have been thinking of the four departures during the last quarter of a century, of Charles Spurgeon of London, A. J. Gordon of Boston, Catherine Booth, mother of the Salvation Army, and George Muller of Bristol, England, and not one made the worldwide commotion in their departure that Dwight Moody has caused.

"Now, I think we ought to be very careful of what is said. There is a temptation to say more than ought to be said, and we should be careful to speak as in the presence of God. This is a time to glorify God.

"Dwight L. Moody was a great man; that man, when he entered the church, in 1856, in Boston, after ten months of probation, was told by his pastor that he was not a sound believer. That pastor, taking him aside, told him he had better keep still in prayer meeting. The man the church held out at arm's length has become the preacher of preachers, the teacher of teachers, the evangelist of evangelists. It is a most humiliating lesson for the church of God.

"When, in 1858, he decided to give all his time, he gave the key to his future. I say everything D. L. Moody has touched has been a success. Do you know that with careful reckoning he has reached 100,000,000 of people since he first became a Christian? You may take all the years of public services in this land and Great Britain, take into consideration all the addresses he delivered, and all the audiences of his churches, and it will reach 100,000,000. Take into consideration all the people his books have reached and the languages into which they have been translated, look beyond his evangelistic work to the work of education, the schools, the Chicago Bible Institute, and the Bible Institute here. Scores of people in the world owe their existence to Dwight L. Moody as a means of their consecration.

"I want to say a word of Mr. Moody's entrance into heaven. When he entered into heaven there

must have been an unusual commotion. I want to ask you to-day whether you can think of any other man of the last half-century whose coming so many souls would have welcomed at the gates of heaven. It was a triumphal entrance into glory.

"No man who has been associated with him in Christian work has not seen that there is but one way to live, and that way to live wholly for God. The thing that D. L. Moody stood for and will stand for for centuries to come was his living only for God. He made mistakes, no doubt, but if any of us is without sin in this respect, we might raise a stone at him, but I am satisfied that the mistakes of D. L. Moody were the mistakes of a stream that overflowed its banks. It is a great deal better to be full and overflowing than to be empty and have nothing to overflow.

"I feel myself called to-day by the presence of God to give the eye that is left to me more wholly to him. Mr. Moody, John Wanamaker, James Spurgeon (brother of Charles), and myself were born in the same year. Only two of us are still alive. John Wanamaker, let us still live wholly for God."

Mr. H. M. Wharton of Baltimore, spoke in behalf of the Southern States. He said:

"I am sure, dear friends, that if the people of the South could express their feeling to-day they would ask me to say we all loved Mr. Moody; we did love him, with all our hearts. It seems to me that when he went inside the gates of heaven he left the gates open a little, and a little of the light fell upon us all.

"As I go from this place to-day I am more con-

vinced that I desire to live and be a more faithful minister and more earnest Christian, and more consecrated in my life. We will not say 'Good night, dear Mr. Moody,' for in the morning we will meet again."

As Mr. Wharton ceased, Mr. Will Moody rose in the pew, and said he would like to speak of his father as a parent. He said:

"As a son I want to say a few words of him as a father. We have heard from his pastor, his associates and friends, and he was just as true a father. I don't think he showed up in any way better than when, on one or two occasions, in dealing with us as children, with his impulsive nature he spoke rather sharply. We have known him to come to us and say: 'My children, my son, my daughter, I spoke quickly; I did wrong. I want you to forgive me.' That was D. L. Moody as a father.

"He was not yearning to go; he loved his work. Life was very attractive; it seems as though on that early morning as he had one foot upon the threshold, it was given him for our sake to give us a word of comfort. He said: 'This is bliss; it is like a trance. If this is death, it is beautiful.' And his face lighted up as he mentioned those whom he saw.

"We could not call him back; we tried to for a moment, but we could not. We thank God for his home life, for his true life, and we thank God that he was our father, and that he led each one of his children to know Jesus Christ."

Dr. Schofield then called upon the Hon. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, who said:

"If I had any words to say it would be that the

best commentary on the Scriptures, the best pictures of the Lord Jesus Christ, were in our knowledge of the beautiful man who is sleeping in our presence to-day. For the first time I can understand better the kind of a man Paul was, and Nehemiah, and Oliver Cromwell. I think of Mr. Moody as a Stonewall Jackson of the Church of God of this century. But the sweetest of all thoughts of him are his prayers and his kindnesses. It was as if we were all taken into his family and he had a familiarity with every one and we were his closest friends.

"It is not alone in Northfield these buildings will stand, but over a hundred million buildings that owe their standing to his efforts, Christian associations and churches that are erected for use both Sundays and week days. There is not any place in this country that you can go without seeing the work of this man of God. It seems to make every man seem small because he lived so far above us, as we crept close to his feet. It is true of every one who sought to be like him.

"I can run back into the beginning of his manhood and there have the privilege of being close to him. I can call up personal friends that were at the head of railroads, that were distinguished in finance and business, and I declare to you, great as their successes were, I don't believe that there is one of them who would not gladly have changed places with D. L. Moody.

"The Christian laborer I believe to-day looms up more luminous than any man who lived in the century. It seems as if it were a vision when the one who has passed away stood in Philadelphia last month, when on his way to Kansas City, and, with

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INTERIOR OF MR. MOODY'S CHURCH IN CHICAGO.

This edifice was built according to plans furnished by Mr. Moody, who superintended its erection.

tears in his eyes, he said to me with a sigh: 'If I could only hold one great city in the East before I die, I think it might help other cities to do the same.' Still trusting God, he turned his back on his home and family and went a thousand miles carrying that burden, and it was too much for him. A great many of the people of the sixties are quitting work, and if anything is to be done for God it is time we consecrate ourselves to him."

The service closed with the singing by the male quartet of "Blessed Hope of the Coming of the Lord." The music for this selection was recently arranged by Mrs. William R. Moody. Those in the church immediately left the building and the casket was closed.

At 4:40 the casket was taken outside and the cortege started for Round Top. The Rev. Messrs. Schofield and Torrey were first, followed by the bier, escorted by thirty-two Mt. Hermon students. Then came the honorary pallbearers, and Ira D. Sankey, George Stebbins, Dr. Wood, Col. Janeway of New Brunswick, N. J., C. A. Hopkins of Boston, H. M. Moore of Boston, Gen. J. J. Estey of Brattleboro, R. C. Morse of the international committee, many ministers and friends, and then the carriages containing the family and mourners.

At the grave all sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul." Dr. Torrey offered prayer, and Dr. Schofield pronounced the benediction. After the people had left the grave the casket was opened, and the family took a last look at Mr. Moody.

The following tribute and analysis of his character and work appeared in "The Independent" of December 28, 1899:

Succeeding generations call out each its own great evangelist. For the generation that is past that man was Dwight L. Moody.

Mr. Moody was an example of the broadening educational power of earnest religion, for that was about all the education he had. But nature had endowed him with a sound mind and great common sense. All his schooling was a few years in a district school; and forty-four years ago, like so many other boys, he quitted the farm at Northfield at the age of seventeen to seek his fortune in Boston. To assume the obligations of Christian life and to join the Mount Hermon Congregational Church was to him a speedy pleasure and duty, and it was his conviction that this meant a life of doing and not of receiving good. From Boston the boy went to Chicago, and immediately threw himself into Christian work. At first it was thought that he was too ignorant, too ill-trained to teach in the Sunday-school or take part in prayer meetings; but he brought in his own ragged scholars, and by the time he was twenty-three he was running a mission with sixty teachers and one thousand pupils in the Sunday-school, and had found it his duty to give himself wholly to religious work.

Mr. Moody was two men; an evangelist and an organizer. He was the best known, the most impressive and simply eloquent of all our evangelists. Millions have flocked to hear him speak. The month before he died he was listened to by audiences of ten and fifteen thousand. His influence has been immense in Great Britain and in this country. Tens, if not hundreds, of thousands have been converted in his meetings. He was simple,

unaffected, direct, idiomatic, full of story and equally of epigram, but always in deep earnest. Those who heard knew that they were listening to a great earnest soul, one who believed with intensity in what he said, who felt he had the Lord's commission. He educated a school of evangelists, men of great ability and great success, but they all looked up to him as their leader. They were men of collegiate and theological education; all he had learned was from reading his Bible. But such a Bible as his was! It was margined all over with the notes of his study and the substance of his addresses. That was one Dwight L. Moody.

The other Moody was the organizer. He was the builder of churches and Christian Association halls and the founder of schools. He had the gift of finding men of wealth that would support his work, and a great institution has risen up in Chicago as the fruit of his labor, while Northfield has become famous as his birthplace and the seat of the Northfield Seminary for girls and the Mount Hermon Academy for boys and the Bible Training School for the instruction of Sunday-school teachers and religious workers. The work of the evangelist fades from sight as men die, and the impulses they have gained pass into the life of other men; but the institution lives, and in the generations to come Mr. Moody will be known as the founder of flourishing Christian schools that rest upon the Bible, and whose great purpose is to develop the evangelistic spirit in those who attend.

We have said that a chief characteristic of Mr. Moody was his strong common sense. As a plain student of a plain Bible, no scholar in history or

criticism, he was of course a conservative. As a literalist he was naturally led into Premillenarianism, and many of the speakers at his summer Bible conferences at Northfield were chosen from those who believed with him. But he would never allow this to be made a fad. Just so the Keswick school of believers, with which he sympathized, could never make him their mouthpiece. He would give their better men place with gladness, but he understood what was the breadth of Christian life and faith, and there was no bitterness in his soul for those who held a more liberal faith than he. What he wanted was Christian life, and, above all, Christian service. The man that would preach the Gospel and bring souls to Christ was the man he wanted and in whom he believed. His heart was too large, his purposes too grand to be confined in narrower limits than those of the Church of Christ. For denominations he cared nothing; for Christianity he would give up his life. Every one believed in him, no matter of what faith or unfaith; all knew that Dwight L. Moody was an honest, sincere, devoted Christian.

Mr. Moody's great evangelistic successes have not been during the past ten years. He has had great meetings, but those who attended were mainly church members. It would seem as if, for the present at least, the era of revivals was waning. Perhaps Mr. Moody himself saw this, and gave himself with the greater zeal to Christian education, for the better Christianity and the better hope of the Church is found rather in the education of the young than in the conversion of the old. It will be a blessed time for the Church when revivals are

no longer needed, when children are taught and expected to take upon themselves the obligations of Christian life, not in the way of a formal confirmation at a given age, but with a serious and settled purpose to be followers of our Lord. This is what is meant by the developing work of the Sunday-school and especially of our various Christian Endeavor societies. When such influences as they foster in the Church pervade the community there will be no longer need for the first Mr. Moody, only for the work of the other Moody, who understood the coming age and the essential importance of Christian education.

Mr. Moody's life teaches us that, while the Church needs scholars, what she needs most of all is the impulse of Christian devotion, that force which compelled St. Paul, and has compelled a thousand others in all branches of the Church on whom was laid the burden of a lost world, and who have said, "Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel." Mr. Moody's life was well filled out with work nobly accomplished, and his death was the fit end of a life of faith and service. His memory is one of the treasures of the Christian Church.

CHAPTER XIX.

EULOGY.

In connection with the passing of the world's great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, many instances of his great labors are brought to mind. The kingdom of heaven receives into its membership many who are humble in life, of limited faculties, but it also has a place for men destined to take their places in the world's history. To this class belonged Mr. Moody.

Moody was a product of the Christian church. That he was incidentally a product of the Congregational church is of little moment. It is, however, a significant fact that he was a product of the Christian church.

The story is told of a young man who left a country home to enter a wholesale shoe house in New York city. Every Sabbath morning he was seen in the balcony of the church, over which Dr. Kirk was at that time pastor. His head was often times bowed in sleep when the sermon closed, but one day he awoke in time to hear the closing words. "For His sake, Amen." He went away thinking, and as a result of that thought the world had Dwight L. Moody, whose earthly ministry closed last Friday. He was a product of the Christian

church and the finest example of the possibilities of consecrated labor.

If "minister" means "a man set apart," if it means one who has passed through some educational institution, then Moody was not a minister. But if you go back to the first use by the church of the word then you will find that he was a minister.

His services stirred both worlds. Across the water he shook the church into a new life, and in this country his work resulted in the redemption of myriad souls. We are told that as the result of his consecrated labors we have had the greatest Christian work this world has ever seen. Compare him with the greatest pulpit orators, men prominent in all denominations, and Dwight L. Moody towers a little above them all.

What was the secret of his power? In the first place, Moody was a most profoundly educated man. He was never in a college, never entered the halls of a divinity school, never even had an academy education, yet he was an educated man. He had the power to think upon large themes and he was a student of the Bible. The man who will study this book forty years will become an educated man. I would not under-estimate the learning of schools. Go to school, go to college just as much as you can, but let me remind you if you are studying this book you are getting a university education.

Mr. Moody was a man of splendid poise. An evangelist necessarily has a tendency toward undue emotionalism; to attract the public by working upon their emotions. Moody balanced the emotional side by the educational side, in establishing the schools at Northfield.

Evangelists are apt to go to extremes, to have some peculiar hobby, some different doctrine. Moody was surrounded by a lot of religious cranks, men who held peculiar views in abnormal proportions. Through it all he never lost his poise.

Another temptation of the evangelist is narrowness. Into his life comes unconsciously this spirit of narrowness. Yet Dwight L. Moody was as broad a man as the country held. George Adams Smith, the great liberal thinker of Scotland, was invited by Mr. Moody to speak at Northfield. At once a great hue and cry arose and some of the leading evangelists of the country went to him and protested. Moody took time to pray over the matter and finally decided that Smith should come. Moody's broadness was based on character.

He was a man who depended utterly on God. When asked when he was born he answered: "I was born in the flesh in 1837, but I was born in the spirit in 1851."

Moody never had that smirk of boundless self conceit. He once said: "I am thoroughly tired of the man who is so good he can save himself."

Nobody knows how much money Moody collected, but he gathered an immense amount. It has been estimated as high as $10,000,000. He had a chance to be a wealthy man, yet he died poor. He lived what he preached. He called upon men to sacrifice, to live the life that Jesus lived.

Out in the little white farm house in the Berkshire hills, amid all the beauty and grandeur of nature his life fluttered out and the angels came and took his soul to the heaven above. That was

the end of Dwight L. Moody.—Rev. R. W. McLaughlin, Kalamazoo, Mich.

We are accustomed to think of Paul as great, and so he was. I venture to believe that there are tens of hundreds all around us that are easily his equals — men, therefore, that would be just as mighty in their apostleship if they had the same measure of God's spirit upon them, had allowed themselves to be made as divine as he—men who would be able to give an equal impulse to the progress of Christian civilization.

The world has lost very much such a man in the person of Mr. Moody. We hear a good deal said at present about his exceptional tact, and about his phenomenal good sense and other striking features that are supposed to have been part of his original endowment. As for his native abilities, the story, I believe, still remains uncontradicted that when he first applied for church membership it was proposed to receive him on probation simply, as he appeared insufficiently intelligent to appreciate the meaning of the step he was taking.—Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, New York.

The death of Mr. Moody attracts the attention of the Christian world. Though not an old man, his vast influence for good had continued for half a century, reaching into every English-speaking country.

To have seen and heard a really great man for a single time is a permanent gain to every young person; and such opportunity should be sought at the cost of trouble and expense if need be.

It was my good fortune to have been somewhat

familiar with Mr. Moody's work during his earlier years. Most young and middle-aged people now think of Mr. Moody as an evangelist only, as that work has, during the past twenty-five or thirty years, largely overshadowed his earlier efforts. His prior activities that attracted attention were in the Sunday-schools and Young Men's Christian Associations. Little is now said of these, but I am not sure that they were not more far-reaching in results than even his noted evangelistic work in later years. They set in motion a new set of workers and new methods, the results from which are now difficult to fully appreciate. When Mr. Moody first went to Chicago, Sunday-schools were largely composed of children of church-going people, conducted in a formal manner not especially inviting to children. There had not been much of the "going out into the byways and hedges and compelling the wayward to come in," done at that time. His great Sunday-school, gathered almost exclusively from the worst city element, including young and old, attracted attention the country over. Then followed great gatherings of children from the churchless classes, like that at Akron, Ohio, built up by the late great manufacturer, Lewis Miller, so long the president of the Chautauqua Assembly, and in Philadelphia by John Wanamaker, the noted merchant and recent Postmaster-General, and others of national renown, manned by the best lay talent from every calling. The evangelical modern mission Sunday-schools, if not commencing with, was given a wonderful forwarding impetus by Mr. Moody's early work. For years he was the leading and inspiring spirit in the great Sunday-school assemblages of the land.

His vivifying influence on the few Y. M. C. A. Associations then struggling along under the prejudices of conservative churches and many good men, was even more marked. His desire to help young men living sinful lives seemed unbounded. He had been there himself. I have often heard him give his experiences before conversion, speaking of himself as a "miserable wharf rat on the docks of Boston." He seemed confident that every young man in like condition could be reached and reclaimed if Christians cared to make the effort. He developed a wonderful faculty of doing this himself and inspiring others to attempt it. He found the Y. M. C. A. the most efficient means for accomplishing the desired object. Under his influence the organization in Chicago became a great power. He had a faculty of getting moneyed persons interested in his projects. Such men as Marshall Field supported his work liberally, not only with their money, but by their influence as prominent business men. His efficiency in organizing these associations was soon recognized, and he was in demand all over the country. He was the life and directing power in all their great meetings. As representative of one of the more active associations in Ohio, I had opportunity to note his seemingly unconscious leadership during several years, in both state and national conventions, which aroused great admiration for the man. When I first commenced hearing him, he was but an indifferent speaker, so far as ordinary eloquence goes; but his earnestness was so transparently genuine that he was always listened to by all classes with great interest. The entire absence of any semblance to cant, his good sense and evident hon-

esty of purpose were conspicuous in all his addresses.

His tact in managing difficult or delicate business never failed him. I remember what promised to be a most painful incident at an international convention being held in Portland, Me. It was at a morning business session, but the great hall was crowded. Delegates were present from nearly ever state, and several from England and Canada. Discussing some matters that brought opinions sharply differing, unguarded, harsh words from some of the hot-headed delegates threatened a disgraceful scene. Mr. Moody quickly and without occasioning any dissent, secured immediate adjournment, and called a prayer meeting for delegates only in a smaller room. It was soon filled, and the meeting opened, as I now remember it, with one of the most impressive prayers I have ever heard. Men who a few moments before faced each other with sullen looks and angry words followed in the service, and at the next session, the unfortunate business was disposed of in the best of feeling.

His eloquence and power as a speaker improved rapidly, and the desire to hear him was remarkable. At the state and national meetings of the Y. M. C. A. whenever he was announced for an address, however large the hall, provision was always made for one or two overflow meetings. It mattered not how distinguished speakers were provided, for these supplemental audiences, they always insisted on remaining till Mr. Moody appeared and spoke to them, after the principal meeting adjourned.

He spoke without notes, and with such readiness and ease that the common notion was that he neither made nor needed any special preparation. I had

occasion to know that at least at that time this was a mistake. Whatever the character of the audience he expected to meet, he made the most careful and laborious preparation time would allow.

Personally, he was a plain, cheerful, easily approached, kindly-hearted man. Though commencing without position or special training, he did well an important part of the world's most important work of the last half of the nineteenth century.—J. H. Reed, Riverside, Cal.

A great man has fallen—not a great scholar or thinker; not a great writer or theologian—but still a great man. Mr. Moody was great in his influence over men; great in the work he accomplished; great in that power which lives and shapes other lives which come after. He has made his mark upon the nineteenth century as but few men have done. His influence in all directions has been healthy, pure and always on the right side. The effect of his preaching upon preachers has been inspiring and helpful. There were those who criticised him, but when his critics heard his glowing words, so full of the divine love, they could but acknowledge his sincerity and also his power. There are some lessons which the Christian churches should learn from the life work of Mr. Moody.

He has shown what a layman without great learning can do to advance Christianity. Mr. Moody had great administrative ability. He might have become a C. P. Huntington or a John Wanamaker in the business world. He chose to use his ability in doing God's work directly. In work for young men, in founding schools where those without money

could secure an education, and in training workers for Christian service he has accomplished much.

He has made the fact plain that the gospel of Christ, preached simply and earnestly, will command a hearing and will transform the lives of those who accept it. He did not defend Christianity; he preached it. He did not prop up the cross of Christ lest it should fall; he pointed men to it and to Him who died upon it. With absolute faith in the teachings of the Bible, it was his mission to present a living Savior to dying men. He believed that in preaching there should be less art and more heart. Mr. Moody was a man of tender heart and of great faith in God, and these gave him great power with men.

"Servant of God, well done.
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

—Rev. E. A. Woods, First Baptist Church, San Francisco, Cal.

When death comes, as a rule, it is like an arrow passing through the air, which soon closes upon it, and all is tranquil again. But when such a great life and ornament of the church as the late Mr. Moody was, is quenched, such an event somewhat resembles the apocalyptic vial poured into that element named and which changed its temperature and produced fearful commotions.

Well do I remember how his visits to England were looked for by the churches with prayerful expectancy, and how his ministrations there stirred up the religious life of the whole country, and resulted in a glorious spiritual harvest. I shall never forget the pleasure it gave me while living in South Africa, when I read the reports of the wonderful

work which the Lord was doing through His honored servant in this country. Often was my soul refreshed in the midst of the depressing influences of an African life, when I read some of his sweet evangelical utterances. He was a great personality, and a mighty religious force. His labors created an epoch in church life. There was but one Mr. Moody, though there are hosts of feeble imitators; as in England there was but one Mr. Spurgeon, though there were many who aped him.

No one can estimate the amount of good that was accomplished by that one man, whose death is sincerely mourned by English-speaking people to-day, throughout the world. He was no fiery recluse trying to preach the people into a new crusade; but like a mild and earnest seer, while he moved about among the people, he bore about with him a reverent consciousness that he dealt with the majesty of man, and by the magnetic force of spiritual life, drew around him all grades and conditions of human life, which he directed with marvelous power and clearness of thought and simplicity of language, to the only refuge for guilty men.

Thank God for the life and labors of Mr. Moody. —Rev. James Hughes, Scranton, Pa.

I was converted through Mr. Moody's preaching, fourteen years ago, at Chicago. He was preaching at the Chicago Avenue Church, known as "Moody's church." I was an infidel prior to hearing Mr. Moody, and used to swear by Bob Ingersoll, who was my patron saint. I dropped in on Mr. Moody one evening, just out of curiosity, knowing that he was preaching at this church. It was the first time

I had heard him, and I was impressed from the start. I went there to study the speaker and the philosophy of what he said, as I always did when I heard an evangelist. That night he preached the first sermon on "The Love of God" that I had ever heard—and I was forty-four years old. The thing that took hold of me was the man's intense earnestness. His subject was "The Prodigal Son." He dwelt on the wonderful love of a father, and I got hungry to learn of that kind of love, and as a result of what I heard that night, I went away and was converted a few days afterward.

At that time I was living at Liberty, in this State, owned a fine farm and had everything on it that comfort required. I immediately sold my farm—threw it away, in fact—did not stop to get a bargain out of it, and went to preaching.

I got out a new book, about a month ago, on the Lord's Prayer, which I have dedicated to Mr. Moody.—Mr. Brown, Editor Ram's Horn.

What are the secrets of Mr. Moody's power and success? I answer: First, an overwhelming passion to serve Jesus Christ and redeem human souls. Second his teachableness. While a preacher and teacher, he was always in the attitude of a learner. Third, modesty and humility. He shrank from being the subject of flattery or even commendation. Once he said: "Strike me rather than praise me." Fourth, practical common sense. He always fished in the pools where the fish were. His greatest power consisted in his ability successfully to set others at work. His commendation of a worker, "She sees things to do," applied emphatically to

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THE EMPTY CHAIR.

Mr. Moody always occupied this Chair in the pulpit at the Chicago Avenue Church when preaching there.

Mr. Moody. Fifth, his entire consecration. The story of his great yearning and waiting for months for the power of the Holy Ghost was one of the most fascinating of the confidential communications which he made in the Northfield gathering of Christian workers. He had power with God, and so had power with mankind beyond any other Christian leader of his time.

His death-bed scene was a touching and fitting close of his noble life. Knowing he was about to depart he gave tender and thoughtful counsel to his wife and children with reference to the continuance and development of the departments of Christian work which he had begun. As he grew weaker, and his vital forces ebbed, he suddenly exclaimed joyously: "I see earth receding; heaven is opening; God is calling me!" And this vigorous, aggressive, successful herald of Christianity was gone from earth to heaven. Shall we not yearn more than ever before, to so live that we, too, may see the earth receding, heaven opening, and hear God calling us to greater service and reward?—Rev. Dr. Howard H. Russell, M. E. Church, Delaware, O.

While Henry Ward Beecher preached for many years to the largest congregation in America (about 5,000), and Charles Haddon Spurgeon addressed the largest in Great Britain (about 6,000), yet Dwight Lyman Moody has spoken to a much larger number of people in his wandering evangelistic work than either of the other distinguished divines, and perhaps to a larger number of persons than any other speaker of this or any other generation.

His scholarship and oratorical ability have been

questioned, but there can be no doubt that he possessed a wonderful and magical power. At his last appearance in Los Angeles the capacity of Hazzard's pavilion was not only tested to the utmost, but the doors had to be closed against the throng that could not be accommodated. It has been so everywhere. The very last sermon he preached was listened to by 15,000 people in Kansas City.

But, while Mr. Moody was not a polished orator, he possessed a faculty for condensing the substance of doctrines into pointed paragraphs and striking apothegms, and was decidedly fertile in apt and homely illustrations drawn from the common occurrences of life. He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and personal experience which, being related with detailed particularity, seemed very real, but so far as their verity was concerned, they often partook more of the nature of parable than fact. But the great Master has set the precedent, and doubtless Mr. Moody felt justified in embellishing the facts when he could thus make more effective use of his material.

Mr. Moody held a series of meetings in Boston two years ago. Great audiences filled Tremont Temple throughout his stay. His methods, intellectual, spectacular, and musical, were studied to ascertain the secret of his drawing power. Both secular and religious press analyzed and criticised his work. While the pews were crowded, cultured Boston listened coldly if not cynically. While the people appreciated his wit, eloquence, and home thrusts, they were unemotional, and at last the preacher became exasperated, and indulged in some vigorous remarks that seemed to have a local flavor, and did

have the effect of arousing their slow susceptibilities.

After enlarging upon the sins of church members, Mr. Moody asked: "Why are your prayer-meetings so dead that you can hardly breathe in them? It is because of those things, my friends. If there is a man or woman here who has his property rented for anything disreputable, you have got to get out of it, or the curse of God will fall upon you. When you do a thing of that kind you are sure to have trouble in your families—your son or your daughter going wrong." At this point, the reporters state, there were such obvious signs of dissent or dislike in the audience that Mr. Moody was forced to notice them. "I dare say," he said, "that this kind of a talk throws a coldness over the meeting, but you have got to have a little coldness before you get warmed up. What we want is the revival of righteousness or nothing."

Proceeding, he said: "There is a class of church members who labor under the delusion that if they are worldly Christians they are going to make the most of both worlds. That is a terrible delusion."

The following passage is almost Emersonian: "Let us have done looking at obstacles; is there anything too hard for God? Think of this world. Think of the great mountains, its rivers, its inhabitants. Yet it is only a little ball thrown from the hand of Jehovah!"

Speaking of respectable people, and he looked straight into the faces of the well-dressed men and women in front of him, he exclaimed: "I suppose if you had gone to Sodom a week before its destruction, they would have told you that Lot was one of

the most influential men in the city—perhaps had the best turnout, and owned some of the best corner lots. A good many men, no doubt, thought that Lot was long-headed. You hear a man called long-headed and the best business man in Boston—and his family is going to ruin. He is long-headed, isn't he? The Lord pity him."

The Boston Transcript, reviewing the work of the evangelist, commented as follows: "The truth is, Mr. Moody is an intensely practical man. He preaches against sin—not as an abstract thing, but as something concrete, here, on the spot. He treats Christianity, not as a collection of beautiful aphorisms, but as affording a standard and a rule of every-day life. Therefore, it is that Tremont Temple hears him coldly."

Though Mr. Moody did not of late years dwell upon the pangs and anguish of the lost, as was his wont in the earlier period of his work, when he was known as a revivalist rather than as an evangelist, yet to the very last he was sturdily orthodox. A few months ago he was in Denver, and preached as usual to crowded houses. Vehemently defending the church dogmas, he said: "Take atonement: I'd leave my Bible right here—wouldn't take it home with me if I didn't know it was full of atonement. Take justification: Martin Luther found justification in the Bible, and he roused the world. Take the prophecies and follow them out. There are two hundred prophecies in the Bible, every one of which has been fulfilled or is in the state of being fulfilled now. There has never been anything done in this world that hasn't been prophesied in the Bible."

"Christ will take the burden of your care and sorrow as well as of your sin. Christ can bear them all. A good many people think he takes sin alone. Did you ever think how many volumes it would take to hold the account of the sorrows of the people here? A horse could not haul the record away. Every heart here has a sorrow, and many a man could get up and tell you a story to make you cry.

"The fact is God made our hearts too big for this world, and you can roll the whole earth into them and yet they are empty. This world is too small to satisfy our hearts."

"One day a young lawyer sought the kingdom of God and found it, and when he went home that night, he said: 'Wife, I'm going to serve the God of heaven. I'm going to confess Jesus Christ, and I want to have a family altar, so to-night we'll gather all the children and the servants into the dining-room and we'll have prayers there.' And the wife said: 'Well, that's all right, John, but you are not used to praying, and you know we are going to have some lawyers to tea to-night, and you might make a mistake before them. Hadn't you better wait and have a little service in the kitchen after the company's gone?"

" 'No, wife,' said the young man, 'this is the first time I've asked Christ into my house, and I guess I'll take Him into the best room.'

"And he did it. He got out his Bible and he read it, and he got down on his knees and prayed like a man, and I tell you that man was a hero."

Mr. Moody had a wonderful faculty for getting money, whether it was a simple collection to meet current expenses, or some large subscriptions to

carry on the work of his schools at Northfield and Chicago. In the early part of 1898 he sent notice that his schools needed money, and before his personal appeals were all distributed, he received a donation of $100,000 from a single person whose name was withheld. In an address delivered in one of the educational halls, he alluded to a neighboring hill as "Temptation Point." When, after the address, he was asked why he called the hill by that name, "Oh," he replied, "I thought some one might be tempted to erect a chapel for us on that point." The hint was taken, and the chapel was built.

It is a fact, however, and cannot be denied, that Mr. Moody sometimes showed a partiality for capitalists—when they responded liberally to his demands for funds. A large donation seemed to offset a multitude of imperfections in a donor's life and character. And having come into personal contact with some of the great millionaires, and having been treated with genial courtesy by them, he not only hesitated to criticise their questionable business methods, but has been known to go out of his way to apologize for them and their unsavory transactions. Yet this statement is not made to detract ungenerously from the fame of the great preacher. It simply shows that he, like all the rest of us, had a great deal of human nature.

Mr. Moody was president of "The Bible Institute for Home and Foreign Missions of the Chicago Evangelization Society." From that headquarters he wrote the following characterstic fund-soliciting letter to a friend in California. This letter is in the possession of the writer, and is dated September 15, 1893, the year of the Chicago World's Fair:

"For several months I have been in Chicago conducting a World's Fair evangelistic campaign. The work has had God's richest blessing and has gone far beyond my expectation.

"Some of the most prominent ministers, evangelists and workers in the world are assisting me in this work. During the time remaining in September and October, I desire to push the battle to the gates. I want to make a personal appeal to your young people to assist me.

"The cost of hiring halls, theatres, advertising, etc., is very large, and, on account of the hard times, it is difficult to get money from the ordinary sources. Will you please see what the young people in your organization can do by personal collection, or personal subscriptions, and send to us as soon as possible?

"The need is great and the opportunity one of a lifetime—to spread the gospel to the corners of the earth."

We may be sure this appeal was not in vain. As a matter of fact, this and like appeals sent to other localities were responded to with surprising liberality.

Mr. Moody was fond of a joke, but did not always get the best of his victim. He started out in life as a drummer, and during Lincoln's administration was traveling through southern Illinois, when, as the train drew up to a station, he spoke to a man passing the car window, and asked if he knew that Lincoln was on the train. The man showed great interest and said: "No; is he?" "I think not," answered Moody, "I only asked if you knew that he was." The man said nothing, but presently re-

turned and remarked that the little town had been experiencing considerable excitement. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Moody. "The authorities wouldn't let some folks bury a woman," was the reply. "What was the reason for refusing?" Moody asked. "She wasn't dead," was the laconic reply.

Talking to his class of girls one day against the practice of card-playing, theater-going and dancing, one young lady asked if he could not modify his statements and permit dancing among family friends, as the exercise tended to add grace to one's figure. Mr. Moody replied: "My dear girl, I would a thousand times rather have you get more grace in your heart and less in your heels."

Moody recognized the power of the press. He once remarked: "I believe that the press and the pulpit are the two great agencies to purify the world." But he had no exalted opinion of certain metropolitan papers of which he once remarked: "I don't believe that the newspapers of Sodom and Gomorrah (if they had any) were guilty of worse things in their worst days. If a minister bored a hole in a man's head who had been reading that stuff, he could not inject a serious thought of eternal things."

Undoubtedly much of the phenomenal success attending the evangelistic efforts of Mr. Moody was due to the association with him of the hymn-singing Ira D. Sankey. The newspapers heralded the coming, not of Mr. Moody, the preacher, but of Moody and Sankey, the evangelists, and Mr. Sankey's part in the service was an important part of the program.

Indeed, the music, both solo and congregational, was to many persons the most attractive feature of

the Moody and Sankey meetings. When one's emotions are stirred by grand old hymns, sung with unction by an immense audience, sweet and cherished memories of earlier years throng the mind, which are calculated to awaken whatever is solemn and reverent in one's nature. The average person is then peculiarly receptive to religious influences. —Wm. H. Knight, in Los Angeles Herald.

These post-graduates of theological knowledge were suspicious and jealous of this man, Christ, who, without the commonly accepted mental culture, sprang among them and at once showed them that He was their Master. But he had not been trained in the orthodox fashion. He had not been through the regularly prescribed curriculum. He had no collegiate diploma. And to this day men are shy of anyone who dashes into any line of work and shows himself a master, unless he has received that training that the world contends a man must have to gain success.

The world was shy of Moody at first, and the theologians especially, but he deservedly stood in the first rank of Christ's descendants, and the world has long since so greeted him.

In all kinds of people there are common, generic attributes that produce a democratic level, and on this level we find believers and unbelievers. All of both classes agree as to Moody's greatness and usefulness. Collegians, educators, politicians, the common people, join unanimously in proclaiming him great. What made him great, pre-eminent among his fellows?

God gave Moody the necessary physical virility

and build for greatness. He was given wonderful mental clearness, large "rationality," another name for common sense. Those so endowed often go off at a tangent, into some vagary, and become and are properly termed cranks. Not so with Moody. No particular school or church could claim him, yet all claimed him. All said he was orthodox.

He had marvelous sagacity and tact. He read men quickly and accurately. He was a blunt man; had no time to exchange compliments. His will power was supreme. Like St. Paul, he was a divine egotist. Christ's will was behind him.

His moral qualities were always noted for their sincerity and genuineness. He was a teacher and liver of righteousness. He was a learned man, not of the cloistered class. His school was real life, and from this he secured the deepest form of education. Books were not his source of learning. A great man precedes the great book, for without the great man there can be no great book.

One book, however, he knew to the highest degree of perfection—the Bible. All his technical knowledge was drawn from this. It was his stock in trade. This book, with human life, as it practically exists, he knew from lid to lid. He had a Shakespearean power of knowing and telling of men.

Spiritually, Moody possessed a superlative faith—glad, free, spontaneous. He was never haunted by any questionings as to the inspiration of the Bible. Christ's divinity, the reality of the cross or the future meeting of his Master. His was a conquering faith. His heart was purity itself, and consecrated beyond man's knowledge.

Moody with Sankey was the force that drove back the tide of agnosticism which some years ago seemed to be about to overwhelm England. He was another Wesley, Wakefield, Luther. And all this great power was because Christ lived in Moody. His belief in Christ was not a mere intellectual, casual belief. He really lived in Christ and Christ in him. Moody belonged to Christ. He was captured, mastered by Him and was his bond slave. He was eaten up with ambition, surpassing that of Alexander, but Moody's ambition was the saving of souls for Christ.

Moody has gone to the unseen, but let us rejoice for his life and that now he is at rest, a victor of victors in life's battle. Be not discouraged; the mold for great men is never broken, and God will raise up another such leader who will win still greater victories for the cause of righteousness.— Rev. J. Kinsey Smith, Louisville, Ky.

So pre-eminently Christ-like was this great worker for the Lord and his fellow-men, that out of many times that I have heard him speak I could not discover a trace of sectarianism. He was first of all a Christian, then a Methodist. He was essentially a religious teacher, and not a theological exponent, and measured by the Christ standard, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' he did a work great and marvelous. The life of Moody was not consecrated to the attacking of the beliefs of others or the defending of his own personal theology, but the inspiring of men and women with the hope of a sweeter and better life here and hereafter.

He seemed to have a power to encourage the

despairing and to inspire the hopeless ones. He seemed to be a living reservoir of faith, hope and inspiration, which he could impart to those about him. For who can doubt that the soul filled with hope can impart hope to others, or that the brave-hearted can inspire the weak or down-hearted ones?

The burden of this great man's preaching was to make men and women good, pure and Christ-like. To show them the loving plan of God in human life and destiny, which they all had the power to defeat or realize by their own lives and actions, the key note of his preaching was so often sounded in that favorite text, "Be not deceived. God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap."

Mr. Moody never tried to frighten men into the kingdom of God but he rather plead with them and persuaded them, holding before them a vision of the love of God in the parable of the prodigal son, and the tenderness of Christ towards the Magdalen, and His sympathy for the weak and sinful. He preached powerfully to men's hearts and consciences, but seldom to their fears and never to their superstitions. To him, there was no mystery in religion save the mystery there is in the transformation of a hard, selfish, sinful soul into a soul gentle, sweet, unselfish and Christ-like. He had a great conviction that his Bible and his Christ could transform and save the world, and this glowing conviction especially displayed itself when he went to Henry Ward Beecher and earnestly pleaded with him to join with him in evangelistic work. "Other men," said he, "can carry on a pastorate; leave your pulpit and join with me; together we will sweep the country for Christ." We can not now estimate what

would have been accomplished had these two great apostles of the religion of faith, hope and love joined together, at that time, in such a powerful itinerancy.

The religious soul feels the loss of this great soul and vast religious power, for we never listened to his voice without feeling that the Spirit of God was back of it! The Christ life of the man beamed in his eyes and throbbed in his pleading voice. He did not pretend to be a scholar in the higher sense of the word. He was a man of the people and the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man was the cornerstone of his convictions. He once declared that "that the man who talks from a deep thought basis may get the twentieth man, but I am after the other nineteenth men."

Perhaps the greatest evangelistic work that was ever done in the world's history was when Ira Sankey sang and Mr. Moody preached all over England, Scotland and this country. Thousands of people were often led to determine upon a better life in a single city. Many a poor, burdened soul—downcast and discouraged—heard his ringing words, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee," felt the power of the Holy Spirit and went away happy and hopeful. The power of such a life no pen can ever describe nor imagination put into language. Though dead, he still lives, not only in the more Christ-like thought he has scattered broadcast and the thousands of lives he has started heavenward, but in the great schools he founded for boys and girls at Northfield, Mass. Prof. Drummond once wrote that "Scotland would not be to-day what it is had it missed the year of Moody and Sankey!" Such

a great soul has left this life to be hailed, and welcomed into God's spiritual kingdom.—Rev. Von Herrlichs, Kansas City, Mo.

I have nothing but good to say of Mr. Moody. Of late years he was growing rapidly in the right direction. The tolerance which he recently evinced towards the higher criticism and his friendship for men like Prof. Henry Drummond and George Adam Smith, showed him to be a man of broader sympathies than one would suspect from his earlier record. His devotion to education and his recognition of its necessity were clear indications of a growth in the man himself. It would be rash in any man to suspect Mr. Moody's entire sincerity, and as an expounder of the spiritual sense of the Scriptures he had few, if any, equals. As an evangelist, he had no equal whatever. Mr. Moody had the almost unerring instinct of a great commander of men. I sat one night during Mr. Moody's hippodrome campaign in New York in the audience at the after-meeting. After a time I observed him beckoning in my direction and I looked about to see whom he had in mind. I concluded after a moment that he was beckoning to me, so I stepped up to him and found that he desired that I should speak to a certain flaxen-haired German-looking man in another part of the audience. I did as he requested, and it appeared that it was a wise bringing together of two men, for the man seemed to me to want to hear precisely what I had to say. There could have been no explanation of the choice of me for that service, except a wise intuition on the part of the great preacher from the sight of the two faces before

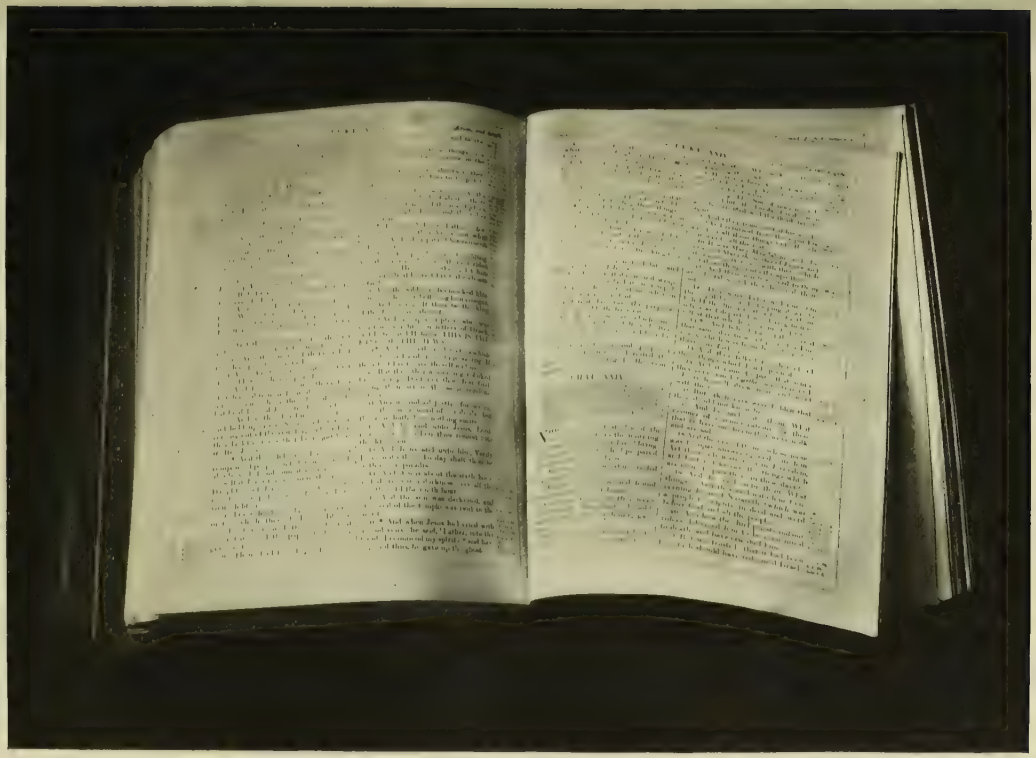
him, that I was the man for that particular part of the service. I have heard of many instances of this display of Mr. Moody's clear intuition and his ability to adapt particular means to specific ends. His judgment was nearly without fault in such cases. While Mr. Moody was of a theological school to which I do not belong, and while I often felt compelled to criticise some of his methods, I have always had the profoundest respect for him as an honest, earnest and remarkably efficient preacher of the gospel of Christ. He was a great organizer and would have made as equally a great field general as a leader of the forces of the church.—Rev. Judson Titsworth, Milwaukee, Wis.

CHAPTER XX.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A notable life has ended with the departure of Dwight L. Moody to the other world. Few men, no matter what their opportunities or resources, have been able to do anything like a fair proportion of the good for their fellow creatures that has been wrought during the past twenty-five years or over by the dead evangelist. His life was an inspiration to those who knew him to do good for their fellows. His religion was broad enough to embrace humanity. His daily exertions were ever in the direction of promoting the happiness of his fellow-man, both here and hereafter.

The keynote to the success of this wonderful man is found in the last words spoken by him. They were: "I have always been an ambitious man; not to lay up wealth, but to find work to do." If that were generally the animating principle of men's conduct, the world would be a much happier place than it is. The character of the work which Mr. Moody was ambitious to do furnishes the secret of his wondrous control of men. Those who met him knew by instinct that his work was done with a single thought of their good. He gave freely of his wondrous powers, and when death presented to him a notice that the end was not far off he treated the



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THE BIBLE HE PREACHED FROM.

This magnificent copy rests on the altar at the Chicago Avenue Church.

warning with a smile and a laugh. It was nothing he said. He would be all right in a little while, and he would go on with his work. It was his work which concerned him, and he refused to see or count on anything that might take him away from it.

The religion of this man was happiness. He was a living demonstration of the truth that he who lives rightly, for others rather than for himself, is most certain of happiness. He stirred men's souls deeply, because he approached them through all the best promptings of their nature. To get them to lead good lives, rather than to be faithful in the profession of their religion; to bring them to the doing of good for others as well as for themselves, represented the end and aim of his labors. His wondrous success attests at once the innate disposition of ordinary men and women to fulfill their duty toward God and their neighbors and the splendid powers, splendidly utilized, with which he was endowed.

The world needs a good deal more of the religion of the deceased gentleman than is expounded to it. He cared very little for religious precept. He held a good story above a Scripture text in its capacity for appealing to the understanding and conscience of those with whom he had to deal. The outward symbols of religion had but little thought from him. He taught that happiness came more from well-doing than from well-being or from the strict observance of religious precept. Religion embraced with him happiness here and hereafter. Few such men appear in a generation; but they leave behind them effects and influences which advanced materially the ends of the Christian religion.—St. Paul Globe.

One of the hard features of a soldier's life is the fact that his heart must be like adamant toward foes, no matter how innocent, and even sometimes toward his friends. He rushes like a bloodthirsty field upon men against whom he has not the slightest feeling of personal animosity, and for whom under other circumstances, he would gladly do any kindly service in his power. He must leave a brother to bleed to death, or perhaps must charge over him, trampling out his life. He must relentlessly shoot down the comrade of a score of battles because he fails in the pinch or proves false in a crisis. Call it cruel and wicked if you will, yet it is the way that our great world has gone struggling upward for 6,000 years and more; and we to-day enjoy so much as we have of the protection of just laws, keep our holiday festivities in safety and worship God as our conscience bids us in peace, because men have done these things in the years of the past.

The "knight of the better era"—the man who fights with the pen rather than with the sword, and sends words and ideas instead of bullets and cannon ball crashing against his fellow-men, has often a lot no less hard than that of the soldier of the sword. Often must he speak words that seem harsh and terrible because he must be "as harsh as truth." Often must his face be like a flint toward those whom he would gladly recognize as friends because he must be "as uncompromising as justice." Kind, tender-hearted people are wounded as he goes charging by or over them and never perhaps recognize him in any other light than that in which

he momentarily appears to their lacerated sensibilities.

Dwight L. Moody, the great American evangelist, died on Friday last. We have criticised him in these columns—sometimes with a terrible severity.

We are filled with regret to-day, not that we criticised him, but that it was necessary to do so, and we regret it now not a whit more than when we wrote the most severe of the sentences. He was a great man, and, measured by ordinary or even by extraordinary standards, he was a good man. Along certain lines of service for his fellow-men, he wrought magnificently. But when a great door of opportunity for a service broader and more beneficent than any that he had ever rendered, opened before him, he failed of the stature of manhood necessary to enter. Many great duties came to his life and he performed them bravely. But when a supreme duty appeared, when it was within his power to have spoken the word that would have meant a mighty moral uplift for the national life of the whole American people; when, as we believe, the call came to him to lead forward for the civic regeneration of the race, he flinched, lacked courage, and turned his back upon the duty.

We called attention to the fault, and, so long as there was hope that a severe remedy might bring a cure, we spoke with the fierceness and ruthlessness demanded by the exigency. Now that the life with all its successes and, what seems to us its one great failure, is closed, we record the facts only that wisdom may be justified, and we have not in our hearts nor on our pen an unkind word concerning him. Let the man who never failed, let the man in whose

life there never was a fault, undertake the task of criticism. Until such a critic is found we are silent.

Mr. Moody, as we believe, paid a terrible penalty for his mistake. A trumpet that has never sounded anything but advance will never sound just the same again after it has once blown retreat, and from the hour that Mr. Moody failed to grasp the opportunity that would have made him the greatest Christian citizen of the world, and, instead of leading forward the good men of the nation, became content to follow the bad almost as blindly as their worst followers—from that hour his power dwindled, until in these latter days he has gone up and down the country great only as a reminiscence. Mr. Moody's meetings of late have not lacked numbers, have not lacked a certain sort of enthusiasm, but they have lacked POWER; and the loss of that power that he used to wield was a penalty awful to contemplate.

But he died with beautiful words upon his lips. "I have always been an ambitious man," the papers tell us he said, "not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to find work to do."

It was a great thing to have had such an impulse in life, a great thing even if it was not always fully followed. It was grand to march through the world to that tune, even if he sometimes did break step. Our faces have been stern against him. He failed us when the need was sore. But in the marchings of the future and around the bivouacs of nights to come, we will think of him kindly and speak of him gently. And some day mayhap when we have all been put upon with "the powers of an endless life," we shall serve again shoulder to shoulder.—New Voice, Chicago.

Dwight L. Moody, who passed from life yesterday, was a remarkable person and a man of many friends. Much of his life was so intensely public in its character, and so devoted to the public's good, that a more than passing notice is required as he moves from the stage of life's activities to the shades of a perpetual rest.

It is difficult to criticise Mr. Moody with justness, when one is not in entire sympathy with the methods he employed, with some of the teachings he encouraged and the customs he inaugurated. The first thing, however, to do is to give Mr. Moody credit for sincerity, for generosity, for conscientious devotion to what he believed. No one doubts his Christianity; no one would intimate that he failed of doing a vast amount of good in the past quarter of a century and in many parts of the world.

Mr. Moody is understood to have been a man who could not, and who would not, work save as an independent. The recognized avenues of church effort, the instituted agencies already at hand, meant little to him, save as he could make use of them for the introduction of what was striking and novel in his own plan of work. He was a great preacher because he preached to the masses. He cut loose from tradition, from established usages, and as a result these have in a measure been less available than formerly. He preached a simple, easily understood gospel. He made the Christ to seem real, and Christianity to appeal as something to be not only desired, but essential, absolutely necessary; and thousands were led through the personality of the man and the earnestness of his appeals to reform their lives.

No doubt many who started under the impulses born of his dominating potential personality fell out by the way when that influence had passed; but that has been demonstrated in every reformatory work since the ancient times when first "A sower went forth to sow."

Mr. Moody's work paved the way, in no small measure, and we believe in this country much more so than in Great Britain, where he also labored, for the onward sweep of the Christian Endeavor Society's movement, and for the introduction of that era of a better feeling of tolerance between churches of different denominations that has grown and developed more freely during the past twenty years than ever before.

The theologian who delights in theology, the schoolman who has always a use for the graces taught in the schools, the musician who finds something in music more than rhythm and jingle, the poet who notes the finer meaning and reads between the lines,—to these Mr. Moody's personality does not appeal strongly. They respect his Christian purpose, his untiring zeal, his unfaltering hope; they rejoice in all the good he has done. But they work differently. They may do Christ's work for Christ's sake, as he did it, but not in his way.

In the long run, it is conceded that the churches, not the individuals, win. Spasmodic, individual efforts outside of them do not long survive the alert personality that founded them, and when a man is dead who shall take up the man's work? The church never dies and in her mission and her scope there is room for every form of service, opportunity for reforms made necessary by changing customs in

civilization, in tastes, in natural prejudices, but never in morals, in sacred teachings or in the great ends to be reached,—the uplifting of humanity and the salvation of the race.—Providence Telegram.

The fear felt that the work of D. L. Moody, the evangelist, was ended when the news came of his break-down in Kansas City, has been confirmed. Brought back to his birthplace at Northfield, his physicians held out hopes of his rallying, but medical attention and the loving care bestowed on him by his family have counted for nothing as against the results of years of arduous, unsparing work. The pressure under which he had labored for so long had its inevitable effect in undermining his constitution, and although the news of his death yesterday came with a shock of suddenness, it was not unexpected. To those who knew the man in his numberless activities, the wonder is that he was spared for so many years of life.

Mr. Moody was a great evangelist, and he did a great work. An unordained and essentially popular preacher, who felt that his commission to win souls was in his love for Christ and his desire to serve Him—he reached thousands who were not likely to come under the influence of any church, and working in and through churches he appealed to thousands of others, whose belief in Christianity he quickened from a dull acceptance of doctrine into a living power. Earnest in his own convictions, and gifted with a remarkable talent for enlisting the interest and sympathy of his hearers, he was a speaker of unusual effectiveness. Direct and simple in his utterances, not always grammatical, fond

of anecdote and homely illustration, emotional, sometimes to an extreme—such was Dwight L. Moody as the leader of countless public meetings. He filled churches and audience rooms because the people believed he had a message to deliver; as for himself he believed that that message was of tremendous consequence. His methods have been criticised, but, certainly, he was not open to the charge of being insincere. His whole life was given to doing what he felt to be his highest duty. To this task he brought native ability, and a constantly increasing knowledge of the ways to make that ability count for the most.

Mr. Moody's cornerstone was the Bible. A devoted student of that book, he stood for its acceptance in its entirety. An unlettered man, as compared to the present day exponents of the "higher criticism," he did not hesitate to preach his faith, and to live it. A man of the people, he understood how to appeal to the people; he touched human life at many points, in his career, and from his own experiences he drew many a striking lesson. No respecter of persons, or seeker after favor, his independent attitude attracted rather than repelled, and he had a marked faculty for enlisting in his enterprises those who, he thought, would help him in the greatest measure. He welcomed co-workers. Men of prominence in this country and from abroad were asked by him to address his Northfield meetings, and felt honored in being asked. For young men and for young women he had a special interest, and on them he had a special influence. He attracted them, and held them. His college conferences, in Northfield, that beautiful Massachusetts town, have

been positive sources of inspiration. From the "Auditorium" or "Round Top" meetings many have gone, with strength and courage, to missionary fields, or to engage in Christian work in their home communities. And of the hundreds of attendants on these conferences, there can surely be but few, who have not been impressed with Mr. Moody's personality, and helped by contact with him.

Mr. Moody was a man of essentially practical aims. He believed that he could do things, and he had remarkable success in doing them. His School for Boys at Mount Hermon and his School for Girls at Northfield are evidences of what his persistent efforts have accomplished; his other enterprises apart from his evangelistic work included Bible and normal training schools and conferences for Christian workers and for students. Up to the time that he was stricken, a few weeks since, he continued his widely extended speaking tours. A whitening beard was the only apparent mark of his advancing years. At his last meetings in Kansas City he appeared at his best. His addresses were full of power, and as effective as ever in making converts.

Mr. Moody did not die an old man. Born in Northfield in 1837, it was only two years ago that he passed his sixty-first birthday. His father, a stone mason and farmer, died when Mr. Moody was a child. The mother was left in poverty, and the eldest son ran away. But Mrs. Moody was a woman of pluck. She kept the rest of her family together and provided for their support. When seventeen years old Dwight L. Moody went to Boston to earn his living. He found employment in an uncle's shoe shop, and early became interested in church

work. But it is related that his associates thought him unlikely ever to become "a Christian of clear and decided views of gospel truth; still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness."

In 1856, when he was nineteen, he went to Chicago, and obtained a place in a shoe store. He joined a church and at once rented four pews for young men whom he intended to bring in. He offered to teach in a mission school, and was told that his services would be welcome, if he would bring his own pupils. The next Sunday he walked in at the head of eighteen ragged urchins whom he had found in the streets. He frequented the wharves, trying to convert sailors, and he did missionary work in the saloons. His great Sunday-school was started in a room that had been used for a saloon. He soon had a thousand pupils; the saloon building had been found to be too small, and the sessions were held in a hall, Mr. Moody being janitor as well as instructor. All this time the young man kept up his business, which had come to be that of a traveling salesman. In 1860, when twenty-three years old, he made up his mind to take up evangelizing work exclusively.

During the civil war Mr. Moody was employed by the Christian commission, and later by the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, as a lay missionary. When he first gave up his regular business it was necessary for him to keep his expenses as low as possible; he slept on a bench in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and ate the plainest food. Such success attended his work with the soldiers and in Chicago that a church for his Chicago converts was built, and he became its unordained pas-

tor. In 1873 Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, the singer (with whose name that of the evangelist is inseparably associated), decided to make a trip to Great Britain on the invitation of two friends. When they arrived they found that their friends were dead; the evangelist and the singer were not known, and, at their first meeting, which was held at York, four persons were present. Mr. Moody afterwards said that it was one of the best meetings that he and Mr. Sankey ever held.

The tour was a wonderful success. The meetings increased in attendance and interest; at Glasgow 30,000 people gathered in the open air to try to hear the evangelist, and the London meetings lasted four months, the total attendance being estimated at 2,500,000 people. On his return to the United States a series of great meetings were held in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Mr. Moody's home city, Chicago. During his absence his church, which was burned in 1871, had been rebuilt. He took up his work there again, making evangelistic trips to different parts of the country and going abroad a second time. He finally left Chicago for Northfield, where a house was given him by friends, and in Northfield he continued to make his home till his death. Of late years he had been occupied more exclusively in the development and conduct of his successful schools, and in the direction of his conferences, but he spoke in various places from time to time; his activity was incessant.

Mr. Moody's tastes were simple; he lived in his work. He never received a salary, and he did not ask contributions for himself. His reputation as a speaker ensured a wide sale for his sermons and

other writings, in book form. Mr. Moody married a Miss Revell, and she and two sons and a daughter survive him.

Dwight L. Moody put his great forces into the work of redemption. He wanted to help men; to save them. He wanted to increase the opportunities for Christian education, and he wanted to inspire others with the desire to aid in the spread of Christianity. How he accomplished his ambitions his life story shows.

What he put his hand to he did with his might; the results of his work live after his death. The summons that his career was at an end came to him undoubtedly as he would have wished—when he was in active service.—Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

About the only criticism of Mr. Moody that has appeared in print is that of Justin D. Fulton, D. D., in his book on the Life of Charles H. Spurgeon, the great English preacher. He says:

"Moodyism is a growth rather than a policy. It is the name of a movement rather than an organization. It is an attempt to evangelize the millions without instructing them in regard to church obligations, and the necessity of observing the ordinances Christ instituted. At this point Moodyism allies itself with Romanism, and claims the right to take away from the words of the prophecy of this book without regard to the utterance, 'God shall take away his part from the tree of life and out of the holy city, which are written in this book.'

"To prosecute this work as an evangelist, Young Men's Christian Association buildings have been constructed, with reading-rooms and social parlors, and in some instances billiard rooms, where games

are indulged in, and almost anything calculated to attract, is permitted, to be followed by consecrated efforts to woo and win.

"Moodyism, with its unsectarian 'Young Men's Christian Associations, Christian Endeavor Societies,' thousands of lay evangelists and its missionaries, in all parts of the world, becomes without appointment and without control, either an extraordinary help or a tremendous peril to the church life of the world. As at present organized it is almost as much outside the church life of Christianity as is Romanism. Is it in an alliance with Romanism in fact if not in theory? Moody adopts gospel methods, as does not Romanism; depends on the Holy Spirit for converting power, while Romanism trusts to baptismal regeneration, sacraments, priestly absolution, and purgatorial fire for salvation. But Moodyism, working with the rich, the cultured, and the influential, and the Salvation Army with the very poor, alike ignoring the ordinances Christ instituted, deserve reproof for not obeying Christ. The believing in Christ they should do, and not leave the other undone.

"Mr. Moody believes in immersion as New Testament baptism, and, it is said, was immersed in the Jordan, and yet by influence and example sanctions infant baptism, the tap-root of baptismal regeneration on which Romanists rest for salvation. Thousands and millions imitate him. Is it safe to do so? Pentecost in India is an evangelist for Moodyism.

"Shall Christians forget that the necessities of the times call loudly to Christians to bestir themselves and take the place and hold it which does not belong to Young Men's Christian Associations or any other

unsectarian movement. A barrel without hoops is as valuable as are Christians unharnessed or untrained in church life. Shall the churches step to the front and take what belongs to them? Shall they let the light shine which Christ has entrusted to their keeping, remembering 'that the Lord's hand is not shortened, that he cannot save, nor his ear heavy that he cannot hear?' We are not to pray that Moodyism may do less, but that the churches as Christ organized them may do more than ever before, and measure up to the untold responsibilities which are committed to their keeping. Moodyism, without asserting it and, perhaps, without designing it, is as antagonistic to the system of faith that makes belief and baptism the source of its power and the feature of its life, as is Romanism.

"Recently it has come out that Mr. Moody gave money to build a Roman Catholic house of worship in Northfield. Some knew this years ago, and there were those who went and saw the evangelist in his home, and endeavored to persuade him to turn his attention to the need of telling the unvarnished truth concerning Romanism. In vain. No distinctive anti-Romanist has been welcome to Northfield. It is because Moodyism averages the public Christian sentiment of the hour, that truth-telling is not in order.

"There is need of Mr. Moody's enthusiasm and generalship in this work for Romanists. Let him realize their ruin without Christ, and it would stir him. It is not the evangelist alone that is needed, but all that he can influence, and all that influences him Let prayer arise that the Holy Spirit will cause him and others to realize the value of the

souls of Romanists, and give them no rest until the outpouring shall come upon undone Roman Catholics, causing them to cry out, 'Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?' God can do this in answer to prayer, and can cause the great evangelist to lead in the work of rescuing the lost from the night of their thraldom and bring them to the light of an eternal day."

CHAPTER XXI.

MEMORIAL.

An eloquent and touching sermon was delivered by Rev. Henry H. Stebbins, at Central Church, Rochester, N. Y., as a memorial to Dwight L. Moody, December 31, 1899. The songs and psalms were the same as those used at the evangelist's funeral, and the entire service was a memorial to him who with his last breath said: "Is this dying? Then death is bliss!" Dr. Stebbins said:

"I take for my text this morning the first words that occurred to me, when I learned that Dwight L. Moody had gone hence to be here no more. His death, like a magnet, has attracted numerous expressions of Scripture singularly pertinent to the man whose departure we mourn.

"We associate with him words like these: 'Steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.' He 'went about doing good.' 'He had compassion on the multitude.' 'A friend of sinners.' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' 'I know whom I have believed.' 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'

"They tell us that among the floral designs at Mr. Moody's funeral was that of an open Bible on the one side of which was 'Victory, I Corinthians

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15:55-57,' and on the other side: 'II Timothy, 4:7-8.'

"So we might go on, enumerating passages of Scripture suggested by Mr. Moody's death because Mr. Moody's life was in such close touch with so much of the spirit and the letter of God's Word. And this brings me at once to what appeals to me as one of the four cardinal features of Mr. Moody's phenomenal life—his attachment to God's Word. Right here the conviction smites me of how he must have reveled in the 119th Psalm, which plays so many variations on the theme of God's Word.

" 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. My heart standeth in awe of Thy word.'

" 'I rejoice at Thy word as one that findeth great spoil. Thy word is very pure; therefore Thy servant loveth it. Oh, how love I Thy law; it is my meditation all the day. How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.'

"Mr. Moody's creed about the Bible was that all Scripture was given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness. And he believed that holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. He held fast the faith once delivered to the saints.

"In the handling of the Bible—and how intelligently, skilfully, reverently and affectionately he handled it—in handling the Bible he was a literalist rather than a believer in the allegory and fable theories of Scripture. He believed that the whale swallowed Jonah; that the serpent tempted the woman. He believed the story of the deluge. He

believed that the water was turned into wine. And he believed so, not because he was artificial in his understanding of the Bible, nor because he was not learned in all the wisdom of the schools. Indeed some of the most learned men kept company with Mr. Moody as a literalist. I recall one, an eminent scholar, who was on the American committee of revisers of the Bible, and who to the day of his death believed that the world was created in six days of twenty-four hours each. Mr. Moody's attitude toward the Bible is well illustrated in the following bit of experience he related: 'A man came to me with a difficult passage in the Bible the other day and said: "Mr. Moody, what do you do with that?" 'I do not do anything with it.' "How do you understand it?" 'I do not understand it.' "How do you explain it?" 'I do not explain it.' "What do you do with it?" 'I do not do anything.' "You do not believe it, do you?" 'Oh, yes, I believe it. 'There are lots of things I do not understand, but I believe them. I do not know anything about higher mathematics, but I believe in them. I do not understand astronomy, but I believe in astronomy. Can you tell me why the same kind of food turns into flesh, fish, hair, feathers, hoofs, fingernails, according as it is eaten by one animal or another? A man told me a while ago he could not believe a thing he had never seen. I said: "Man, did you ever see your brain? Did you ever notice that the things men cavil most about are the very things on which Christ has set His seal?"

"Doubtless one secret of Mr. Moody's power as a preacher was his unshaken faith in God's word. His motto seemed to be: 'I believe, and therefore I

speak.' His 'Thus saith the Lord' was freighted with such intense, absorbing conviction, that the people heard and wondered and were under conviction, were converted unto God or confirmed in the faith.

"One reason why such unprecedented multitudes thronged to hear him—it is said that for nearly six years Mr. Moody's audiences, afternoons and evenings, averaged five thousand—one reason, I say, why so many thronged to hear him was that he spake as one having authority.

" 'Why do you go to hear Moody?' said a lawyer scornfully to a fellow club member; 'you don't believe as he does?' 'No, but he believes what he preaches with all his heart, and it is well to meet such a man in these days of doubt and uncertainty.'

"The second cardinal feature of Mr. Moody's life was his devotion to prayer. Much as he set by the Bible, he seemed to set more by prayer. For prayer seemed to bring him face to face with God. His prayer was talk with God, even as friend talks with friend. Far into the night, or rising a long while before day, he communed with God.

" 'They that seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place.'

"It was singularly true of him. He took everything to God in prayer. He lived in an atmosphere of prayer that fulfilled Paul's precept: 'Pray without ceasing.' He was an impressive illustration of the assurance: 'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.' Prayer was Moody's vital breath.

"'Twas Moody's native air;
His watchword at the gate of death,
He entered heaven with prayer.

"A third feature of Mr. Moody's life was his prodigious activity. He was active in season, out of season. He outworked any and all who were associated with him. For more than forty years he has been indefatigable in the promotion of the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. We think of him, and justly, as the great evangelist of the century. It is interesting to trace the evolution of his evangelistic spirit from the germ of his thorough conversion to God, to godliness and to godly service.

"It was in May, '56, that he joined the Mt. Vernon Congregational church in Boston. In the fall of that year he went to Chicago and served as salesman in the shoe business. Diligent in business, he was fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. He joined the Plymouth Congregational church of Chicago, and his entrance into that church was abundant.

"He rented four pews and kept them filled with young men and boys—a splendid idea for some young man or young men of this church. Mr. Moody asked for a Sunday-school class. He was told he would be welcome to teach any class he chose to collect. The next Sunday he marched into the school at the head of eighteen ragged boys. Later he opened a mission of his own in an empty tavern. The school grew so that more commodious quarters had to be secured. Mr. Moody procured over sixty teachers for the school, the average attendance of which was 650. In 1860, Mr. Moody gave up all other business and concentrated his

energies upon distinctly Christian work. He lived on as little as possible. He had no home. His bed was a bench in the Y. M. C. A. Shortly he became a city missionary, and as the fruit of his labors, in 1863 a church building was put up. In 1865 he was elected president of the Chicago Y. M. C. A.

"Mr. Moody's evangelistic work during the war was conspicuous and prolific. In 1867 he went abroad for the first time, and again in 1873. You know, in general terms, of his blessed work, aided by Mr. Sankey, whom he called into the service about 1871 —in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Mr. Moody's ministry abroad marks an era in the religious life and in the Church of God of Great Britain. Then there were the great hippodrome meetings in New York and the evangelistic campaigns in Boston, Cleveland, Brooklyn, Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis. Indeed, nearly every city of any size, North, South, East and West, in this country has its record of Moody meetings. It is estimated that Mr. Moody, during his evangelistic work, addressed not fewer than 100,000,000 persons.

"We further associate Mr. Moody with the summer conferences at Northfield, that had their origin in his invitation to a few friends to his home for prayer and Bible study. His evangelistic influence has been reinforced, extended and made permanent by the press.

"Three or four years ago he established a colportage association for the dissemination of good literature, and hundreds of thousands of books have been sent to prison cells, home and foreign missionary fields and army camps, in addition to a large circulation in city and country homes. He also started

two magazines devoted to evangelistic work. I count more than a score of books, the fruit of his labor on the platform, in his spiritual sanctum and elsewhere.

"But Mr. Moody, plain man as he was, not versed in the wisdom of the schools, has been a great educator. The summer conferences at Northfield have been in the best sense educational for college men, young women, and the laity in general. Four institutions were under his immediate direction. Besides, the influence of Mr. Moody upon the pulpit, upon theology, upon the religious life, upon a broad-gauged Catholic Christianity has been immeasurable. Not only was Mr. Moody the greatest evangelist since Whitefield, and a most aggressive and practical educator, but a great builder.

"I find the following statement in a recent number of the New York Tribune: 'His first building was the Illinois Street church in Chicago, erected about 1858, for the shelter of his mission school, and the church which grew out of it. His second building enterprise was the Young Men's Christian Association building in Chicago, erected in 1866, the first commodious edifice for Young Men's Christian Association purposes in this country. His third enterprise was the re-erection of the first Young Men's Christian Association building, destroyed by fire. This also was destroyed in the great fire of 1871, and again rebuilt, mainly through Mr. Moody's efforts. The other Young Men's Christian Association buildings in America, for which money was raised by Mr. Moody, and in whose erection he was more or less conspicuous, were at New York, Bos-

ton, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Baltimore and Scranton.

"'In Great Britain there were erected by Mr Moody's personal efforts, or from the inspiration of his works; Christian Union building, Dublin; Christian Institute building, Glasgow; Carubber's Close mission, Edinburgh; the story of which is not only interesting, but romantic; Conference hall, Stratford; Down Lodge hall, Wandsworth, London, and the Young Men's Christian Association building Liverpool.

"'In addition to the above are twenty or more buildings at Northfield, Mass.; the Chicago Avenue church and Bible Institute buildings, Chicago.'

"Such, in barest outline, is a memorandum of the work and labor of love in which he was always abounding, and that, too, notwithstanding that of late years he was compassed by the infirmity of a weak heart.

"When challenged to run a foot race at a Sunday-school picnic in Northfield a few years ago he said: 'I have heart disease, and would fall dead if I should make such an effort.' At the same time he was administering the multiform interests that absorbed mind and heart and time.

"The fourth cardinal feature of Mr. Moody's life was his fellowship with the Father, with His Son Jesus Christ, and with the Holy Ghost. This was the supreme reality in Mr. Moody's life. Enoch walked with God; so did Moody. His conversation or citizenship was in heaven. That fellowship was the mainspring in the mechanism of his character and career. It was that that made him so devoted to God's Word that stimulated him to pray and that

it was made him abound so in the work of the Lord, and made him so assured about the great salvation

"'My mind is made up,' he said one time, 'on the question proposed, namely, the relative merits of Christianity and infidelity. Somebody once asked Charles Sumner to hear the other side of slavery. "Hear the other side?" he replied. "There is no other side. I would as soon discuss the merits of Christianity and infidelity." 'No one who studied history,' said Mr. Moody, 'need hesitate in answering the question. I know what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for me during the last forty years since I trusted Him Let the members of your club accept Christ as their personal Saviour, and they need not waste time discussing such a question. If I had a remedy that never failed to cure disease for forty years, I should not stop to compare its merits with another remedy.'

"It was his fellowship with Christ that made him determine to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. It was because the Spirit taught him and brought all things to his remembrance that He was so instructed, unto the kingdom of Heaven, that He was able to bring forth out of the treasury of truth things new and old. It was his nearness to Christ that brought him so near to the Christian, and that raised him so far above the plane of denominationalism. It was his fellowship with Christ that inspired him with such a perennial passion for souls. His fellowship with Christ kept him humble.

"By contrast to the ineffable holiness of the Lord, he exclaimed with Peter: 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.' His fellowship with God made him to an almost unparalleled degree fearless,

unconstrained and at home in the presence of princes, or of men mighty for wealth, wisdom or social rank. His attitude was never apologetic. He was a righteous man who, in the delivery of his message, however faulty it might be judged by the canons of rhetoric or good literary form, was bold as a lion. He walked before God as God told Abraham to do. No man came between him and God. He saw no man save Jesus only. To his own loving and beloved Master he stood or fell. Consummate achievement!

"This was what Dr. Pentacost meant who wrote me in a letter from Northfield:

" 'Dear old Moody is under ground. During his life I have never known a man so very much above ground as he. Peace be to his soul.'

"It was Mr. Moody's fellowship with God that kept him so true to himself. He was simply and grandly natural. His tact, his rare sagacity, his wealth of saving common sense, his superb administrative ability stood out in the bolder relief because of the God who wrought in him. Let God have free course in a man's life as he did in Mr. Moody's and that man's personality is wonderfully developed. He wears no affected air, he does not talk in one tone and preach in another and pray in another. He is not one sort of man on Sunday and another sort of man the rest of the week, but he is simply natural all the while. The man who lives nearest Christ lives nearest to his own individuality. He who is likest to Christ is most unlike other Christians is truest to himself as distinguished from other men. This was why, from first to last, Moody was Moody. At home or abroad, in private or in

public, before ten or ten thousand, he was simply Moody.

"The picture you have seen of him in the papers since his death is not that of the preacher but of the man in his wagon with reins and whip in hand, wearing a soft hat and in everyday negligee dress. There was but one Moody in the world. It was God working in him that wrought out his individuality.

"Such was the man—devoted to the Bible, a man who prayed to God always, who wrought incessantly, diversely, unweariedly, and with superlative fruitfulness, and whose life was hid with Christ in God.

"Then came the end, the end of the beginning. 'God is calling me,' he said. He had the ear to hear. And he had the eye to see. 'I see earth receding. Heaven is opening. If this is dying, it is bliss.'

"The following account of the funeral was sent me by one of the honorary pall bearers:

" 'The entire services at the funeral of Mr. Moody was full of a spirit of triumph. Within a few moments of his departure he had exclaimed: "Is this death? This is bliss!" He was indeed an exultant victor over the last enemy. As thirty-two Mt. Hermon boys carried what was mortal of him through the streets of Northfield from his home to the church and later from the church, past the house where he was born and where his mother not long ago died, to his place of rest on Round Top, the same consciousness of victory—the victory of faith in Christ—was strongly felt by every spectator.'

"During the funeral service in the church, as his

pastor, Dr. Schofield, President Weston, Dr. Chapman, Dr. Wharton, Dr. Pierson and John Wanamaker followed one another in impressive testimony concerning the friend, the guide, the teacher, the comforter, the revealer of Christ whom they had found in this man, the note of sorrow and of mourning was lost in the loftier note of the triumphant life of faith and love and unselfish service, which these addresses vividly presented.

"The venerable President Weston pronounced him the greatest religious character of the nineteenth century. What most contributed to give him this pre-eminence was the possession by him—so far beyond others—of that life, concerning which Jesus said: 'I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly.'

"Dr. Chapman said:

" 'It was through Mr. Moody's agency that I became a Christian, through his influence I entered the ministry and when my ministry was poor and unfruitful he was the messenger from God through whom I received the spiritual impulse and blessing which has given any fruitfulness to my work as evangelist, minister and pastor. Very often I have sought him at critical times for counsel and always received from him the brotherly sympathy and help I needed.'

"Mr. Moody's death appeals to me as a change of base from one scene of service to another. Accordingly it is, as I said at the outset of this sermon, that the words that first came into mind after hearing of Mr. Moody's death were: 'They serve him day and night.'

"Tennyson in his Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, sings:

> " 'We doubt not that for one so true,
> There's other nobler work to do
> Than when he fought at Waterloo.'

"So with Mr. Moody.

"Indeed, I remember his saying, 'By and by you will hear people say, Mr. Moody is dead. Don't you believe a word of it. At that very moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall then truly begin to live. I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the Spirit will live forever.'

"I have thought of Mr. Moody as seeing Jesus face to face, whom having not seen, he so dearly loved. I have pictured the great multitude whom no man can number, whom he has been instrumental in saving and serving, as greeting him and as sitting down with him in the Kingdom of God on high.

"I have thought of him as paying his public tribute to the Christ to whom he was so beholden, and as renewedly consecrating himself to his service. I have thought of him as telling to the saints in glory what the grace of God has done for him and through him.

"I have imagined a mammoth testimony meeting presided over by Mr. Moody, at which new songs of redemption have been sung, and where hearts out of their abundance have testified to what God, through dear Mr. Moody, has done for them.

"And if the old, old story has yet to be told anywhere in God's universe except on this earth, by

those who have passed from earth to heaven, I am sure that Dwight L. Moody's commission will not long be delayed.

"His career, so remarkable as evangelist, educator, builder, above all, and through all, and in all, as man of God and servant of Jesus Christ, will make him fitter than ever to engage in the service of heaven. His new environment, the presence of the King, his fuller, clearer vision, the glorious freedom he enjoys from all restrictions, must make of the old, old story of Jesus and his love, which he delighted so to tell on earth, the new, new story of redemption it will be his supernal satisfaction to relate.

"Would that the young men of Rochester might have had their heart's desire gratified by hearing him as they confidently anticipated. But their loss is his gain and the gain of all to whom he has yet to minister.

"May God bless to us the departure out of this life of His good and faithful servant, by intensifying our devotion to the Bible, by making us more prayerful, by stimulating us to more fruitful service, and by attracting us to a closer walk with God. And may what we are and what we do on earth qualify us for higher attainment and larger achievement in heaven."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LAST OF THE GREAT GROUP.

BY REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS IN "THE INTERIOR."

When long time hath passed, some historian, recalling the great epochs and religious teachers of our century, will say, "There were four men sent forth by God: their names—Charles Spurgeon, Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, and Dwight L. Moody." Each was a herald of good tidings; each was a prophet of a new social and religious order, and each made a permanent contribution to the Christian church; while of all it may be said their sermons were translated into many tongues and their names known in every town and city where the English language is spoken. For our instruction, rebuke and inspiration God hath raised up other preachers, representing a high order of intellect, marked eloquence, and permanent influence; but as to the first order of greatness, there have been perhaps these four—no more. God girded each of these prophets for his task, and taught him how to "dip his sword in heaven." In characterizing the message of these men we say that Spurgeon was expositional, Phillips Brooks devotional, Henry Ward Beecher prophetic and philosophical, while Dwight L. Moody was a herald rather than teacher,

addressing himself to the common people—the unchurched multitudes. The symbol of the great English preacher is a lighted lamp, the symbol of Brooks a flaming heart, the symbol of Beecher an orchestra of many instruments, while Mr. Moody was a trumpet, sounding the advance, sometimes through inspiration and sometimes through alarm.

And our sorrow to-day is the more, in that the last of these giants has gone down to the valley and disappeared behind the thick shadow. Oft in hours of gloom and doubt, full oft in days when wickedness seemed enthroned in high places, when the rich seemed to be selfish in their strength, and the poor without an advocate in high places, when good men seemed weakness and leaders seemed a lie, in our depression we have turned our thoughts toward the three prophets, in the English Tabernacle, in Trinity and in Plymouth, or toward the evangelist and friend of the people, and have been comforted by the mere thought that things were a little safer because these four men were in their appointed places. The first three were commanders, each over his regiment, and worked from a fixed center, but the evangelist was the leader of a flying band, who went everywhither into the enemy's country, seeking conquests of peace and righteousness. Be the reasons what they may, the common people gladly heard the great evangelist. In his death, the unchurched classes have lost their best friend. Fallen now their tower of strength. Changed, too, the very face of our moral landscape. For nearly forty years the multitudes have pressed and thronged into the great halls and churches to hear this herald

speak of duty, sin, salvation, and God's love in Christ. But disappearing from our sight he is not dead. While life continues, for multitudes he will remain a cool spring flowing in a desert, the covert of a rock in time of sorrow.

For the republic, the roll-call of self-made men is long and brilliant. Orators like Clay come in from the corn-fields, statesmen like Webster come from the bleak hillsides of New England, presidents like Lincoln come forth from the university of rail-splitting, the inventors, merchants, and editors come in from rural districts and villages, and all are the architects of their own fortunes. But among all this group of men whose life in low estate began on a simple village green, none is more thrilling in its struggles, more picturesque in its contrasts, and more pathetic in its defeats and victories than that of the great evangelist. An orphan at four, one of the props of the family at nine, at nineteen a clerk in a shoe store of Chicago, at twenty-three the founder of a Young Men's Christian Association, where he slept on the benches because he had no bed, and bought a loaf at the bakery because he had no money for board. At twenty-four, the superintendent of a Sunday-school in a deserted saloon, where his pupils were drunkards, tramps, ragamuffins, mingled with street waifs and boys from a newsboys' home. At forty, the most widely-talked-about man in Great Britain, where his friends were college presidents and professors, authors, editors, statesmen, scientists, like Drummond and Lord Kelvin. Returning home, in Philadelphia, he found that merchants had erected for his meetings a building seating ten thousand people, an event that was repeated in New

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This is a favorite resort for Bible Institute students. The shelves are filled with hundreds of volumes personally selected by Mr. Moody.

York, Boston, Chicago, and many other great cities in our land. At fifty-three he founded a training school for young men and women in Chicago that has sent out fifteen hundred workers, a school for young men at East Northfield, and for young women at Mount Hermon, institutions that now have for their work more than a score of great buildings. Thrilling, indeed, this story. It repeats the experience of young David, who passed from the sheepscote to the king's throne, and the scepter of universal sway.

"Where were the hidings of his power?" you ask. From nothing, nothing comes. Blood tells. A great ancestry explains a great man. The time was when men thought God called the prophet. But when God wants a John the Baptist, he calls not the son, but the father and mother, and they ordain the child in the cradle, and before the cradle. When the Hebrews were in bondage in Egypt, one mother there was, brave enough to dare the king, and hide her babe in an ark, amidst the bulrushes, and the mother's courage repeated itself in the greatest of jurists, Moses. Hannah was a dreamer who loved solitude, and walked the hills alone with God; whose eyes "were homes of silent prayer," and her religious genius repeated itself in her son Samuel, one of the greatest of the judges. What was unique in Timothy, Paul tells us, was first of all unique in his mother Lois, and his grandmother Eunice. And the greatest evangelist since Whitefield had his power through the ordainment of a great ancestry. He was of the best old New England stock. His father had the fine old Puritan fiber, and his mother, widowed with her little flock about her, exhibits almost

unparalleled heroism, courage, and hope in the hour of suffering and trouble. For the tides of power in this man flow down from the ancestral hills. Among his birth gifts was the gift of perfect health and a perfect body, with stores of energy that seemed well-nigh inexhaustible.

His, also, was the gift of common sense, a mind hungry for knowledge, a reason that saw clearly or saw not at all; moral earnestness, sincerity, self-reliance, courage, wit, humor, pathos, an intuitive knowledge of men, the genius for organization. Like Isaiah, he had a quenchless passion for righteousness. Like Daniel, he had the courage of his convictions in the face of fierce opposition. Like Paul, his enthusiasm for men made him the herald of righteousness to foreign nations. Like Bernard, his was the crusader's heart, organizing his hosts against passion, ignorance and sin. Without the eloquence of Spurgeon, without the fine culture of Phillips Brooks, without the supreme genius of Mr. Beecher, Mr. Moody was a herald, a man sent forth from God, who called the unchurched classes to repentance, who flamed forth on them the love of God in Christ. For nearly six years, it is said that Mr. Moody's audiences averaged five thousand, each afternoon and evening. A record that has never been surpassed in all the history of evangelism. "Our bishops," said the London Telegraph, "have back of them a state income, great cathedrals, a small army of paid helpers and musicians, bnt where our bishops have reached tens this man has reached hundreds."

If preaching is man making and man mending, then Mr. Moody was a veritable prince among

preachers. In view of the great audiences of fifteen thousand people that thronged into, or about, the hall in Kansas City, where he preached his last sermon, all must confess that no preacher in the land since Mr. Beecher's time was comparable to Mr. Moody in personal popularity, or in power to hold the masses. Any student skilled in the art of reading human nature, who has been upon the platform beside the great evangelist, and while listening to his words has noted their effects upon the faces of the vast audience before him, must make haste to affirm that Mr. Moody knew the human mind and heart as a skillful musician knows his instrument, and sweeps all the banks of keys before him. In the addresses that were given no element of great speech was lacking. Mr. Moody moved his audiences from tears to laughter; for laughter and tears are outer signs of inner thoughts and feelings. Life is determined by the emotions of the heart quite as much as by the arguments of the head. No matter how scholarly or intellectual the preacher may be, he is at best a second-rate preacher whose truth burns with a cold, white light. Truth in the hands of an intellectual philosopher who has found his way into the pulpit, cuts with a keen edge, indeed, but truth in Mr. Moody's hands has been heated red hot, and the edge of his sword burns as well as cuts; like the Word of God, dividing between the joints and marrow, and separating the sinner from his evil deeds.

No misconception can be greater than to suppose that Mr. Moody has succeeded in spite of his lack of theological preparation. My old professor of dogmatic theology criticised me harshly during my

student days for going to hear Mr. Moody on Sunday morning. Because the great evangelist was a layman, and unordained, this distinguished theologian said that he declined to attend any of Mr. Moody's meetings during his great campaign in a city in which this professor had formerly resided. It is true that Mr. Moody had never crossed the threshold of college or theological seminary. Moreover, in his enthusiasm he often used the vernacular, homely idioms, and in every sermon broke some of the laws of grammar or of rhetoric. But nothing is risked in the statement that it was a great good fortune for him that he never found his way into a theological seminary. Nevertheless, he was a past master in his chosen art. He reached men, not because he knew so little about preaching, but because he knew so much. Could some scholar take a volume of Mr. Moody's sermons, and condense his thoughts, methods, appeals and illustrations into a volume of homiletics, the book would be so large and comprehensive that the ordinary work on the art of preaching would not make an introduction thereto. Taken all in all, for the work of an evangelist, this man represents more culture, and more thought about the methods of reaching the common people than any other man in his generation. To him it has been given to meet all the great preachers of the day, and to work with them. His was also the power of selection from each Spurgeon, or Maclaren, or Brooks, or Beecher, and from each he selected his special gift and excellence. Having spent eight months of each year in working with the foremost pastors at home and abroad, he has had four months in summer for study and confer-

ence. Those who have seen Mr. Moody's library know that this man has been a student of books as well as men. Superficial, indeed, the judgment of those who think that Mr. Moody was without education, or training, or logic, or knowledge of preaching as a science. With him preaching became a fine art, an art that conceals the art. Did our theological seminaries multiply their three years of study by two, they could not hope to equip their students as long study and experience with men and books have equipped Mr. Moody. The methods the great evangelist adopted gather up the experience of twenty years of working with the greatest preachers of England, Scotland and America. Perhaps of all the arts and occupations in our age, not one is comparable to the art of preaching. It demands the highest talent, the deepest culture, tireless practice and complete consecration And happy the generation to whom God gave this herald of good tidings, this friend of the common people, this messenger to the unchurched multitudes, who followed him as their leader along those paths that lead to prosperity and peace, to Christ, man's Saviour, to God, man's Father.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NORTHFIELD SCHOOLS.

The vicinity of Northfield, the seat of Mr. Moody's labors, was first settled in 1673, and twice within a few years the town was depopulated by raids and massacres by the Mohawks and other Indian tribes. The third and permanent settlement was made in 1713. The natural resources of the town were developed. Bricks were made from the clay, a grist mill erected and tar kilns established. A malt house was erected in 1721. The people were constantly menaced by Indians, but the settlement, notwithstanding all that, had an average of healthy growth.

When the Chicago fire destroyed Mr. Moody's church and home, his plans were changed and he went to England. On his return from Europe he visited the old homestead of Northfield and determined to make his future home there. While enjoying the contentment which came from seeing old friends, recalling old memories, and surveying as beautiful a pastoral picture as can be seen in that section of the country, he developed the plans for his school at that place. His principal idea was to plan a school where the girls in the isolated homes on the mountain sides might receive a careful training in the Bible at a moderate expense. The first tract of land for this purpose was bought by Mr.

Moody in 1878 and consisted of 270 acres, and to this was added 16 acres opposite Mr. Moody's house, that same year. The next year the work was begun on a school-house. The school opened November 3, 1879, with twenty-five pupils. In 1880 the first dormitory, known as East Hall, was opened and was at once filled with girls. Banar Hall was erected and shortly after was burned. Marquand Hall was dedicated in 1885. Other buildings followed until the school reached its present proportion.

Northfield has been greatly improved since Mr. Moody began his work there. The desolate and rock-covered hills have taken on a coating of velvet turf. Well built roads wind through the grounds and between the different buildings, and shade trees and shrubbery have been planted where they would improve the view.

The land not utilized for lawns, building purposes and roads, has been placed under the care of practical farmers, who have made it yield sufficient products to furnish a large portion of the supplies used in the schools. There are also a number of horses, of which Mr. Moody was very fond, he being considered an excellent judge of horse flesh. For this reputation he has frequently been assailed by his critics, and at one time the story went the rounds that he had paid as much as $2,800 for a finely gaited animal that caught his admiration. He allowed the story to go uncontradicted for some weeks under the impression that people would not believe it, and when he did refer to the matter he said that he had not paid $2,800 for the horse but had only paid a little less than one-tenth of that amount.

The expenses of boarding and tuition at the Semi-

nary from the time of its founding has been $100.00 a year. All the housework is done by the students, still the sum paid for tuition only can pay about one-half the expenses, the other half is met by the income of a small endowment, and by royalties from the sale of books and by contributions.

The principal text book is of course the Bible, and one of the obligations of attendance there is that a pupil must recite from it twice a week.

Immediately in front of the porch where Mr. Moody used to sit so often and chat with his friends, is an oval sweep of grass land descending to the river, and up the valley far away the eye rests on the mountains. Within the house it is roomy, spacious and comfortable. On the right of the passage a library, on the left a reception room, and beyond it the dining room. Up-stairs was Mr. Moody's private and special den, the walls of which were lined with books, all of them bearing upon the Scriptures.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GREAT RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.

Religious revivals have ever been a source of interest to students of sociology, history and religion. There have been times in the past in this country when different sections were interested in religious matters, but there have only been a few times when all parts of the country have been awaked at the same time. These events have been designated as periods of great religious awakening, and are admirably described in a paper by Rev. James Brand of Oberlin, Ohio, read before the World's Congress of Religions, held in Chicago in 1893. Dr. Brand says:

"The first century of religious history in this country was largely devoted to church polity and the relation of religion to the state. Spiritually it was a rather barren period. There had been some revivals from 1670 to 1712, but they were local and limited in extent. The first great movement which really molded American Christianity was in 1740-1760, called "The Great Awakening," under the leadership of Jonathan Edwards Whitefield, Wesley and the Tennants, of New Jersey. This movement was probably the most influential force which has ever acted upon the development of the Christian religion since the Protestant reformation. In 1740 the population of New England was not more than

250,000, and in all the colonies about 2,000,000. Yet it is estimated that more than 50,000 persons were converted to Christ in that revival—a far greater proportion than at any other period of our history. This movement overthrew the so-called "half-way covenant," a pernicious system which had filled both the churches and pulpits with unconverted men. In 1740 men without any pretense of piety studied theology, and "if neither heretical or openly immoral were ordained to the ministry," and multitudes of men were received to church membership without any claim to Christian life. The great awakening reversed that stage of things. Students of theology were converted in great numbers, and prominent men to the number of twenty, who had been long in the pulpits in and about Boston, regarded George Whitefield as the means, under God, of their conversion to Christ. This revival was not confined to New England or to any one body of Christians. All denominations in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and the South were equally blessed. The movement awakened the public mind more fully to the claims of home missions, especially among the Indians. It likewise gave a great impulse to Christian education. The founding of Princeton college was one of the direct fruits. Dartmouth college, founded in 1769, also sprang from the same impulse. The proposition that in the preaching of the gospel the distinction should be maintained between the regenerate and unregenerate, and that the church must be composed of converted souls only, has been accepted by substantially all evangelical demoninations since that time. The great doctrines made especially prominent in this

religious movement were those required to meet the peculiar circumstances of the times, viz., the sinfulness of sin, the necessity of conversion and justification by faith in Christ alone. These doctrines were the mighty forces wielded by the leaders of that time, and resulted in the recasting of the religious opinions of the eighteenth century.

"The second general evangelistic movement, 1797-1810, generally called the revival of 1800, was hardly less important as a factor in our Christian life than its predecessor. It, too, followed a period of formalism and religious barrenness. It was the epoch of French infidelity and of Paine's "Age of Reason," from which this revival emancipated America while France was left a spiritual wreck. Up to this time almost nothing had been done in the line of foreign missions, and there were hardly any permanent institutions of a national character for the spread of the gospel apart from the churches and three or four colleges. From this movement sprang, as by magic, nearly all the great national religious institutions of to-day. The "Plan of Union" in 1801 to evangelize New Connecticut—Andover Seminary in 1808 to provide trained pastors; the American Board, representing two or three denominations, in 1801; the American Baptist Missionary Union, 1814; the American Education Society, 1815; the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society, in 1819; the Yale Theological Department, in 1822; American Temperance Society, in 1826; American Home Missionary Society, 1830; East Windsor Theological Seminary, in 1833. Here, again, all religious bodies were equally enriched and enlarged by the stupendous impulse given to religious

thought and activity by this revival. The leading characteristic of this movement, so far as doctrines were concerned, was the sovereignty of God. The success of the colonies in the Revolutionary war, the establishment of national independence, the awakening forces of material and industrial development, together with the prevailing rationalistic and atheistic influence of France, had produced a spirit of pride and self-sufficiency which was hostile to the authority of God, and, of course, antagonistic to the gospel. To meet this state of the public mind, evangelistic leaders were naturally led to lay special emphasis upon the absolute and eternal dominion of God, as the infinitely wise and benevolent Ruler of the universe, and man as His subject, fallen, dependent, guilty, to whom pardon was offered. Here was found the divine corrective of the perils which were threatening to overwhelm the country in barren and self-destructive materialism.

"The third great movement was in 1830-1840. The tendency of the human mind is to grasp certain truths which have proved specially effective in one set of circumstances and press them into service under different circumstances, to the neglect of other truths. Thus the severity of God, which had needed such peculiar emphasis in 1800, came to be urged to the exclusion of those truths which touch the freedom and responsibility of man. When, therefore, this third revival period began, the truths most needed were the freedom of the will, the nature of the moral law, the ability and, therefore, the absolute obligation of man to obey God and make himself a new heart. Accordingly, these were the mighty weapons which were wielded by the great

leaders, Finney, Nettleton, Albert Barnes and others, in the revival of that period. Thus a counter corrective was administered which tended not only to correct and convert vast multitudes of souls, but also to establish the scriptural balance of truth.

"The fourth pentecostal season, which may be called national in its scope, was in 1857-9. At that time inordinate worldliness, the passion for gain and luxury, had been taking possession of the people. The spirit of reckless speculation and other immoral methods of gratifying material ambition had overreached itself and plunged the nation into a financial panic. The Divine Spirit seized this state of things to convict men of their sins. The result was a great turning to God all over the land. In this awakening no great leaders seem to stand out pre-eminent. But the plain lessons of the revival are God's rebuke of worldliness, the fact that it is better to be righteous than to be rich, and that nations, like individuals, are in His hands.

"The latest evangelistic movements which are meeting this new era and are destined to be as helpful to American Christianity as any preceding ones are those under the present leadership of men like Messrs. Moody and Mills and their confreres. These revivals, though perhaps lacking the tremendous seriousness and profundity of conviction which came from the Calvinist preachers dwelling on the nature and attributes of God, nevertheless exhibit a more truly balanced Gospel than any preceding ones. They announce pre-eminently a Gospel of hope. They emphasize the love of God, the sufficiency of Christ, the guilt and unreason of sin, the privilege of serving Christ and the duty of immediate sur-

render. If men said, 'Is not the Gospel being overgrown?' They said, 'No, that cannot be.' If they said, 'Is the doctrine broad enough and deep enough to lead the progress of the race in all stages of its development and be the text-book of religious teaching to the end of time?' "

CHAPTER XXV.

REVIVAL SERMON.

Delivered at Cleveland, Ohio, October 5th, 1879, and considered by many to be one among Mr. Moody's best efforts.

I have selected to-day a subject rather than a text. We have come to this city to preach Christ, and I want to commence the services by just asking this congregation what Christ is to you. And now if we can get right home to ourselves to begin with, we will save a good deal of time. One of the most difficult things we have in preaching the gospel is to get people to hear for themselves. They are willing to hear for other people. I once read of a colored minister who said that a good many of his congregation would be lost because they were too generous; and the way he explained it was that they were so very generous with the sermon that they generally gave the sermon to their friends and neighbors, and did not take it home to themselves. And there are a great many white people, I think, who are just as generous as the colored people. They are always generous with the sermon. They are willing to give it to any one. It is always good for some one else. They are willing to lend their ears for some one else, but it is very hard for them to take it home to themselves.

Now, to-day, we want, if possible, to have every man, woman and child in this congregation ask himself this question, "What is Christ to me?" Not to my neighbor, not to the world, but what is He to me? Who is He and what is He? I wish I could just lodge the subject right into your hearts to begin with. Now, don't think that will be good for some one behind you. Don't pass the text over your shoulder to some one back of you; he will pass it to some one behind him, as is often done; pass it along out doors and away it goes, they forget all about the text, the sermon and everything.

Now, let the question come to each one, "What is Jesus Christ to me?" I would like to tell you what He has been to me since I have known Him. And I think if any man here to-day wants to know Christ, he must first know Him as a Savior. "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." It is the only name given under heaven —it cannot be said of any other man; it is not said of Moses; it is not said of Elijah; it is not said of the prophets or patriarchs or apostles that they shall save men—not any other name among men under heaven that can save the sinner, but the name of Jesus.

And if we are to know Him as our Redeemer, and if we are to know Him as our Deliverer, and if we are to know Him as our Shepherd, and our great High Priest, and our Prophet, and our King, we must first know Him as our Savior. We must meet Him on the cross first. We must see him at Calvary putting away sin, and when we have seen Him as our Savior, then we go on and He unfolds Himself to us, and we see Him in a great many other lights.

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A MUSIC LESSON, BIBLE INSTITUTE, CHICAGO.

The students at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, receive an education in music as well as instruction in the Scriptures.

Now He is more than a Savior. I might see a man drowning. I might plunge into the stream and rescue that man. I might save the man from drowning, but then I would leave him there on the banks, and he would have to make the rest of the journey of life without me. But the Son of God is more than a Savior. After He has saved, He not only is with us, but He delivers us from the power of sin. He is a deliverer from sin. I believe there are a great many people who have gone to Calvary. They have seen Christ as their Savior, but they forget that He is a deliverer, and wants to deliver them from the power of sin. I don't believe that He comes down here and pardons us and then leaves us in prison. I don't believe He comes down here and snaps the fetters and then leaves us in the bondage. When the children of Israel were put behind the blood, down there in Goshen, God said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." The blood was their savior, the blood was their salvation. But then He did something more when He took them out of Goshen, and when He took them out of Egypt, and away from their taskmakers, and out of the land of bondage. Then He was their deliverer.

When they came to the Red Sea, and the mountains were on each side of them, and Pharaoh with his hosts coming on in the rear, and the Red Sea before them—then it was that they wanted a deliverer. And I venture to say a good many of the children of God have known what it is to come to the Red Sea. You have known what it was to be where you could only look up and cry to God to deliver you. You could not turn to the right; you could not turn to the left; you could not turn back;

and the Almighty God has come and opened the Red Sea, and you have passed over dry shod.

But when He delivered them from the hands of the king and from their taskmakers, and brought them out of the house of bondage, and brought them through the Red Sea, He became something else to them; He became then their way.

Now, you very often hear people say, "I don't know as I will become a Christian. I don't know really what church to belong to." They will give that as an excuse. I have heard more men give that as an excuse, than anything else. They say there are so many different denominations now, and there are so many different churches, that they don't know what to believe. I am very thankful that the Lord has not left us in darkness about that at all. It is no excuse at all. A man can't stand up at the door of heaven and say, "I didn't become a Christian because I did not know the way."

Now, people say there are so many denominations. "There are the Methodists. John Wesley was a little nearer right than the rest of you. I will join the Methodists." Then there are our good Baptist brethren. They say their way is the best way. "You had better be immersed and come in through our door."

And there is our Episcopal brother. He says, "If you want to come into the true apostolic church, you have got to join the Episcopal Church."

And up steps a Roman Catholic, and says, "If you want to come into the true apostolic church, you have got to become a Roman Catholic."

And then there are the Presbyterians, and they

tell you that John Calvin is better than any of them, and you must go the Calvin way.

And so they say there are so many different denominations, so many different ways, that they don't know what church to join.

Now, my friends, listen to what the Son of God says: "I am the way." And if I follow Him I will be in the right church; He will not lead me into error; He will not lead me into darkness; He leads out of bondage. He leads into liberty, and into light, and He is the only man who ever trod on this earth that it is safe to follow in all things. If I follow any man but Jesus Christ, I will get into darkness and bondage. If I follow the isms of the day and nothing else, they will lead me out into black darkness. But if I follow the Son of God, He leads me into life and light immortal out of darkness.

As I walked through this hall yesterday morning, I stood and looked up there and I saw a text, and I said, "That is a good text for me." It says, "I am the way." There is life in those words. "I am the way," says the Son of God. Follow Him and you will be in the right church. And when a man is willing to bow his will to God's will and say, "Lord Jesus, I am willing to follow Thee, to receive Thee," then he will be in the right church; there will be no trouble then. He submits his will to God's will and submits his way to God's way, and takes God's way.

You know that God knows a great deal more about this earth than you and I do. God knew a great deal more about the pitfalls in the wilderness, and knew all about that perilous way when He led

the children of Israel. He led them by a pillar of fire by night and a pillar of cloud by day; and all they had to do was to keep their eye on that cloud. When the cloud moved, they moved; when the cloud rested, they rested.

Now, all we have got to do is to keep our eye on the Master. Follow Him. He don't ask us to go where He has not gone Himself. He don't go around and drive you and me; but He says, "Follow thou Me." And if a man will become His disciple and follows in His path, he may put his feet right in His footprints and follow Him.

You know out on the frontiers you will find there the Indian trail; and I am told by some of those men who have been in that country there, that even over the Rocky Mountains it looks as though only one man had trod that path. The chief goes on before, and the rest follow and put their feet right in the foot-prints of the chief. So the Captain of our salvation has gone before in the path, and if I follow Him I will have the life and the peace that is promised to every child of God.

But then He is more than the way. You know He might be the way, and the way might be very dark, but He says, "I am the light of life, and if any man follow Me, he shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Now, it is impossible for any man to be in darkness while following Jesus Christ. Why? Because He is the light of the world. What that the sun is in yonder heavens to the solar system, so Christ is to the spiritual world. There is a picture in some of your homes—if a man should give it to me, I don't know what I would do with it; I would have to put

it up the wrong way, the face toward the wall. I don't know what the artist was thinking about when he got that picture up. It is a beautiful work of art, a beautiful steel engraving, and represents Jesus Christ standing at the door of a man's cottage with a lantern in His hand, knocking. What does Christ want with a lantern? You might as well hold a lantern to the sun. He says, "I am the light of the world." What we want is to keep our eye right upon Him. He will give us light.

There is no such thing as a man being in darkness that is following Him. If there is a man or woman in this audience to-day that is in darkness about spiritual things, it is because they have got away from Him; it is because they have not followed Him; it is because they have not got their eye upon Him. That is what brings darkness, and what He wants is to have each one of us just to keep our eye upon Him and follow Him.

But then I can imagine I hear some of you say, "If you had the trouble I have had, you would not talk in that way. If you were in my condition you would not talk in that way." I remember during our war, I was attending a meeting; it was the first year of the war. Our armies had been repulsed in the West; had been repulsed in the East, and it looked very dark. It looked as if this republic was going to pieces. Every one that got up to speak at that meeting had his harp upon the willow. It was a doleful meeting. But at last an old man got up; he had a beautiful white beard, and he gave us young men a lecture. Says he, "You don't talk like the children of light, don't talk like the sons of the King. We belong to the kingdom of God."

Says he, "There is no darkness there. If it happens to be dark right around you, it is light somewhere else. If it is dark down here, look up; there is the light. Our home is up there." After rebuking us for our want of faith and our finding fault, he said he had just come from the East; that he had been induced by some friends to go to one of the Eastern mountain peaks to see the sunrise. He said he went to the half-way house and made arrangements with the landlord to take him up before daybreak, to get into the mountain to see the sunrise. The guide went before, holding the lantern. He said they had not been gone a great while before a storm came up, and it began to thunder, began to rain, and he said to the guide, "The storm will prevent my seeing the sunrise this morning, and you had better take me back." The guide smiled and said, "I think we will get above this storm." And sure enough we got above the clouds and the storm. On the mountain peak it was as calm as any summer evening in his life. As he looked down into the clouds, he saw the lightning playing up and down the valley, but he said it was all calm on the mountain peak, and turning to us, he said:

"Young men, if it is dark in the valley, look higher up; climb a little higher up and get on the mountain peak." And as the highest mountain peaks catch the first rays of the morning sun, so those who live nearest to heaven, nearest to Christ, get the first news from heaven. It is the privilege of every child of God to walk in an unclouded sun, in perpetual light. I believe it has done more to retard the cause of Christ and Christianity, than any one thing, our being so despondent, looking on the

dark side, leaving the Author of life, light, and going the by-ways with our heads down like a bulrush. Let us remember, my friends, that Christ is the light of the world. If we follow Him we shall not be in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

It is said of some men away out on the frontier, that when they want to go off in the wilderness hunting, where there is no road or path, they take an ax or hatchet, and they cut off the bark of a tree, and they call that blazing the way. So the Son of God has been down in this dark world. He has "blazed the way," led captivity captive. He has traveled this wilderness and gone up on high. All we have to do is to follow Him. If we keep our eye right on Him, we will have light all the while.

I remember when I was a boy, I used to try to walk across a field after the snow had fallen, and try to make a straight path; and as long as I kept my eye on a point at the other side of the field, I could make a straight path, but if I looked over my shoulder to see if I was walking straight, I would always walk crooked—always. And where I find people turning around to see how others walk, they always walk crooked. But if you want to walk straight through this world, keep your eye on the Captain of your salvation, who has gone with you in the vale. Just keep your eye on Him, and you will have peace and light.

I remember when I was a little boy, I used to try to catch my shadow. I used to try to see it. I could not jump over my head. I ran and jumped, but my head always kept just so far ahead of me. I never could catch my shadow, but I remember I was running with my face toward the sun, and I

looked over my shoulder and I found my shadow coming after me.

And I find since I became a Christian that if I keep my eye on the Son of Righteousness, peace and light and joy and everything follows in the train; but if I get my eye off Him, I always get in darkness and trouble. So if you want to keep in the light, keep your eye fixed on the Son of Righteousness and follow Him.

Now, we have Him as our Savior; we have Him as our Deliverer; we have Him as our Way; we have Him as our Truth, because He is the truth. If you want to know what is truth, Christ is the embodiment of truth; if you want to know the truth, know Him. There is no error in Him. He taught no false doctrine. He taught truth. And if you want to know the truth, know Him. He says, "I am the truth." He is the very embodiment of it. And if people say, "But I have not got life, I have not got spiritual power." Well, He is the life, and if you have not got spiritual power, it is because you have not got enough of Christ. If you want spiritual life more abundantly, let Christ come into your heart and reign without a rival. He is the life of the world, and when man goes away from Him, he goes away from the life and power.

But then He is something else. Perhaps some of you have come to a fork in the road sometimes, and you have not known just which way to turn. I was going to a little town last month to preach the gospel, and I came over a bridge, and I came to a road that ran right across mine, and which way to turn I did not know. There was no guide-post there, and I did not know which way to go. Well, I am talk-

ing, perhaps, to a good many in this audience that have come to such a fork in their spiritual life. You have come to a place where you have not known which way to turn. Well, right in here we have read that Christ is a teacher. God sent Him down to be a teacher, to be our counsellor, and to be our guide, and if we will have Him, He will guide us and teach us the right thing. He did not teach as the scribes did; He taught with the authority God had given Him. He did not teach opinions. Men come along now, and they teach their opinions. I would rather have "Thus saith the Lord" than all their opinions. It is not what man says, and when He teaches us, my friends, He will teach us the right way. Therefore, we want to take Him as our teacher—our guide. I have never known a man, I don't care how skeptical he has been, if he is willing to let the Lord teach him the way, but what the Lord has taught him. If a skeptic has come in here to-day, just out of curiosity, I would like to get his ear for about five minutes; I would like to say to him that the God that has made you can teach you if you will let Him. Infidels are so conceited that they think they are wiser than the Almighty God; they are not willing to let the God who created them teach them. They forget that when man fell in Eden his reason fell with him. They forget that the God of heaven and earth is greater than their reason.

I was in a little town in Illinois a number of years ago, when I first commenced to work for the Lord. I could not preach, but got up a liitle meeting and talk. There was a lady came to me just as the meeting was breaking up, and says, "Mr. Moody, I

wish you would come and see my husband and talk with him about his soul." Well, I consented. I saw she was greatly burdened. I went to take down his name. She gave me the name, and I said to her, "You will excuse me; I can not go to see that man." She says, "Why not?" "Why, he is a Book infidel; a graduate of one of the Eastern colleges, and I am a mere strippling—a boy; I can't go to meet him." "Well," she says, "I would like to have you go, Mr. Moody, and talk to him about his soul." "Well," I says, "you had better have some one older; I can't meet him in argument." She says, "It is not argument he wants; he has had enough of that; he wants some one to invite him to Christ." She urged so hard, I went down to see him. I went into his office; I shook hands, introduced myself, and after I did so, I told him my errand. He laughed at me, thought I had come on a foolish errand. He did not believe in Christ or Christianity; he didn't believe in the Bible. I talked to him a little while, and brought out some of his infidel views. I said, "Judge, I will be honest with you; I can't argue with you; I cannot meet you in argument," and the man seemed to grow two inches right off. It is astonishing how these men do grow when they find somebody they can handle in argument. I said, "I can't meet you; I will be frank with you." He had been one of our leading men in the country, and I knew about his intellect. He had a very brilliant mind. He had been one of our supreme judges; he had been mayor of the city he lived in, had been a member of the State senate a good many years, and he was a public man; and I said it was impossible for me to bring

forward the arguments that I would like to, and, therefore, he would have to excuse me, and I says, "Judge, there is just one favor I would like to ask of you." Says he, "What is that?" "When you are converted, let me know." "Well," says he, "I will let you know when I am converted. I will grant that request"—with a good deal of sarcasm. I went out of his office, heard the clerks snickering when I went out. I suppose they thought I had made a fool of myself.

But a year and a half after that I was back in that city. I was the guest of a friend, and while I was in the sitting-room, a servant came and said there was a man in the parlor that wanted to see me. I stepped into the parlor, and there was the old judge. He says, "When I saw you last I told you when I was converted I would let you know. I have come to-day to tell you I have been converted." I had heard it from the lips of others, but I wanted to get it from his own lips. Says I, "Judge, I wish you would tell the whole story; tell all about it." He took his seat, and he says, "Well, I will tell you; my wife and children had gone out to meeting one night, and there was no one in the house but the servant and myself, and I got to thinking." I tell you it is a good thing to get men to thinking; there is always hope of reaching men if you get them to thinking, especially in America. They are after money, and they can't stop to think. They are on the dead run; if you can stop them on a corner and get their attention five minutes, you are doing well in this country. And he got to thinking and reasoning with himself—and I tell you it is a good thing to get a man to reasoning with himself. That is the best

kind of reasoning—and he said to himself, "Well, now, supposing that my wife and my children are right and I am wrong; supposing they are all on the way to heaven, as they profess to think, and I am on my way to hell. Why," said he, "I just dismissed that thought at once." He said he did not believe there was a hell.

The next thought came. "Well, judge, do you believe that there is a God that created you?" "Yes," he said, "I believe that. This world never happened by chance. Everything in this world teaches me that there is an overruling power, and there is a creator. This world was not thrown together. There must have been a creator." Then the next thought came. "If there is a creator, and one that created you, the one that created you could teach you." "Well," he said, "that is so. The God that created me could teach me," and he smiled and said, "The fact was, Mr. Moody, I thought nobody could teach me. I sat there by the fire. I was too proud to get down on my knees. I said, 'O, God, teach me.'" It was an honest prayer. And if there is an honest infidel here to-day who will make that prayer out of the depths of his heart, God will teach him more in five minutes than all the infidels can teach him in twenty years. He will teach you true wisdom. It is so reasonable that the God that created the heavens and the earth can teach mortal men. He said, God began to teach him, and he began to see himself in a different light. He had been, he said, a very righteous man in his own estimation. He thought he was one of the best men that ever lived. But he said he began to see himself a sinner. That was something new;

and he said there was a burden right here. He said he had never felt any burden there before, and he said things began to look very dark. Things had always looked very bright before. And he said he thought his wife might come home and see that something ailed him—that he was troubled. So he said he went to bed, and he pretended to sleep; but he did not sleep a wink that night; but before morning he began to pray, "O God, save me; take away this burden of guilt; take away this load of sins!"

But he said he didn't believe in Jesus Christ; he didn't want any day's-man between him and God; didn't want any mediator; he was going right straight to the Father; he was going to settle the question without Christ.

The load grew heavier, and it grew darker and darker. He said when the morning came he got up and dressed, and said to his wife he was not feeling very well; he would not stay at home to breakfast. He wanted to get out of the way, and went down to his office. The old judge kept on crying, "O, God, take away this burden; O, God, forgive me;" he had waked up to the fact that he wanted forgiveness like other people. He went into his office. Men came to see him on business, but he could not do any business. He tried to tell his clerks what to do, but could not tell them. He told them they might take a holiday, and he locked the door of his office and got down on his knees and cried, "For Jesus Christ's sake, take away this load of sins." He said there was a bundle rolled off when he arose from his knees, and said his heart was as light as air. Says he, "I wonder if this is not what my wife

has been praying for these years? if it is not what the Christians call conversion? I will go and ask the minister where my wife attends church if I ain't converted." And he said on the way to the minister's house a text of Scripture came to him that his mother had taught him forty years before. O, mothers, teach your children the word of God; it may spring up after many years; it may bear fruit unto life eternal after you are dead and gone. That text of Scripture that mother taught that little boy in childhood was: "When you pray, believe you will receive what you ask for, and you have it." And he said, "I have asked God to forgive my sins, and I am going up to ask the minister if my prayer is answered. I believe that is dishonoring God. I am a Christian." And he says, "I started home." His wife saw him coming. She knew how he went off, and thought he was coming home sick; she met him at the door, and said to him, "Are you sick?" "No, I have been converted." He says, "Mr. Moody, twenty-one long years that dear wife had prayed for me, and she could not believe her ears when I told her I was converted. She said, 'Come into the drawing-room.' I knelt down and made my first prayer with my wife." He erected a family altar. That old infidel judge said, "Mr. Moody, I have had more enjoyment in the last three months than in all the rest of my life put together." If there is an honest skeptic here to-day, let God Almighty be your teacher; ask Him to teach you; ask Him to give you light beyond the grave; He has got the power. If you want true wisdom, go to Him. He will open your darkened understanding and cause you to understand wonderful things.

When I have been willing to let Him teach me, I have had perfect peace. But whenever I have gone against His counsel and against His teachings, it brought me to captivity; it has brought me into bondage and into darkness. When Nicodemus was willing to let that rabbi teach him, he taught him true wisdom, taught him the doctrine of the new birth, taught him that he must be born again.

I might go on and speak of him as a shepherd. I might have known him now upwards of twenty years as a shepherd. He has carried my burdens for me. Oh, it is so sweet to know that you have one to whom you can go and tell all your sorrows; you can roll your burdens at his feet. Blessed privilege we have, dear friends, to go to Him with all our burdens and our sorrows. Surely, He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. Think of Christ as a burden-bearer; what would this world do without Him. How dark the grave would be without Him.

I remember making a remark a few years ago that there was no burden we had but that Christ would carry it for us if we would let Him. At the close of the meeting a lady pushed her way through the crowd and came up to me and said: "Mr. Moody, if you had the burden I have got you could not have said what you did to-day." "Perhaps not," I said. "But have you a burden too great for Christ to carry?" "Well," she said, "I would not say it was too great for Christ to carry." But she said, "I can't leave it with Him." "Well, it is your fault, because He tells you to do it. He commands you to cast your care upon Him, for He careth for you, for he numbers the very hairs of your head, and a sparrow can't fall to the ground without His knowledge.

Do you think He will not help you in the time of trouble, that He will not bear your burden and carry your sorrow if you will let Him?" "Well," she said, "just hear me, sir. I am the mother of one child, and that is a wanderer. For years I have not heard from him. Look at these hairs, they are untimely gray. I will soon go down to my grave. It is crushing me down to the grave." "Well," I said, "my good woman, don't you know that Jesus Christ knows where your child is, and don't you know that you can reach him this very hour by the way of the throne—that the spirit of God will search him out, and that boy may be convicted and converted and brought home in answer to prayer? Go tell it out to Christ. Go pour out your heart to Him. Tell Him all your sorrows." I told that lady of a case in Indiana.

A boy went from the southern part of Indiana to Chicago. He was a moral young man—and a great many parents are satisfied if their children are moral; but I tell you the temptations of city life are too much for any man who has not got Christ as a keeper. He will be swept away in the time of temptation. This young man had not been in Chicago a great many months when a neighbor came up to Chicago on business, and found that young man reeling through the streets drunk. When he went back he thought he ought to tell that father, but he knew it would about break his heart, and then he felt as though he could not do it. He kept it locked up in his heart for some time, but one day he thought if that boy was his, and was becoming a drunkard, he would want to know it. And so he took that father off to one side, one day, and told

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PASTOR'S STUDY, CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH.

Mr. Moody usually used this desk when preparing his sermons in Chicago. It was here some of his best efforts were evolved.

him what he had seen in Chicago. It was a terrible blow to the father. He went home that night, and after the children had been put to bed, and the wife was sitting by the table at work, and he said to her, "Wife, I have got some very bad news from Chicago to-day." The wife dropped her work and said, "Pray, tell me what it can be?" "Our boy was seen on the streets of Chicago by Neighbor So-and-So drunk." They did not sleep that night. They spent that night taking that burden away to Jesus Christ. They took that wandering boy in the arms of their faith to the Son of God, pleading that their boy might be saved, and that he might not go down to a drunkard's grave. About daybreak the mother said, "I don't know where, I don't know when, I don't know how my boy is to be saved; but God has given me faith to believe that my boy is to become a Christian." Her faith rested there. She carried that burden to the Son of God, and at the end of the week that boy came home, and the first thing he said as he crossed the threshold was, "Mother, I have come home to ask you to pray for me," and it was found that the very night the father and the mother were praying God to touch the heart of their boy, he had become converted.

O, mothers, pray for your boys; fathers, cry mightily to God for the children He has given you.

I wish I had time to take Him up as our shepherd, I would like to take Him up as our Redeemer, as our sanctification, as our justification, as our all in all. I could not tell you in one short hour what Christ is. It will take all eternity to tell you what Christ is. I want to stand here to-day to tell you that He is the best friend the sinner has got. He is

just the friend every man needs here. If you take Him to be your Savior, your way, your truth, your life, your shepherd, your burden-bearer, He will be true to you, and He will carry all your sins, and all your burdens, and all your sorrows.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FAITH.

SERMON.

TEXT.—Bring him unto Me. Mark ix. 19.

We find in this chapter that Christ had taken Peter, James and John, and had been up in the Mount of Transfiguration, and the first thing that met His eye as He came down from that holy mount was a great multitude gathered around His disciples and rejoicing—the enemies of Christ rejoicing over the defeat of the disciples; and when He made inquiry to find out what had caused the discussion, one of the multitude spoke up and said, "I have brought my son to Thy disciples that they might cast out an unclean spirit, and they could not do it." They had no faith.

Now it strikes me that that is the condition of the church in this country at the present time. We have not got power to cast out these devils. I believe men are possessed of devils now as much as they were in the days of Christ. I think this rum devil is about as great a devil as they had in the days of Christ. And you will find a good many possessed of the rum devil. And then this infidel devil is as bad as it was in the days of Christ. These unbelieving devils are possessing men, and what we want is power to cast them out; and what

we want, it seems to me, is to learn this lesson: that if we have failed it is not God's fault, but it is our own fault; and we want to just get by these obstacles and get right to the Master Himself.

Turn to Kings and you will find that in the days of Elisha he saw that Shunammite woman coming, and he says to his servant, "Go and ask her if it is well with the child and well with the husband." And she said it was well. Elisha could not understand it. But she came and threw herself right at his feet, and it was revealed unto Elisha what the trouble was. The child was dead; but that woman had faith and believed that he should rise again. There is faith for you! So he said to his servant, "Take thy staff, and go and lay it upon the child." And they tried to send the woman away; but she said, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee!" She had got beyond the staff and beyond the servant, and got right to the Master himself, and it was well that she did, because the old staff did not raise the dead child. It needed Elisha himself, and that woman was very wise. And what we want is to learn a lesson from the Shunammite woman; but if the disciples can't cast out those devils, what we want is to lift our eyes higher up; to lift our eyes to the One sitting upon the throne, who is unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Christ has got power; and if the church will only have faith we will see signs and wonders in this city. The Lord is wonderful to save, my friends; He delights to save. But there is one thing that He wants among His people, and that is faith. Faith can do most anything with Jesus Christ. When He was down here faith could

lead Him around anywhere and could get him to do almost anything. And what we want in the church to-day is faith to believe that the Son of God has power to bless.

When these disciples failed, I can imagine they reasoned something like this, "Why, it is a pretty hard case." One of the disciples says, "I have asked him how long he had been troubled with this deaf and dumb spirit, and the father said he was born so, and it is pretty discouraging. If he could only hear us, why, then there would be some hope. If he could only speak and tell us how he feels, there would be some hope. He can't hear and he can't speak. It is a pretty hopeless case." But see what the Master said when He came down from that mount: "Bring him unto Me." And I tell you if the Master tells us to bring our friends and those whom we are anxious should be saved to Him, let us obey His command. Let us bring them in the arms of our faith and lay them right at His feet. But there is one thing I want to call your attention to. That father got the "if" in the wrong place. He says, Lord, *if* Thou canst do anything, and the Lord just corrected him and put the "if" in the right place. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible;" you don't want to put any ifs in if you are going to bring souls to Christ. Don't put in "if Thou canst do anything." The leper we read about in the fifth chapter of Luke got the "if" in the right place. He says, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." That pleased the Master. He said, "I will; be thou clean." With a word he cleansed him. But this father got the "if" in the wrong place—"If Thou canst help us, we want

help." See how quick he could help him when he brought him to the Master. As he came the devil tripped him up on the way, as he has done a great many times since. When a man sets his face to come to Christ, the devil trips him up—throws him down. But bear in mind, devils, and disease and death are to obey the voice of the Son of God. He spoke and that unclean spirit came out of him; and not only that, He told him to come back no more. I tell you, if the Lord sent him away he will never come back. Some people are afraid if men are converted they won't hold out. But when the Lord casts out those devils, and gives them instructions never to come back, they will hold out. What the Lord does, holds through eternity itself. What man does is very short and transitory, but when God works He works thoroughly. He gave to that devil instructions never to come back again, and he had to obey. There was one thing that the devils had to do when Christ was here—and He is here now in Spirit—and that was, they had to obey Him.

You turn to the 5th chapter of Mark, and you will find there the Son of God had power over devils, over disease and death. In the fifth chapter of Mark you will find three incurable diseases. If they had them now-a-days, they would have them in some incurable hospital. There are hospitals now being erected in some parts of this country, and there are a good many in Europe, for the incurable.

But there were no incurables when Christ was here. He was a match for every case they brought to Him. Here, in this fifth chapter of Mark, we read of a man who was possessed of devils; he had legions of them. No man could bind him. No man

could tame him; for they had often bound him with fetters and chains, but the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces. They had clothed him, but he would tear the clothes from him, and they could not keep a rag on his back; there he was—a maniac. But when Christ met him, with a word He cast out those unclean spirits; with a word He restored him back to his family. He said to him: "Go home and tell your friends what great things the Lord has done for you." And he went back and began to publish the great things the Lord had done for him, and all men marveled. I tell you there will be some marveling in this city when God begins to work. That is what makes men marvel. What we want is to pray God Almighty to come and work in this city, and cast out these unclean spirits. And we read a little further in the fifth chapter of Mark, of a woman who had an issue of blood for twelve years. She had suffered many things of many physicians; grew worse all the while. When men are running to earthly physicians they grow worse all the time. When men are trying to patch up their old Adam-nature—trying to make themselves better, they are growing worse all the time. When men are trying to save themselves and work out their own salvation without the help of God—trying to work out this great question, they are all the time making themselves worse. Why, this woman tried many physicians. Perhaps she had been down to Damascus and tried the leading physicians there, or had been up to Jerusalem and tried the leading physicians there, and if they had the physicians of the old school and new school, she tried both schools, but

kept getting worse. If they had patent medicines she would be trying every kind of patent medicine; but they did not help her—all the while growing worse. But one day Jesus happened to be coming in that part of the country. I can see her getting down her garments, and the children trying to persuade her not to go: "Mother, we hope you are not going to run after that physician. You have tried so many, and we hope you are not going to waste your strength by running after that physician." I can see her put on her garments. I don't know what they wore in those days, but if she had a shawl, it was an old shawl. The doctors had got all her money in the twelve years. She got down her old faded bonnet and away she went. She is in the crowd, elbowing her way, pushing her way toward the great prophet. When she gets near enough to touch Him, able bodied men push her back, saying to her, "Don't you know there are other people here who want to get near Him as well as yourself." She did not care what they said. She wished that she might get near enough to touch Him. There was faith for you. She had faith to believe that if she could just touch the hem of His garment, she would be made whole. I tell you when faith was near the Son of God He knew all about it. And again she elbows her way through that crowd, and pushes her way up to Him, and, when near enough, at last reaches out her thin, pale arm—nothing but skin and bone. You can see that hand, that bony finger; and at last she just touches the hem of His garment, and lo! in a minute, she is made well. Some one has said there was more medicine in His garments than in all the apothecary shops in Palestine.

The moment she touched his garment she was healed. That is faith. Some people say, "Oh, well, some men have become so debased, so debauced, are such drunkards, that it has become a disease with them." Suppose it has become a disease, God is able to heal. That woman had a disease for twelve years. But a touch and the work was done; and he turned and said, "Who touched Me?" and they said, "That is a queer question." Why, look at the crowd that has been thronging for hours. Look at the hands that touched Him. They could not tell the difference between the touch of the crowd and the touch of faith. Some of the people came and looked all around, just as some people have come here; they will be casting around and they will go out as empty as they came in. But there may be some one that is seeking a blessing, and he will say, "Oh, that I may touch Him to-night, that I may get the power; that I may be healed."

And I tell you if faith is here, He will be here. That is what He wanted to bring out before those people. He knew that faith had touched Him, and virtue had gone forth.

He knew who the woman was, but He wanted to get her confession. And she fell at His feet and told it all to Him; she had tried other physicians, but the moment she tried the true physician she was healed.

Then that other case in the third chapter of Mark. That was more hopeless than the other two, because the child was dead. There was no use sending for any physician; the child was too far gone. But the moment Christ got in that chamber and met

death face to face, death fled before Him. He had power to raise the dead.

And so there are some people here in Cleveland who will say, "There is no use talking to that person. He is dead to everything that is pure. He is dead to everything that is righteous and holy." But, my dear friends, our Savior is a quickener. And what we want is faith to believe that our Father and Master can raise these dead souls if we bring them unto Him.

Now, if you have got a son who has wandered far away, and you have become discouraged, and said that there is no use laboring for his salvation, my dear friend, bear in mind, it is very dishonoring to God. Instead of looking at these obstacles—looking at the human heart so hard and thinking it cannot be reached—let us lift our eyes to Him who sits upon the throne, and remember that just as He left the earth, He told us that all power is given to Him in heaven and on earth; and if He has got such mighty power, can't He save? Is there a man so far gone in all Cleveland that Christ cannot save him? Is there a woman so low, and so degraded, and so depraved that Jesus Christ cannot save her? Away with the doctrine! My dear friends, He can. He can save unto the uttermost. Let us hear the voice of the Master coming from the throne to-night. "Bring him unto Me." "Bring her unto Me." Let us take them in the arms of our faith to the Son of God, and have faith to believe that He has power to cast out, to heal, to cleanse, to make whole, and to raise even the dead to life.

Now, it seems to me, as He said that to that father, that we might justly apply this to parents. I will

venture to say that half of this audience here to-night are parents. Fathers and mothers, let me ask you a question. Are you not anxious for that child that God has given you, or for those children? May I not speak to some father here to-night who has got a wayward boy? Perhaps this hour while you are here in this gospel meeting, that boy is down yonder in some brothel, or some gambling den, or some drinking saloon. His feet are hastening on down to death and ruin. Don't you want that boy reached? Let us have faith to believe that God can save our children. I do not believe God wants our children lost. I believe that we can be co-workers with Him. It is a great privilege, and it is a great opportunity we have of a united effort—fathers and mothers coming together to bring their children to the Lord Jesus Christ. And I believe that if fathers and mothers, during the next thirty days make up their minds, God helping them, that they will bring about this one result, that they will bring salvation to their family, that they will ask the Lord Jesus Christ to come into their homes and save every member of their family, God will not disappoint them. And I believe that if we hear His voice to-night saying, bring him or bring her unto Me, and obey that command, and we bring our children to the Lord Jesus Christ, He will bless them.

I remember a few years ago hearing of a mother who was dying with consumption, that had seven children, and when the hour came for her to leave this earth, she asked the father to bring the children to her bedside, and the husband brought the children in one by one. The oldest one was brought in first, and the mother placed her hand upon its

head and gave that child a mother's dying blessing. Then the next one was brought in and she did the same, and gave it a message. At last a little infant was brought in, and she took her little child and hugged it and kissed it, and they saw that the excitement was becoming too great for her, and they took the little child away from her, and as they did it she looked up into her husband's face and says, "I charge you to bring all these children home with you." And so the Captain of your salvation and mine charges us to bring our children home with us. The promises are not only to us, but to our children; and what He wants is to have you and I have faith to believe that He is ready and willing to do it, and that He will honor our faith. We have got to work as well as have faith. We must first have faith. We must first have faith to believe that God will do it, and then we must work for their salvation; we must use every means in our power to bring them to a knowledge of Jesus Christ. Let us not only bring them to God and prayer around our family altars, and in our closets, and in these public meetings; but, my friends, let us talk with them; let us try in every way we can to bring them to the Son of God.

And then let me say another thing. Let us have faith to believe that they can come early to Christ. I believe that there is many a father and mother that is skeptical on this point. They have got the idea that their children ought to grow up to manhood and womanhood before they can be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ.

Many of them have got the idea that they must have the seed of death sown in their hearts; that they must have some of these tares sown in their

hearts before they can have the seed of the kingdom; that they have got to see some of the world, and they have got to be tempted and led, you might say, into bondage, into sin, before they can be saved. I believe that is one of the delusions of the evil one. I believe it is the privilege of every father and mother to bring their children to Christ so early that they cannot tell when they came. It is a privilege for us to take them in the earlier days of childhood, when they can just lisp the name of papa and mamma, and teach them to lisp the name of Jesus Christ, and teach them in their earlier childhood to love Him and to serve Him.

I remember, many years ago, I was urging this in the State of Michigan, an old man jumped up at the close of the meeting and said, "I want to indorse all that young man has said. Sixteen years ago I was in a heathen country. My wife died and left me with three little children. The first Sabbath after her death, my oldest little girl—Nellie, ten years old—came to me and says: 'Papa, can I take the children into the bed-room and pray for them as mother used to do on the Sabbath?'" Let me say to you my friends, there is the power of example. If I should be called away and leave my children in this cold, unfriendly world at an early age, I would rather have them come to my grave and be able to say I was more anxious for their eternal welfare than for their earthly prosperity. Well, this old man said, when the children came out from the chamber where they had been praying, he noticed that they all had been weeping, and he called to his little girl and said, "Nellie, what have you been weeping about?" "Why," she says "we could not

help but weep. I made the prayer that mother taught me to make, and (naming her little brother) he made the prayer mother taught him; but little Susie didn't use to pray. Mother thought she was too little to pray, and when we prayed, little Susie made a prayer and we could not help but weep." "What did she say?" "She put her little hands together and says, 'Oh, God you have come and taken away my dear mamma. I have no mamma to pray for me. Won't you please make me just as good as my mamma was for Jesus' sake. Amen.' " That child before she was four years old gave evidence of being a child of God. Fathers, do you suppose your children can come that early?

Mothers, have you got faith to believe that you can bring your children that early to the Son of God? He will say to-night, as He did when on earth, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And in this month, which I hope will be a harvest time, let us bring our children to the Son of God. Let us labor for their salvation. Father, mother, hear the voice of the Son of God to-night saying, "Bring them unto Me." He will not cast them out. He will bless them.

And let me say to you, Sabbath-school teachers, this a grand time for you to work. I never have known a Sunday-school teacher in these special efforts which we have made in cities, who has laid herself or himself out to bring his class to Christ—I have scarcely ever known it to fail. This is a grand opportunity now for you to go and bring the children in your classes to Him. Perhaps you will say they are too young to be converted. They are wild,

it may be. They are thoughtless. They are careless. They are indifferent. O, let us not be looking at them, but let us look above and remember that the power is yonder, and Christ is the power. You cannot tell what may be the result of bringing your Sunday-school class to the Lord Jesus Christ.

I remember being in a place a few years ago, and I was the guest of a friend, and in his house there was a young lady that had a Sunday-school class in the afternoon, and I happened to have a meeting the first afternoon I was there, and I noticed that teacher in my meeting, and when I got home I said, "How was it you were at the meeting this afternoon; I thought you had a Sunday-school class?" "Well, so I have, Mr. Moody, but," she says, "I only have five little boys, and as I thought it would not do much harm I left them to-day." Whenever you hear a Sunday-school teacher talking that way you may believe that he does not understand the worth of a soul. Five little boys! Why, dear teacher, do you know that in that class there may be a Luther? In that little tow-headed German boy there may slumber a reformation. There may come power upon him that he may go out and be a blessing to the world. You can't tell when you call a little boy to Christ what he may become. He may be a Whitefield, or a Wesley, or a Knox, or a Bunyan. Eternity alone can tell what is to be done when we bring a soul to Christ.

Now, Sabbath-school teachers, this is a golden opportunity. Let us work together; let us pray together, and not rest at night until we see those we are responsible for brought to Christ. Let us

labor to bring them to the Lord Jesus Christ, and if we labor faithfully, He will not disappoint us.

I remember the inspiration that I got for this work the very first soul that I led to Christ. I can remember what a new life was awakened in me, and I trust I have not been the same man from that day to this, and I hope there will be a great many workers in this city of Cleveland that will be roused to go out and work for souls. It is the highest privilege on earth. There is nothing like it to be a worker with God; to be instrumental in bringing souls to Christ.

I want to tell you just a little incident that roused me. I was a nominal Christian for a number of years; but, my friends, I would rather die than go back to that kind of life—having a name to live, and no power, no life, and not able to say there is one who has been led to Christ by my influence—to be a professed disciple of Jesus Christ, and not be able to say there is one solitary soul that has been led to Christ by my influence. How does that professed Christian live on year after year, when he had such a glorious privilege to work for Christ and win souls for Him? And I believe to-day what we want is to get the laity aroused. What we want is to get the pulpit and the pew united, until Christianity becomes a living power on the face of the earth. I do not fear your infidelity. I do not fear your false isms cropping upon the earth half as much as I do these cold formalisms coming into the church of God. Let me tell you what awakened me. I had a large Sunday-school in Chicago, and I was satisfied with having large numbers interested. We were sowing seed, and I said it was going to spring up sometime,

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THE COLPORTAGE COTTAGE, CHICAGO

From this little building is sent out annually to all parts of the world, millions of tracts and tons of Bible literature.

but I did not know when. There are a great many people who are all the time sowing seed. What would you say of a farmer that was always sowing seed and never harvested? You want to sow with one hand and reap with the other, and if we look for an immediate harvest we shall have it.

I was just in that condition. I was sowing and sowing. I had a hall over a meat market, and over in a corner I had a class of wild, thoughtless, frivolous young misses. I had more trouble with that class than with all the other classes of the school; but I had, I thought, the best teacher in the school in that class. He was there every Sunday, and held their attention pretty well. But one Sunday he was absent, and before I could get around to his house to find out what was the matter, he came down to my store. He was pale. He took a seat upon a box, and he said, "I have been bleeding again at my lungs, and have got to give up business. The doctor tells me I can't live much longer, and I have closed up my business, and am going home to my mother in the East to die." Then he began to weep. "Well," I says to him, "you are not afraid to die?" "No," he says; "Mr. Moody that does not trouble me, but my Sunday-school class; I will meet them on the day of judgment; not one of them is converted. If I had been faithful, some of them might have been saved; but now I am called away from them. I never shall meet them again in this world. What will I say when I meet the Judge?" The poor man's heart was broken. I said: "Suppose we go and see them." He said when he had strength he did not go, and now he had lost his strength and could not go. I said, "I will take you

in a carriage." I took that man out in a carriage; we went from house to house. He was so weak he reeled on the sidewalk. When he got in the house, he would say to Margaret, to Mary or to Jane, calling them by their first name, "I have come to talk to you about coming to Christ;" and then would plead with them as a dying man. When his strength gave way I took him home, and the next day we started out again, and at the end of ten days the last one was converted. We had a meeting at his house, and it was at that meeting that I caught a new inspiration. It was at that meeting that God gave me to see the worth of a soul. I do not know that I ever spent such a night before that time. The whole class was gathered into the fold. That teacher got down on his knees and prayed that the Lord might give His angels charge over them. When we got through, one of the young converts began to pray, and another and another prayed for their teacher—that they might be kept faithful, and that the Lord might be with him in his sickness; and we bid him good-bye, after singing "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in christian love." It was a joyful meeting with all its sadness. The next night he was to leave our city about sundown. I went to the station to bid him good-bye, and without speaking to anybody about it or expecting it, I found at the depot before the train started the whole class was there. Standing on the platform, the class gathered around him. It was the most beautiful sight ever I saw. They sang, "We meet to part again, but when we meet on Canaan's shore there will be no parting." And as the train started, with his pale finger he pointed to heaven, until the

wheels rolled him out of the city; but, my friends, his influence lives in Chicago to-day. Let us work and bring our children to Christ and our influence will be felt hundreds of years hence. What we do for God is forever. It is eternal and everlasting. So let us be up and about our Master's work. Let us hunt up and bring some soul to Christ. Now, my friends, do you believe that you can be instrumental in God's hands in leading one soul to Christ during the next thirty days? I do not believe there is a man or woman in this house but may be instrumental in leading some one soul to Christ if he tries. Hear the voice of the Master to-night—"Bring him unto Me." Let us pray.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REPENTANCE.

But now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.—Acts xvii, 30.

You will find my text to-night in the 17th chapter of Acts, a part of the 30th verse: "Commandeth all men everywhere to repent." That must take all in. It is another command. Then in the next verse he tells us why: "Because he hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised him from the dead."

The day is appointed. We do not know anything about the calendar of heaven. God has kept that appointment in His own mind. We do not know just the day, but the day is appointed, the time is fixed, and God is going to judge this world. So He sends out a proclamation and commands all men now everywhere to repent. And if you do not want to be brought into judgment and be judged, you had better repent; turn to God, and let Jesus Christ be judged for you, and escape the judgment. It is a great thing to get rid of the judgment. "There is no condemnation to him that is in Christ Jesus." That is, there is no judgment. Judgment is already past to the believer—to the man that has repented

of his sins and confessed them, and turned away from them, and God has put them away. They never again shall be mentioned. We read in Ezekiel that not one of our sins have been mentioned; that they have been forgiven; therefore God calls upon all men everywhere now—not some future time—but now, right here to-night, to repent.

As we look at the beginning of the gospel of this dispensation, you will find that John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, that his voice just rung through the wilderness of Judea, and that he had but one text; you might say his text was one word, "Repent, repent, repent." That was his cry. He kept it up until he met Christ at the Jordan, and then he changed the text, and he had but one text after that: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

He first called to repentance, but when Jesus Christ commenced His ministry, he took up that wilderness cry and echoed it again over the plains of Palestine—"Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." When He sent out the twelve, He told them to go into every town and make this proclamation: "That the kingdom of God was coming nigh, and men must repent. If they wanted to get in His kingdom, they must enter through that door of repentance." When He sent out the seventy, two by two, He gave them instructions that they should just say, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Then we find, after Christ had ascended again into glory, Peter took up that cry on the day of Pentecost, and as he preached through Jerusalem to sin-

ners that they must repent, the Holy Ghost came down and testified to what Peter was saying.

Now, we find in this text Paul is here in Athens raising that wilderness cry again, and commands men now and everywhere to repent. There is no such thing as a man getting to heaven until he repents. You may preach Christ and offer Christ, but man has got to turn away from sin first, as we tried to show you last night. "Let the wicked forsake his way, the unrighteous man his thoughts, and turn unto the Lord." Repentance is turning.

Before I commence to preach about repentance, I want to tell you what it is not. The fact is, I believe this great truth that has been talked so much in the church that every school-boy ought to be acquainted with it, is the very thing we are in darkness about.

It seems to me as if Satan has thrown dust in the eyes of the people; that the god of this world has blinded us to these things. I find a great many people have a false idea of what repentance is.

Now, repentance is not fear. Mark that. I may stand here to-night, and I may perhaps picture to you the judgment, and I might alarm some people here, and you may get scared and it would look as if it was true work, but it would pass away like a morning cloud. I might hold a revolver to your head and say, "Repent, or I will blow your brains out," and you would say, "I will repent, I will repent," but when the revolver was taken away, you would forget all about it. That is taking place all the while. Some people think they have got to be wrought up. Something has to be said to alarm them. You go out to sea, or out here on Lake Erie,

and let a storm come up; fifteen minutes before the storm the sailors, and perhaps the captain, are cursing and blaspheming. A storm comes up and they go to praying. You would think they were saints. The storm passes away, and they are out of danger and they are swearing again. That is fear. That is not repentance. It seemed as if the king of Egypt was really coming to the Lord, to hear him talk when he heard the thunderings, and judgments of God upon him. The king was alarmed. It looked as if he was coming to the Lord, but he was only scared. The moment those judgments were off he forgot all about it. That was not repentance at all. A man may be scared and not repent. A man may be alarmed and not repent. Many men, when death comes and takes a look at them, begin to be alarmed. They get well and forget all about it.

Repentance is not feeling. Mark that! There are hundreds and thousands of people in Cleveland who just have their arms folded and they are waiting for some queer kind of feeling. They think repentance is a certain kind of feeling; that they have to feel very bad, very sorrowful—got to weep a good deal, and then they will be in a condition to come to God. Repentance is not feeling. A man may feel very bad and not really repent. I venture to say if you go down to Columbus to the state penitentiary you cannot find a man in there that does not feel sorry he got caught, awful sorry—shed a great many tears in court on his trial. The trouble is they are sorry they got caught. That is all. They feel very bad they got caught. But there is no true repentance; no turning to God. Feeling is

not repentance. Last winter I preached seven months to the convicts in the Maryland penitentiary. I found men just the same under lock and key that they are out. There were a great many there in that prison who had passed through their trial, been sentenced ten years or five years to the penitentiary, that had no signs of repentance there at all. They were very sorry they got caught. They would like to get out very well, and perhaps they would do the same thing right over when they got out. That is not repentance at all.

A man may be dishonest in some business transaction, and bring ruin upon himself and his family; he may weep bitter tears for weeks and for months, and yet not repent. But he is very sorry he got caught. These defaulters are all sorry they got caught. I do not know how many of them truly repent. If they truly repent, God forgives them whether man does or not. They may shed a great many tears and not repent.

I tell you we have got to wake up to the fact that repentance is not feeling. It is something higher, deeper, broader than just mere sentiment or feeling. A man may weep, and brush away the tears and forget all about it.

And then repentance is not remorse. Judas had remorse. He did not repent towards God. He was filled with remorse and despair, and went out and hung himself. That was not repentance. There is a difference between remorse and repentance.

Then repentance is not penance. Some people think they have got to put that in the place of repentance. They think if they just do penance they are all right. Suppose I go down to Lake Erie

and stand all night up to my neck in the water till daylight, is that repentance? Will I be more acceptable to God to-morrow night because I have been down there in the lake all night and stood in the water up to my neck? That is not repentance.

Conviction is not repentance. A man may be convicted that he is wrong and not repent. I may remain for years under conviction and not repent.

Repentance is not praying. A great many people think they are going to settle this question by going off to pray and asking God to forgive them, and they go right on living the same way they have been living.

Repentance is not forming a few good resolutions. It is not resolving that we will be better and do better in the future and just go right on.

Repentance is not breaking off from some sin. That is not repentance. Suppose a vessel has sprung a leak. There are three holes in it. You stop up two of them and leave one of them open. Down goes the vessel. That is enough to sink it. And so some men say, "Well, I will break off part of my sins." Suppose you are guilty of a hundred and break off ninety-nine of them and leave one, and go on committing that one. That one is enough, my friends.

If God drove Adam out of Eden on account of one sin, do you think He will let you into the Paradise above with one sin upon you? If God would not let Adam stay in Eden—that earthly paradise—with one sin upon him, do you think He is going to allow sinners into that heavenly Paradise above with one sin upon them? So, it is not just breaking off part

of our sins and leaving part of them, but it is leaving the whole of them.

Perhaps you say: "Then what is repentance? If it is not fear, if it is not feeling, if it is not prayer, and if it is not forming a few good resolutions and doing penance, what is it?"

Listen, my friends. Repentance is turning right about—in other words, as a soldier would call it, "right about face." As some one has said, man is born with his back towards God. When he truly repents he turns right around and faces God. Repentance is a change of mind. Repentance is an after-thought.

Now, I might feel sorry that I had done a thing, and go right on and do it over again. You see repentance is deeper than feeling. It is action. It is turning right about. And God commands all men everywhere to turn.

Let me read to you here a verse or two from the twenty-first chapter of the gospel according to Matthew: "What think ye?" These are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ. "What think ye? A certain man had two sons; and he said to them: 'Go work in my vineyard.' One of them said, 'I will not go.' The other said, 'I will go, sir,' " and went not. But the man that said he would not go repented and changed his mind—an after-thought, you see—and turned and went and did it. "Now," says Christ, "which of the two sons did his father's will?" "Well, the man that repented." And Christ just held that right up to the people. That is what the Lord wants—to have a man turn right about—not try to justify himself in his sin, but acknowledge his sin, confess his sin, and turn from

it; and the moment a man is willing to do that, that moment God is ready and willing to receive him.

Now, I think I can use an illustration that you can get hold of. Suppose I want to go to Chicago to-night. I go down to the depot. I do not know much about the trains in Cleveland. I see a man there whom I take to be connected with the depot, and I ask him, "Is this train going right to Chicago?" "Yes." I take my bag and jump right aboard that train. I get comfortably seated and my friend, Mr. Doan, comes down and he says: "Mr. Moody, where are you going?" And I say, "Going to Chicago." "Well, you are on the wrong train. That train is going off to New York." "I think you are wrong, Mr. Doan; I just asked a man who is a railroad man, and he told me this train was going to Chicago." "Well, sir, I tell you you are wrong. That train is not going to Chicago at all; it is going to take you right in an opposite direction. That train is going off to New York, and if you want to go to Chicago, you must get out of that train and get aboard another." I do not believe him at first. "Well," he says, "but I have been here in Cleveland for twenty-five years. I know all about these trains. I go to Chicago and New York a dozen times a year. I am constantly taking these trains. I am having friends nearly every week that take these trains, and I come down here, and I tell you that I am right and you are wrong, sir. You are on the wrong train." At last, Mr. Doan convinces me that I am on the wrong train. That is conviction. But, if I do not change trains, I will go to New York in spite of my conviction. That is not repentance. I will tell you what is repentance; grabbing

my bag and running and getting on the other train. That is repentance.

Now, you are on the wrong train, my friends, and what you want is to change trains to-night. You are on the wrong side of this question. You are for the god of this world, and the world claims your influence. God commands all men now everywhere to repent. Change trains! Make haste! There is no time for delay! It is a call that comes from the throne of God for every man, woman and child in this audience. Repent! If you die without repentance, whose fault is it? God has called you; God has commanded you, and if you will not obey that command, if you will not repent, and you die in your sins, no one is to blame but yourself, mark that! No one is to blame but yourself, for God has commanded you.

Now, the question is, what will you do with this command? Will you repent? Will you this very night, and this very hour, change trains?

I will give you another illustration. There is going to be an election in this State to-morrow. Suppose you belong to a party up till to-night and you thought you were right; but to-night you become convinced that the party you are in is wrong. You become thoroughly convinced that if the party succeeds it is ruin to your state government. You are a patriotic man and you love the government.

Now, some men say, "Can a man repent all at once?" I say he can. A man may come in here to-night a strong democrat, or he may come in here a strong republican, and he may change inside of twenty-four hours. You know that, don't you? If you belonged to a party and you were thoroughly

convinced to-night that you were in the wrong party, do you tell me you could not change to-night and join the other party and go out to the polls and go to work to-morrow and be on the other side of the question? You can do it if you will.

Now, my friends, we will not bring up this question of parties. I have nothing to do with that, I only use it as an illustration. There is one thing I do know; you are on the wrong side of this question. If you are away from God, and if you are fighting against the God of heaven, you had better change trains at once, hadn't you? Do it to-night. Make up your mind to-night that you will cast your lot with God's people—that you will just change trains.

Look at that train the other night on the Michigan Central road near Jackson. Do you tell me a man cannot repent all at once? Do you tell me that the engineer of that train could not have whistled down brakes and turned that train back if he had had three minutes? He could if he had had time. He didn't have enough time. Look at that steamer on the ocean. It is bearing down upon an iceberg. It is going at the rate of twelve knots an hour in a fog; they cannot see a rod ahead. All at once they reverse the steam. In a minute more they would have gone on the iceberg, and all on that vessel would have gone down. There was a minute when they could have reversed the steam, and they just seized the opportunity and saved all on board.

And so there is a moment, my friends, that you can repent and turn to God, and there is such a thing as being a minute too late. Look at that White Star Line steamer when five hundred were

lost off the coast of Newfoundland. There was a minute that they just crossed the line, as it were. It was too late.

So you may neglect your soul's salvation, and you may neglect to repent one day too long, and it will be too late. God commands you to do it now. He says "Except a man repent, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Except ye repent." We have got to enter through the door of repentance into the kingdom of God. There is no other way. The highest and the lowest, the richest and the poorest, have all got to go in in the same way—on their hands and knees.

I had a friend during the Chicago fire who got into one of those lanes there, and he became so stifled with smoke that he lay down to die. But as he lay on the ground, he got beneath the smoke and crawled out on his hands and knees. And I tell you when a man gets on his knees and says, "God be merciful to me a sinner," God will forgive him and bless him. And so, if there is a person to-night in this house that wants to be saved just now while I am talking, say, "God helping me, this night I turn my face toward heaven;" and if need be, God will send legions of angels to help you fight your way up to heaven.

Some men say they are afraid they will not hold out. But God says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." "As thy faith, so shall thy strength be." God is not a hard master. "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." When men make deep and thorough work, and are willing to forsake all sin and turn to God with all their hearts, God helps

them; then there is no trouble. God is not a hard master.

Now, it is left to you, as I said last night. You can turn if you will. The will comes in again. I read some time ago an account of some wealthy man who had an only son, who was a wild, reckless boy; but, although he was a wild, reckless boy, his father loved him. When the father was dying, he had his will made out, and he willed that boy all his property on one condition, and that was that that boy should repent of his sins. If the boy turned away from his evil associates, and his past life, and became a sober and an upright man, he should have all his estate. All he had got to do was to enter into it. The father put it in the hands of trustees on these conditions, and all that boy had to do was to turn from his past life, and his evil associates, and enter into it. He loved his sins so he would not do it, and he died in his sins. I do not know as I could have a better illustration than that. We have got an inheritance, incorruptible, kept in reserve for us, and the moment a man is willing to turn from his sins he can enter into that inheritance. God keeps it in store for all that want it. But do not think for a moment that you are going to enter into that inheritance—into those mansions Christ has gone to prepare, with sin upon you. It is utterly out of the question. In your sins it is impossible for you to enter into that inheritance. "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." We cannot get into the kingdom of God without repentance, without turning from sin, without laying hold of His righteousness and giving up our own.

So the question comes for us to settle, and it is a

question we can settle if we will. We need not wait for this kind of feeling or that kind. It is to obey. Do you think God would command us to do something we could not do, and then punish us eternally for not doing it? Do you think God would command all men now everywhere to repent, and not give them power to do it? Do you believe it? Away with such a doctrine as that! He would be an unjust God if He commanded me to do something I could not do, and then punished me for not doing it.

Suppose I should command my boy to leap a mile at one leap, and if he did not do it that I would flog him, and then because he didn't do it I flogged him, what would you people in Cleveland say? You would not allow me to preach. You would say I was an unjust man. There is one thing, we must do as we preach about the love of God and mercy of God; we have also to stand up for His justice. He is a God of justice. God is not an unjust God. He does not command us to do anything we cannot do, and then punish us for not doing it. With the command comes the power to obey. He said to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch out thine hand." The man might have said, "Well, Lord, I have been trying to stretch out that hand for thirty years, but I could not do it." But with the command came the power. He said, "Stretch out thine hand," and out came the old withered arm, and was made whole before it got out straight from his body; and so men are blessed in the very act of obedience. Not for just feeling or sentiment. What God wants is to have us obey. What is it to obey? It is to repent and bring forth fruit meet for

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repentance. What does that mean? If you cheat a man out of five dollars, don't keep that five dollars. Give it back. If you are going to repent and turn to God, out with it! It don't belong to you. If some young man cheats his wash-woman by not paying his wash-bill, or goes off without paying his boarding mistress, don't think you can repent and turn to God without paying up every dollar, and bringing forth fruit meet for repentance.

In John Wesley's day, there was a hard case that came in among the Wesleys. He was one of the wildest men in Wales. He had been a drinking man for years. He used to take great pleasure in defrauding men. He would drink and not pay for his drinks. He would gamble, and not pay what he had lost. He owed debts to nearly everybody. But he was converted, and soon after he was converted he had a little legacy left him, and he bought a horse and saddle and he started, and went from town to town and hunted up his old creditors and paid them dollar for dollar. Then he would preach in those towns, and tell them what great things God had done for him. But he hadn't enough money to go around and he sold the horse and saddle, and he paid up the very last dime. It is to pay the last dime—that is repentance. We want a revival of righteousness here in the West. If we want anything we want right living. We want a revival of honesty. When the Bible says, "Bring forth fruit meet for repentance," it means to make restitution. If you ruin a man, do what you can to help that poor fellow. If you have helped to pull any down, do all you can to help him up. If it takes the last

dollar you have got, you must pay it, where you have taken from men dishonestly.

When Mr. Sankey and I were in a town or city some time ago a man came to the inquiry room, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. He was greatly excited and says, "Sir, I don't want to talk with you before these people. Can't we get off alone?" I took him off alone and he says, "The trouble with me is I am a defaulter." "Well," I said, "can you make restitution?" "No, sir; not for the whole amount." "How much is it?" "Fifteen hundred dollars." "How much can you pay back?" "About nine hundred dollars. But," says he, "if I pay that back, I will not have anything to support my wife and children." I says, "Well, it don't belong to you, anyhow. You don't want it. No man can prosper with stolen money." Says he, "I want your advice; I have a chance to go into business, and if I do not give back that money and go into business, I think I can soon make up the $1,500 and pay it back." I said, "No, that is the devil's work. Don't take that stolen money and go into business. You will not prosper. God will turn your way upside down. He will hedge it up. 'He will turn the way of the wicked upside down.' What you want is to go to the root of the matter. Do right and God will bless you; but you can't ask God's blessing with stolen money." I believe that is the reason so many do not flourish—they can't ask God's blessing upon their business on account of some dishonest act; they have lied in selling goods or something else. Says he, "I will disgrace my wife and children if I come out and confess." I said, "Not necessarily. You can do it through a

third party. Not only that, but I think those men you defrauded would forgive you if they saw true signs of repentance." He said the terms were too hard. I said when he went off, "The spirit of God has hold of you. You will not sleep any. You will not have rest until you pay back that money. It will not only burn in your pocket, but burn in your soul." He went off, and the next day he came back again, and he says, "Is there no other way?" Says I, "There is no other way. You don't want any other way. The right way is always the best way." Still he wanted to take some other way. Says I, "Do right, and let the consequences be what they will." He says, "I am afraid if I go back to those men they will just put me in prison." I says, "You had better go into prison with a clear conscience than be out with a guilty one. You won't have any peace with a guilty conscience. I have never heard of a man being put in prison that wanted to do right. Now, let me get those two men together and talk with them—see how they feel."

He slunk from that; he said he could not do it. I said, "You can if you will." Finally, he consented, and we sent for the two men and got them in a room alone. He brought to me a great, long envelope, with $980.40—took the last penny out of his wife's pocket-book. "It is all there, is it?" says I. "Every cent; it is all there." Those two men were sitting there in the room, and I took out the money and laid it down and told them the story, and great tears trickled down their cheeks. They said they would like to forgive him, and I went down and brought him up. It was one of the sweetest sights of my life. Those two men got down and prayed

with that man. The question was settled. Then friends gathered around him and helped him. He is now a successful business man. God forgave him and his employers forgave him. He brought forth fruit meet for repentance.

I believe the reason we do not have better work in this country is because there is so much sham. We do not go down to the bottom of things. O, may God give us a revival of honesty! Downright, upright honesty! That is what we want—right living! If it costs the right eye, out with it! That is what repentance means. It is not just mere sentiment—going to meeting and singing and praying and having a good time, not squaring our life according to Scripture. God is going to draw the plummet line by and by, and He will have it right. We may deceive our friends and deceive one another, but let us keep in mind we cannot deceive God. If we attempt to cover up some sin, some dishonest act, and come to God with our prayers, He will not accept them. They will not go higher than our heads.

Some people say they cannot get an answer to their prayers. If they would get down to the bottom of things, they would find out the reason. They would find that there was something not correct in their lives. They have not made the work deep and thorough. Let us pray for one thing in Cleveland, let me ask the Christians in this house to-night to pray for one thing, and that is that the Holy Ghost may convict us all of sin. Let it begin in the pulpit. If there is any one thing that I want more than anything else it is that God may show me everything in my life that is contrary to His will, and that He

will give me grace enough to turn from it. I would rather do it—I would rather live so that God should be pleased with me than to have the applause of the world. I would rather live so that God could say, "Well done, good and faithful servant," than just to accumulate a little wealth down here and have the applause of men for a few short years, and then know that I had not pleased Him. When will we wake up to the fact that it is more important to live to please God than man?

And then how sweet our life will be, how pure our conscience will be, if God has forgiven everything, if we have brought everything to light, and turned from our sins, and the work has been deep and thorough!

But one thought more before I close, and that is, what produces repentance? Paul says in the second chapter of Romans, and the fourth verse: "Or despisest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance and long suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?"

O, that the Lord may open our eyes to-night and show us how good He has been to us all these years!

Now, the world has a false idea of God. I will venture to say there is not an unsaved man or woman in this audience to-night, but has a false idea of God, and the reason you cannot repent is because you do not turn from that false idea. You have got an idea that God hates you—is an enemy. That is as false as any lie that ever came out of the pit of hell. There is not any truth in it. God loves the sinner. He so loved the world, He gave His only begotten Son to save sinners. Christ died for the

ungodly, not the godly; for the sinner, not for the righteous. I want to say to every poor lost soul in this audience to-night: God loves you with an everlasting love, although you may have hated Him, and trampled his laws under your feet. He loves you still. May the love of God to-night lead you to repentance.

There is a story in English history of King Henry and his rebellious son, who rose up in arms against his father. The king was at last obliged to take his army and pursue that rebellious son. He drove him into a walled city in France, and while the poor fellow was in that city the father was besieging it for weeks and months. But the son fell sick, and while he was sick he began to think of the goodness and kindness of that father. At last it broke his heart, and he sent a messenger to his father to tell him that he repented of his past life in rebellion and asked his father to forgive him. But the old sire refused. He did not believe he was sincere. When the messenger brought back that message that his father would not forgive him, he requested them to take him out of his bed and lay him in sack-cloth and ashes and in that condition he would die. When they told his father of it and he went to look at that boy and saw him in sack-cloth and ashes, he fell on his face and cried as David did, "O, my son, would God I had died for thee."

That father made a mistake. He did not know that boy's heart. But God never makes any mistake. O, sinner, if you ask Him to-night for pardon, He will pardon you. If you want the love of God shed abroad in your heart turn away from sin and see how quick He will receive you and how quick He will bless you.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EXCUSED.

I pray thee have me excused. Luke xvi. 19.

These three men that we read about to-night were not invited to hear some dry stupid sermon or lecture, but they were invited to a feast. The gospel in this parable is represented as a feast, and there was an invitation extended to these three men to come to the feast. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." It does not say that they *had* an excuse, but they *made* excuse—manufactured one for the occasion.

Now excuses are as old as man. The first excuse that we hear of was in Eden. The first thing we hear after the fall of man, was man making excuse. Instead of Adam confessing his guilt like a man, he began to excuse himself—justify himself. That is what every man is trying to do—justify himself in his sins. Adam said, "It is this woman that thou gavest me." He hid behind her—mean, cowardly act. And it really was charging it back on God. "It is the woman that thou gavest me." Blaming God for his sin. From the time that Adam fell from the summit of Eden to the present time, man has been guilty of that sin, charging it back on God, as if God was responsible for his sin and God was guilty.

Now, I venture to say that if I should go down among the congregation here to-night, every man that has not accepted this invitation would be ready with an excuse. You have all got excuses. You would have one right on the end of your tongue. You would be ready to meet me the moment I got to you. If I met that excuse, then you would get another and you would hide behind that. Then, if I drove you out from behind that, you would get another. And so you would go on, hiding behind some excuse—making some excuse; and if you should be cornered up and could not think of one, Satan would be there to help you make one. That has been his business for the past six thousand years. He is very good to help man make excuses, and undoubtedly he helped these three men we read of here to-night. No sooner do we begin to preach the gospel of the Son of God than men begin to manufacture excuses. They begin to hunt around to see if they cannot find some reason to give for not accepting the invitation. Excuses are the cradle, in other words, that Satan rocks men off to sleep in. He gets them into that cradle of excuses that they may ease their consciences.

But let me say to you, my friends, there is no man or woman in this assembly to-night that can give an excuse that will stand the light of eternity. All these excuses that men are making are nothing but refuges of lies after all. We read in the prophecy of Isaiah that God shall sweep away these refuges of lies. When a man stands before God he will not be making excuses. His excuses will all be gone then, and he will be speechless.

We read of that man that got into the feast with-

out a wedding garment, and when the Lord of the feast came in he saw the man there. That man perhaps thought he could get in with the crowd. Some people say, "O, I will go with the crowd." He thought he could get in with the crowd, and he would not be noticed. But that eye was keen to detect one that had not on the wedding garment. Do not think for a moment that God's eye is not upon you? He knows how all these excuses are made. You cannot hide any thing from Him. You may make excuses and put on a sort of garment, and think you are justifying yourself in living away from God and not accepting this invitation; but really it is nothing that will stand the light of eternity. Things look altogether different when you stand before Him.

Did you ever stop to think what would take place in a city like Cleveland if God should take every man and woman that wants to be excused at their word, and should say, "I will excuse you." God took those three men that we read of at their word. He said, "Not one of them that were bidden shall taste of my supper." They spurned the invitation; they turned their backs upon it; and then God withdrew the invitation. "Not one of them that were bidden shall taste of my supper." Suppose that that should take place in Cleveland, and then by a stroke of Providence he should sweep every man and woman in Cleveland that wants to be excused from this feast into eternity. Suppose that every man and woman that wanted to be excused from this feast should die inside of twenty-four hours. I think there would be plenty of room in this tabernacle to-morrow night for all that want to

come. There would be a good many of your stores closed to-morrow. There would be no one to open them. Merchants, employes, clerks would all be gone. Every saloon in Cleveland would be closed up. Every rum-seller wants to be excused from this feast. He can't get into the kingdom of God with a rum bottle in his hand. "Woe be to the man that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." He knows very well that if he accepts this invitation he has got to give up his hellish traffic. Every blasphemer in Cleveland wants to be excused from this feast, because if he accepts this invitation he has got to give up his blasphemy. Every drunkard in Cleveland, every harlot, every thief, every dishonest man, every dishonest merchant would be gone. They want to be excused from this feast. Why? Because they have got to turn away from their sins if they accept of this invitation. The longer I live the more I am convinced that the reason men do not come to Christ is because they do not want to give up sin. That is the trouble. It is not their intellectual difficulties. It is quite popular for people to say that they have got intellectual difficulties; but if they would tell the honest truth it is some darling sin that they are holding on to. They are not willing to give up the harlot; they are not willing to give up gambling; they are not willing to give up drinking, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. That is the trouble. It is not their intellectual difficulties as much as it is their darling sin. The grass would soon be growing in your streets in Cleveland if God should take every man at his word and excuse him from this feast and take him away. Things would look alto-

gether different in your city inside of a week if God should excuse you that want to be excused. And yet the moment that God sends out His invitation excuses just run right in. "I pray thee have me excused." That is the cry to-day. Man prepares his feast, and there is a great rush to get the best seats. God prepares his feast—and what a feast it is! Think of it! It is not often that common people like you and me get an invitation to a royal feast. There is many a man that has lived in Windsor Castle for fifty years, and has never got sight of Queen Victoria. There are men in London that stand high, men of wealth, men of position who never were invited into her palace. Men think it is a great honor to be invited into a king's palace or the palace of a queen. But here we are invited to the marriage of the Lamb. We are invited by the Lord of glory to come to the marriage of His only begotten son, and men begin to make excuses. "I pray thee, have me excused."

Now let us look for a moment at the excuses that these three men gave. The first man might have been very polite. Some men are very polite. Some are very gruff, and treat you with a great deal of scorn and contempt. The moment you begin to talk to them they say, "You attend to your business and I will attend to mine." But I can imagine this man was a very polite man and he said, "I wish you would take back this message to your Lord, that I would like to be at that feast. Tell him there is not a man in the kingdom that would rather be there than myself, but I am so situated that I can't come. Just tell him I have bought me a piece of ground, and that I must needs go and see it." Queer time

to go and see to land, wasn't it? Just at that supper time. They were invited to supper, you see. But he must needs go and see it. He had not made a partial bargain and wanted to go and close the bargain. He did not have that good excuse. He had bought the land, and he must needs go and see it. Could he not go and see this land the next morning? Could he not have accepted this invitation and then gone and seen his land? If he had been a good business man, some one has said, he would have gone and looked at the land before he bought it. But the land was already bought, and the trade made. He did not say, "I want to get the deed on record, because I am afraid some one else will get a deed of it, and get it on record first, and I will lose it." He had not got that good an excuse. The only excuse he had was, "I have bought me a piece of ground and I must needs go and see it." You will see it was a lie right on the face of it. It was just manufactured to ease that man's conscience. He did not want to go to the feast, and he had not the common honesty to come out with it and say, "I don't want to go to the feast, but just take back word that I have bought me a piece of ground and I must needs go and see it," and away he went. How many men are giving their business as an excuse for not accepting this invitation! You talk to them about things pertaining to the kingdom of God, and they tell you they have got to attend to business; that business is very pressing. It does not say that this was a bad man. He might have been as moral as any man in Cleveland. He might have held as high a position as any man in Cleveland. He might have ridden in his chariot. He might have been a very liberal man to

the poor. He might have been a very benevolent man. He might have given his substance, but he neglected to accept this invitation, and Christ teaches us plainly that if we neglect this salvation how shall we escape the damnation of hell.

People say, "What have I done? I have not got drunk; I have not murdered; I have not lied; I have not stolen. What have I done?" I will take you on the ground that you have not done anything—I will not admit that for a moment, but suppose I take you on that ground. If a man neglects salvation he will be lost. You see a man in yonder river, his oars lying in the bottom of his boat, and he is out there in the current, his arms are folded, and the current is quietly drawing him toward the rapids. Some one warns him: "Say, friend, you are hastening toward the rapids." "No, I am doing nothing, sir. My arms are folded. What have I done?" "But you are drawing toward the rapids." "I tell you, sir, I am not; I am doing nothing." You may try to convince him but he will be blind. So indeed he is not doing anything, but that current is quietly drawing him toward the cataract, and in a few moments he will go over. Many a man is flattering himself that he is not doing anything, but let him neglect salvation and he is lost.

The next man's excuse was one manufactured for the occasion. It was not one whit better than the excuse of the first man: "Take back word to thy Lord that I cannot come. I have got pressing business. I have bought five yoke of oxen and I must needs go to prove them." As if he had to prove his oxen that night at supper time He had plenty of time to prove his oxen. He had bought them.

They were in his stall. But the fact was, he was like the first man; he did not want to go and had not the common honesty to say so, and so he says, "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I must needs go and prove them." He must go right off that night to prove them. That is his excuse. There is not a child five years old that cannot see that that excuse is just manufactured.

These men began to make excuse. They did not have one—they manufactured excuses to ease their consciences. It was nothing but a downright lie; that is what it was. Let us call things by their right names. People think if they can make a sort of plausible excuse they are justified. But these excuses are nothing but refuges of lies.

The third man's excuse is more absurd than the others; "I have married me a wife, and therefore I cannot come." Who likes to go to a feast better than a young bride? He might have taken his wife with him. He had no excuse. That was the excuse he was hiding behind. "I have married me a wife, and therefore I cannot come." If his wife would not go with him, he could let her stay at home, and he could go. This has got to be a personal matter. We are not going to heaven in families, as I said last night. It is a thing between you and your God. The invitation was extended to that man as the head of his own house. He was priest over his own household, and he had no excuse; but he just made up that excuse.

Now, there is nothing on record, you might say, against those three men. You might say there were a good many things noble about those men. It does not say that they were licentious; it does

not say that they were drunkards; it does not say that they were dishonest; it does not say that they were thieves, but they only made excuses so as not to be at that feast. They did not want to accept of the feast.

I notice some of you smile as I take up those three excuses; but I would like to ask this congregation this question: Have you a better one? Come! I see a young man laughing down there. Have you a better excuse yourself? Come! Eighteen hundred years have rolled away, and they tell us we are living in a very wise age, that we are living in a very intellectual age, that men are growing much wiser, and that we know a good deal more than our fathers did; but with all men's boasted knowledge, can you find a man to-day who has a better excuse than those three men had? During the last three years I have spent most of my time talking to people about their salvation—their individual difficulties, and I have yet to find the first man or the first woman that can give me a better excuse than those three men had. I tell you that man or that woman cannot be found to-day. I will defy any man to come forward to-night and give me a better excuse than those three men had. The excuses men are hiding behind to-day are fearful. There is not an excuse that you would dare to give to God. Things look altogether different when you come to stand before Him.

Take a piece of paper, if you have it in your pocket, and a pencil and write down, "Why should I serve the God of this world? Second, Why should I serve the God of the Bible?" Then put down your reasons why you should serve the God of this

world, and your reasons why you should serve the God of the Bible, and see how it looks; because it is clearly taught that we either serve the God of this world or the God of heaven. We cannot be neutral. There is no neutrality about this matter. We are either for God or against him. We cannot serve God and mammon. We are either serving the God of this world—that is, Satan—or we are serving the God of heaven. The line is drawn. You may not be able to see it, but God sees it. God knows the heart of every man and woman in this assembly. He knows all about us, and He sees right through the excuses we make. He looks at the heart. He does not look at the excuses you make. Those are only from the tongue. They are only manufactured in the head. He knows that the difficulty lies down in the heart. It is because you will not come unto Him It is not because men cannot come; it is because men set their wills up against God's will, and are not willing to yield.

One of the popular excuses of the present day is this good old book, the Bible. It is amazing to hear some men talk. I have touched upon this a number of times since I have come to Cleveland, but I find as I come out West a good deal of infidelity; men profess to be infidels. It is astonishing to hear them talk about the Bible—something they do not know anything about. I can find scarcely one of them that has ever looked into it and read it, and who knows anything about it. They have heard some infidel lecture—some scoffing, sneering man come along caviling at the Bible, and they have heard some few things that man has said, and they bring them out on all occasions. They will not look

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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NORTHFIELD.

The funeral of Mr. Moody took place from the edifice pictured above. Fully 3,000 persons viewed the body.

into that Book and ask God to help them to understand it. If a man will be honest with God, God will be honest with him. There is no trouble about this Book; the trouble is with the life.

Wilmot, the great infidel, as he lay dying, putting his hand upon that Book, said, "The only thing against that Book is a bad life." When a man has got a bad record against him, he wants to get that Book out of the way, because it condemns him; that is the trouble. The trouble is not with the Book; it is with your record and mine. Because that Book condemns sin we want to get it out of the way. Men do not like to be condemned; that is the trouble.

Then men say they cannot understand it. Well, you and the Bible agree exactly. A man was telling me some time ago that he could not understand the Bible. I said, "You and the Bible agree exactly." He said, "I don't agree with the Bible at all." "Well," I said, "you agree exactly," and I referred him to a passage in the prophecy of Daniel —"Many shall be purified and made white and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand." That is what Scripture says. If a man is living in sin, God is not going to reveal to that man his secrets.

I would like to ask those men who are giving this Bible as an excuse for not becoming Christians, who wrote that book? Did bad men write it? It is a very singular thing that they should write their own condemnation, isn't it? How that book condemns bad men! Bad men would not write their own condemnation, would they? They do not do it nowadays, do they? They are the last ones to write their

own condemnation. Well, if good men wrote a bad book, they could not be good, could they?

Now, it seems to me, that if a man will stop to think a moment he will see that the trouble is not with the book. The trouble is with himself. And when a man bows to the will of God, that book becomes food to his soul. He can feed on it, then; there is something to feed on. He gets life from it; he gets power, and he gets something that tells him how he can get victory over himself. I consider that the greatest triumph a man can have in this world. A man that knows how to rule himself is greater than he that taketh a city. Look at the misery and woe that has come into the world through that one door—men and women that cannot control themselves, that cannot control their tempers, their lusts, their passions, and their appetites. That book tells me how I can get victory over myself; and it is the only book in the wide world that can tell a man how to get victory over himself. I haven't time to dwell upon that excuse any longer.

There is another very common excuse, and I have heard it in Cleveland as much as any: "Why," they say, "Mr. Moody, you know it is a very hard thing to be a Christian—a very hard thing." When they tell me that I like to ask them, "Which is the hardest master, the devil"—for we will call him by his right name, because every man that serves not the Lord Jesus Christ, and will have nothing to do with the God of the Bible, is serving the god of this world. "Now, which is the easiest master?"

Christ says that His yoke is easy and His burden is light. Now, you go right along and say, "That is a lie." You don't say it right out in plain Eng-

lish, but we may as well talk plainly to-night. When you say it is hard to be a Christian you say that God is a liar; that it is an easier thing to serve the god of this world than it is the God of the Bible. Now, I want to say that I consider that one of the greatest lies that ever came out of the pit of hell; and how Satan can stand up in this nineteenth century and make men believe he is an easier master than the God of heaven, is one of the greatest mysteries of the present day.

"The way of the transgressor is hard." Blot it out if you can. Close up that book, and you will see the evidence of that fact all around you. There is not a day passes but you can read upon the pages of the daily papers, "The way of the transgressor is hard." I wish I could drive that lie back into hell where it came from.

You go over to the Tombs in New York city and you will find a little iron bridge running from the police court where the men are tried right in the cell. I think the New York officials have not been noted for their piety in your time and mine; but they had put up there in iron letters on that bridge, "The way of the transgressor is hard." They know that is true. Blot it out if you can. God Almighty said it. It is true. "The way of the transgressor is hard." On the other side of that bridge they put these words, "A bridge of sighs." I said to one of the officers, "What did you put that up there for?" He said that most of the young men (for most of the criminals are young men. "The wicked don't live out their days"—Put that in with it)—he said most of the young men as they passed over that iron bridge went over it weeping. So they called it the

Bridge of Sighs. "What made you put that other there—'The way of the transgressor is hard?' " "Well," he said, "it is hard. I think if you had anything to do with this prison you would believe that text, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' "

If a man will just look around him and keep in mind this one truth, "The way of the transgressor is hard," he will be thoroughly convinced inside of twenty-four hours that that passage of Scripture is true. It is not that God's service is hard. The trouble with men is they are trying to serve God with the old Adam nature. They are trying to serve God before they are born of God. Now, to tell a man in the flesh to serve God in the spirit, who is a Spirit, I would just as soon tell a man to try to jump over the moon and expect him to do it. He cannot do it. The natural man is not subject to the law of God and neither indeed can be. You are not to try to serve God until you are born of God, until you are born again, born from above, until you are born of the Spirit; and when a man is born of the Spirit the yoke is easy and the burden is light. I have been in the service upwards of twenty years, and I want to testify to-night that my Master is not a hard Master. What say you ministers here to-night? Do you find him a hard Master? Speak out. I thought you would say so.

Ah, my friends, He is not a hard Master. I want to have you remember that. No, He is not a hard Master. That is one of the lies coming from the pit. "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." When a man submits his heart and will to God—takes Christ into his heart and lives a life of faith, it is delightful.

Now, I will tell you a good way to get at this. Put you people into a jury box. Just imagine you are on a jury to-night. I will take the most faithful follower the Lord Jesus has got in Cleveland. I don't know who the person is, it may be a man or woman that the papers, perhaps, have no record of. God knows where His loved ones are. It may be some poor person off in some dark street, but it is one who has great faith and walks with God, whose life is as pure and spotless and blameless as any person that you can find; one that has been living with Jesus Christ, say fifty years. Let that person come up on this platform to-night and speak out and testify. You will see in his face that he has not had a hard Master. There will be no wrinkles in that brow. There will be light in the eye, there will be peace stamped upon that brow, joy beaming from that countenance. He need not speak; let that person stand here and by his face he will show he has had a good Master and an easy Master.

Now, find the most faithful follower that the devil has got in Cleveland. Let him or her come up here. Ah! you need not speak. I think you would say "that is enough." You can tell by the looks, for the devil puts his mark upon his own. He stamps the mark deep. Men may try to get rid of it, but they carry the mark. And the Lord Jesus puts his stamp upon his own. You take the two and draw the contrast and see if that lie that has come from Satan is not as great a lie as ever was told—that our Lord is a hard Master. When people say they would like to become a Christian, but it is a hard thing to be a Christian, they virtually say God is a hard Master and Satan is an easy one.

Now do you think it easy to go against your own convictions? Because that is what men do. They have to stifle conscience to serve the god of this world and turn the back on the God of the Bible. Do you think it is an easy thing to go against your own judgment? For if a man will just stop and consult his judgment, his judgment will tell him that the safest, and wisest, and best thing he can do is to believe on the God of the Bible. Is it an easy thing to go against the advice and wishes of the best friends you have got? There is not a person in this congregation to-night that has got a true friend that would not advise him to serve the God of heaven. A man or woman that would advise you to serve the god of this world would be the worst enemy you could have. They would make the world dark and bitter. Is it an easy thing to trample a mother's prayers under your feet? to break a mother's heart and send her down to an untimely grave? That is easy, is it? Ah! many a man has done it. You call that easy. Is it easy to go against the very best counsel and advice you have from the best and most loved friends you have got? Hear what the Master said to Saul: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee"—he did not talk about its being hard for the disciples that Saul was going to put in prison, and, perhaps, have them stoned to death like Stephen. It was not as hard for Stephen to be stoned to death as it was for Saul to persecute him. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." It is hard for a man to contend with his Maker. It is hard for a man to fight against the God of the Bible. It is an unequal controversy. It is an unequal battle, and

God is going to have the victory. It is folly for a man to attempt to fight against the God of that Bible.

Mr. Spurgeon uses this parable of a tyrant ordering a subject into his presence and saying to him: "What is your occupation?" "I am a blacksmith." "Well," says he, "I want you to go and make a chain a certain length," and he gave him nothing to make it with, "and on a certain day I want you to bring it into my presence." That day came. The blacksmith appeared with his chain. The tyrant says: "Take that chain and make it twice that length." He took it, worked a long time and made it twice the length, and brought it back. The tyrant says: "Take that chain and make it twice the length." He made it twice the length and he had to get friends to help him get in the presence of the tyrant, and when he brought it back the tyrant says to his men standing around, "Take that man and bind him hand and foot and cast him into a dungeon;" and, says Mr. Spurgeon, "That is what every man that is serving the god of this world is doing —forging the chain that is going to bind him." A man goes into a saloon and takes a social glass. You step up and tell that man of his danger; that he is binding himself, and that by and by he will be bound hand and foot, and he will laugh you to scorn and mock you; but he goes on adding link after link to that chain. By and by the tyrant has got him bound, and he says: "Now, let us see you assert your freedom." Men say they don't want to give up their freedom. There is no freedom until a man knows the Lord Jesus Christ. A man is a

slave to sin, to his passions and lusts until Christ snaps the fetters and sets him free.

There was a man I used to know in Chicago that I talked to a great many times about drinking. He was a business man. He used to say: "I can stop when I please." One night I went out, and my family heard a strange noise. We lived on the corner. They heard him coming down the side street and he made an unearthly noise, and my wife said to the servants, "Are the doors locked?" He came around to the front door and tried to burst the door open. My wife says, "What do you want?" "Oh," he says, "I want to see your husband." "Well, he has gone down to the meeting." Away he started. I was walking down to the church and he went by me. He was running so fast he could not stop. He went on a rod or two and came back. The poor fellow was nearly frightened out of his life. He says, "I have got to die to-night." "Oh, no, you are not going to die." "I have got to die to-night." "Why," says I, "what is the trouble?" and I found the man had drank so much that he was under the power of the enemy. I saw what his trouble was. "Why," he says, "Satan is coming to my house to-night to take me to hell," and says he, "I have got to go." I begged of him to let me stay till one o'clock. He told me at one o'clock he will be back after me. I said, "He will not come after you." "He will; there is no chance of my getting away from him. He is coming!" Well, I couldn't convince that man. Poor man! He had been serving the god of this world, and now he was reaping what he had been sowing. On that night I had six men come to that man's house and at one o'clock those

six men could not hold him. "Look there! see him! There they are! They are after me! He is taking me! He is going to take me to hell! He is after me!" I thought that man would really die. Poor man! He is one of those men that thought God a hard master and the devil was one that was easy. That is the way the devil serves his subjects. Reaping time is coming. Poor man, he suffered untold agonies that night. Yet men, with all these witnesses around them, will go on drinking. A young man will go from this Tabernacle to-night, and go down to a saloon and order a glass and drink, and go on drinking, until by and by delirium seizes him and the snakes crawl around his body, and would seem as if death would lay right hold of him. I can't describe it. It would take some of these men that have been there to tell you about it. Oh, tell me that the devil is an easy master and that God is a hard one! Away with that lie; away with that excuse. My friends, never give it as long as you live. It is false.

When I was in Paris I saw a little oil painting, only about a foot square; it was at the Paris Exposition in 1867. I was going through the Art Gallery, and on that painting there was a little piece of white paper that attracted my attention. I went and looked at that white paper, and it said, "Sowing Tares," and there was the most hideous countenance I think I ever saw. A man was taking out a handful of seed, sowing tares all around him, and wherever a tare dropped there grew up some vile reptile, and they were crawling up his body and all around him. Off in the distance was a dark thicket, and prowling around the borders of that forest were

wild beasts, and that hellish and fiendish look! What a fearful thing it is for a man to sow tares when he is going to reap them. And yet man goes on sowing with a liberal hand, and laughs and scoffs when we warn him and tell him what he is coming to by and by. The papers are full of it. I sometimes think these papers ought to preach the Gospel to the people—ought to warn them to flee from the wrath to come.

Look at that case we have just had in a court in New Jersey. Look at that poor man. For four long days the jury has been out. I don't know when my heart has been more touched than when I read that scene in court, when those little children climbed up on their father's knee and said, "Papa, papa, come home. Mamma cries so much now you are away." The law had him. Poor man! He reaped what he sowed. He had an uncontrollable temper. He took his weapon and shot down a coachman because he got mad with him. He never will get over it. He never can step back into the place where he was. The jury may acquit him. Poor man; he has got to reap a bitter, bitter reaping; what an awful thing sin is; and yet men will stand up with all these facts around them and tell you God is a hard master and the devil an easy one.

Let us look at the scene in the court. A young man just coming into manhood, twenty-one, promising, talented, gifted, beautiful young man, an only son; but he has been out drinking, and in a drunken spree helped kill a man, and now he is on trial for his life. In that court sit his father and mother and three lovely sisters. That is the only brother they have got. That is the only son they have got.

The jury bring in the verdict, guilty; the man is sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

And with all these facts people stand up and say God is a hard master and the devil is an easy one. O, that the God of heaven may open our eyes to-night to show us how wicked it is to give these excuses, and that we will have to answer for them at the bar of God—for a person with an open Bible to say that God is a hard master and that Satan is an easy one.

I remember of closing a young men's meeting in Chicago a few years ago, when a young man got up and said, "Mr. Moody, would you allow me to say a few words?" And I said, "Say on." "Well," said he, "I want to say to these young men, that if they have friends that care for them, and friends that love them, and that are praying for them—I want to say you had better treat them kindly, for you will not always have them. I want to tell you something in my own experience. I was an only son, and I had a very godly father and mother. No young man in Chicago had a better father and mother than I had; and because I was an only child, I suppose, they were very anxious for my salvation, and they used to plead with me to come to Christ. My father many a time at the family altar used to break down in his attempt to pray for his only boy. At last my father died, and after my father died, my mother became more anxious than ever that I should become a Christian. Sometimes she would come and put her loving arms around my neck and say, 'My boy, if you were only a Christian, I would be so happy. If you would take your father's place at the family worship, and help me worship God, it

would cheer your mother.' I used to push her away and say, 'Mother, don't talk to me that way; I don't want to become a Christian yet, I want to see something of the world.' Sometimes I would wake up in the night and hear my mother praying, 'O, God, save my boy!' and it used to trouble me, and at last I ran away to get away from my mother's influence, and away from her prayers. I became a wanderer. I did not let her know where I went. When I did hear from home indirectly, I heard that that mother was sick. I knew what it meant. I knew it was my conduct that was crushing that mother and breaking her heart, and I thought I would go home and ask her forgiveness. Then the thought came that if I did I would have to become a Christian, and my proud heart would not yield. I would not go. Months went on, and I heard again indirectly. I believe that if my mother had known where I was she would have come to me. I believe she would have gone around the world to find her boy. And when I heard that she was worse, the thought came over me that she might not recover, and I thought that I would go home and cheer her lonely heart. There was no railway in the town, and I had to take the stage. I got into town about dark. The moon had just begun to shine. My mother lived back about a mile and a half from the hotel, and I started back on foot, and on my way I had to go by the village grave-yard. When I got to it I thought I would go and see if there was a new-made grave. I can't tell why, but my heart began to droop, and as I drew near that spot I trembled. By the light of the moon I saw a new-made grave. For the first time in my life this question came stealing over me,

Who is going to pray for my lost soul now? Father has gone and mother is dead. They are the only two that ever cared for me, the only two that ever prayed for me. I took up the earth and saw that the grave was a new-made grave; I saw that my mother had just been laid away; and, young men, I spent that night by my mother's grave. I did not leave it until daybreak; but as the morning sun came up, right there by my mother's grave, I gave myself away to my mother's God, and then and there settled the great question of eternity, and I became a child of God. I never will forgive myself. I murdered that sainted mother."

Poor man! He was reaping what he sowed. Tell me that the way of the transgressor is easy! Tell me that God is a hard Master, and that the devil is an easy one! Young men, take the God of your mother; take the God of the Bible to be your God. Set your faces like a flint towards heaven to-night, and it will be the best night of your life. I wish I could say something to induce you to come to Christ. I wish I could see souls pressing into the kingdom of God. May the God of all grace touch every heart here to-night.

CHAPTER XXIX.

NO ROOM FOR HIM.

And they laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.—Luke ii. 7.

For four thousand years the Jews had been looking for this child. Away back in Eden before Adam and Eve were driven out, God had promised that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. And from Adam, all along down the ages, they had been looking out into the mist and into the future for this child. The prophets had prophesied of his coming and the nation had been in expectation. They were studying at that very time the prophecies to find out when he would appear. And the first thing that we hear when He comes to this country, there was not room for Him in that little inn at Bethlehem. He might have come with all the pomp, and the glory and grandeur of the upper world. Perhaps if He had come with the glory of the angels, and the glory of the Father, and His own glory as He will by and by, the nation would have received Him then, because there would have been something that would have pleased the flesh. But the idea of His coming in such lowliness, the idea of His coming in such humility—the natural man did not like it.

Just think for a moment what He came for: He

came to give rest to the weary; to seek and to save that which was lost; to give sight to the blind; to help those that needed help; to reveal the Father; to bring peace where there was trouble; to heal the broken-hearted. And yet there was not room for him!

When the Prince of Wales visited this country, a few years ago, there was plenty of room for him. There was not any part of this nation that was not glad to give him a welcome. Every city was anxious that he should visit them. Every town and village and hamlet was open, and would have given him a royal welcome if he would have come to their place. When the princes of Europe have come to this country, what a welcome they have had. Although this is a republican government, yet we have been willing to give the princes of earth a welcome. And yet when the Prince of Heaven came down into this world, what a welcome did He receive? They laid Him in the manger, because there was no room for Him in the inn. But I can imagine some one says: "They did not know Him. If they had known who He was they would have given Him a welcome." I think you are greatly mistaken, because we read that when the wise men arrived from the East in Jerusalem, and said to the king, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" not only Herod, but all Jerusalem was thrown into trouble. Herod told those wise men to go down into Bethlehem and inquire diligently about the young child, and bring him word, that he, too, might go down and worship the child. A lying hypocrite! He wanted to slay the child.

Not only Jerusalem closed her doors against Him,

but when He went back to Nazareth, where He was brought up, and brought the best news that was ever brought to any town—when He went back to Nazareth with the glorious gospel of God, Nazareth did not want Him. They took Him out of the Synagogue; they took Him to the brow of the hill, and they would have hurled Him into perdition if they could. They did not want Him. There was not room for Him.

But, my friends, it is a very common saying now that the world has grown wiser and better, that we have been improving, and that if Christ should return, things would be different, that we are in light, and that He came in a dark age, that He was not then welcome, but He would be now.

But I would like to ask you to think for a little while. What nation would give Him a welcome now? Do you know of any? They call America a Christian nation, but has America room for the Son of God? Does America want Him? Suppose it could be put to a popular vote; do you suppose this nation would vote to have Him come and reign? He would not carry a ward in this city; you know it very well. He would not carry a town or a precinct in the United States; you know it very well. A great many of your so-called Christians would say, "We don't want Him, we are not ready." Things would have to be straightened up, and there would be a great change if Christ should come. The way men are doing business, I think, would have to be straightened out. Business men don't want Him. You put it to the commercial men of the present day, and do you think they would want Him? Do you think all the tricks in trade would

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RECITATION HALL.

Known among the students as Gray Hall.

be carried on if He were here? Do you think all this rascality that is going on at the present day under the garb of commerce—a great many very noble men are engaged in it—but do you think they want Him to come? When He comes He is going to reign in righteousness. I would like to have you tell me to-night of any class of people that would like to have Him come back. Do you think your politicians would want Him? Do you think the Republican party would want Him? Do you think they would give Him a welcome? Do you think the Democratic party would want Him? What would they do with Him? They have not got room for Him; they do not want Him. All this rascality that is carried on in politics would have to be done away with if He came to reign in righteousness.

Does your fashionable society want Him—what they call the "upper ten" of the present time? Go up on one of your avenues to some fashionable party, and see it they want Him. Begin to talk there about a personal Christ, and how precious He is to the soul, and you will not be invited a second time. They do not want Him, and they do not want you if you live godly in Christ Jesus.

The fact is, there is not any room down here for the Son of God. Let a man get up in Congress and say, "Thus saith the Lord," and they will hoot him out of it. Do you think all this trickery and rascality that is carried on in halls of legislation would go on if Christ should reign in righteousness—men selling their votes, men buying votes?

If you will stop and think a little while you will find that not only this country, but no other country, wants Him. Do you think England wants Him? I think

that hellish traffic of liquor would have to be given up; the opium trade with China, and a great many other things would have to be given up. That is called a Christian nation. Let a man get up in Parliament and say, "Thus saith the Lord," and he would be hooted down. The cry of the nation is, "Who is the Lord that we should obey Him?" The voice of the king of Egypt has been echoing through the world ever since. The world has not room for Christ.

When He was here and went from village to village, and from town to town, He did not receive a welcome; they did not want Him.

Eighteen hundred years have passed since then; His Gospel has been proclaimed over hill and dale; men have gone across seas and deserts and into all lands proclaiming the Gospel of Christ Jesus, and yet there are a great many people right within the sound of the Gospel that do not want Him. The moment that you begin to preach about the Son of God they put on a long face, as if you had brought them a death warrant; makes them gloomy. Oh! how the devil has deceived the world! How men are under the power of the god of his world! Jesus Christ did not come to cast us down, but to lift us up. He did not come to make life dark and gloomy; he came to make life sweet and beautiful; and when people make room in their hearts for the Son of God he will light them up. The heart that is sad and cast down will be light and joyful. He came to bless the world. He that was rich became poor for your sake and mine. He might have come with all the pomp and glory of that upper world. He might have been born in a palace and fed with

a golden spoon. But He passed by palaces and went into a manger, that He might get down into sympathy with the poorest and the lowest. His cradle was a borrowed one. The guest chamber where they instituted the supper was a borrowed one.

The beast upon which He rode into Jerusalem was a borrowed one. The only time we hear of His riding was on a borrowed beast. We find also that the sepulcher that they laid Him in was a borrowed one. The house He lived in was a hired one or a borrowed one. He that was rich and had all the glory of that upper world, who Himself created the world, became poor for your sake and mine.

He laid aside all the honor and glory He had in that upper world; He laid aside those robes and came down here and tasted of poverty for your sake and mine, and yet the world turn up their noses and say, "I have no desire for Him; I don't want Him." There is a passage in the 7th of John—I think the 7th and 8th chapters never should have been divided—the 7th chapter closes up in this way —he had been lifting the standard very high that day, and many of his disciples left him. "Every man went into his own house, and Jesus went to the Mount of Olives," the opening of the 8th chapter says. I can imagine that night was one of those lonely nights. He came into the world to bless the world, and the world didn't want to be blessed. He came to do men good, and they didn't want to receive any thing from Him. "And every man went into his own house." Every door in Jerusalem that night was closed against Him. At one time he said, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air

have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Think of it—the little bird you see flitting by you has its nest—its home; the fox has its hole, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head. I used to think I would like to have lived in that day. I would like to have had a home in Jerusalem to have invited Him to be my guest, and to sit at His feet as Mary did, and let Him talk to me. But I suppose if I had lived at that day my door would have been closed against Him. But I remember thinking over it some time ago, and the thought came stealing over me: There is one place I can give the Son of God a welcome—just one place, and that is my heart. It is the only place He wants to dwell. Now if we make room in our hearts for Him, He will gladly come and dwell with us.

There was a woman right in the midst of this darkness, when many disciples left Him, who came and invited Him to her home—a woman by the name of Martha. I can imagine Martha coming from Bethany one day, and going to Jerusalem to the temple to worship, when the great Galilean Prophet came in, and she listened to His words, who spake as never man spake. And as the words fell from his lips they fell upon Martha's ear, and she says: "Well, I will invite Him to my house." It must have cost her something to do that. Christ was unpopular. There was a hiss going up in Jerusalem against Him. They called Him an impostor. The leading men of the nation were opposed to Him. They said He was Beelzebub, the lord of filth. They said He was an impostor, and a deceiver. And yet Martha invites Him to her home.

I hope there will be some Martha here to-night who will invite Him to her home, to be her guest. He will make your home a thousand times better home than it has ever been before.

Martha invited Him home with her. We read of His going often to Bethany. That one act will live forever. The noblest, the best, the grandest thing Martha ever did was to make room in her home for Jesus Christ. Little did she know when she invited the Son of God to become her guest who He was; and when we receive Jesus Christ into our hearts, little do we know who He is. He is growing all the while. It will take all eternity to find out who He is.

There was a dark cloud then over that home in Bethany. Martha didn't know it. Mary did not see that cloud. It was fast settling down upon that home. It was soon going to burst upon that little family. The Savior knew all about it. He saw that dark cloud coming across that threshold. We read that He often lodged there. But a few months after He became their friend and guest, Lazarus sickened. The fever laid hold of him. It might have been typhoid fever. You can see those two sisters watching over that brother. The family physician is sent for to Jerusalem, and he comes out and does everything he can to restore him to life and health; but he sank lower and lower. Some of us know what it is when the doctor comes in and feels the pulse, begins to look very serious, and takes you off into another room, away from the patient, and tells you it is a critical case. Martha and Mary passed through that experience. There was no hope, and Lazarus must die. They thought if Jesus

were only there he would rebuke this disease. He might keep death from taking away their only brother. They sent a messenger a good ways off to tell Jesus his friend was sick, and this was the message: "He whom Thou lovest is sick." They do not ask Him to come. They knew Jesus loved him, and He would come if it was for their good. The messenger at last returned. He found Christ and delivered his message. When he got back, he found that that cloud had burst upon that little home; that Lazarus was dead and buried. I see those two sisters as they gather around the messenger. They said, "Did you find Him?" "Yes, I found Him." "What did He say?" "He said the sickness was not unto death, and He would come and see him;" and for the first time I see faith beginning to stagger. Mary says, "Are you sure you understood Him? Did He say the sickness was not unto death?" "Yes." "Are you quite sure?" "Yes." "Well," says Mary, "that is strange. If He is a prophet, He should have known that he was dead. Elijah would have known it. If He was a prophet, why He must have known it. You hadn't been away from the house an hour before Lazarus died. He was dead when you met Him." "Well, that is what He told me. He said He would come here and see him." I see those two sisters as they kept watching for that friend to come and comfort them. How long those nights must have been as they watched and waited. I can imagine they did not sleep through the night. They listened to hear a footfall. The next day they watched and He did not come. The second night passed and He did not come. The third day came and He did not come.

The fourth day came and a messenger came running in and says, "Martha, Jesus and His Apostles are just outside of the walls of the city. He is coming on toward Bethany." Martha runs out and says, "If Thou hadst been here my brother had not died. Thou wouldst have kept death away from our dwelling." Jesus answered, "But thy brother shall rise again."

I would give more for such a friend than all the infidels in America. I would rather have such a friend than have the wealth of the world. When death has come and taken my wife and taken my children, to have a voice say to me, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Little did Martha know whom she was entertaining when she invited Christ into her home. The world has been sneering at Martha ever since, but it was the grandest, the sublimest and noblest act of her life. Oh, my friends, make room for the Son of God in your homes. Let the world go on mocking and scoffing. The hour will come when the cloud will burst on your homes, when death will come down in your dwelling and take away a loved mother, a loved child, a loved father. Then what is your infidelity and atheism? But the words of the Son of God, how they comfort then: "Thy brother shall rise again." "Yes, I know that," says Martha. He had probably taught them of the resurrection. "I know he will rise again, for he was such a good brother. He will rise at the resurrection of the just." Says the Son of God, "I am the resurrection of the just. I carry the keys with Me. I have the keys to death and the grave." And He says,

"Where is Mary? Go call her." I hope there is some Mary here that will hear the voice of the Son of God call to-night. They ran and told Mary Jesus was there. I suppose Mary and Martha talked it all over, for Mary came out and said the same words: "If Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." "Thy brother shall rise again." "Yes, I know he will rise in the resurrection of the just." "I am the resurrection of the just. Where have you laid him?" Look at that company as they went along towards the grave-yard. These two sisters are telling about the last words and last acts of Lazarus. Perhaps Lazarus left a loving message for Jesus. You know what that is. When you go to see friends who are mourning, how they will dwell upon the last words and the last acts of the departed one. You see Martha and Mary weeping as they went along toward the grave, and the Son of God wept with them. He had a heart to weep with those who wept, and to mourn with those who mourned. He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. He can comfort us in a time of sorrow.

He said, "Where have you laid him?" And they said, "Come and see." And they led the way. He said to his disciples, "Take away the stone." And again those sisters' faith wavered, and they said: "Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he has been dead four days." They did not know who their friend was, and when they rolled away that stone, Christ cried with a loud voice to his old friend: "Lazarus, come forth?" and Lazarus then leaped out of that same sepulcher and came forth. Some old divine said it was a good thing He singled out Lazarus, for there is such power in the voice of

the Son of God that the dead shall hear his voice and if He had not called Lazarus by name all the dead in that grave-yard would have come forth. O! what blindness and downright folly for a man or woman to be ashamed of Jesus Christ! O! make a friend of Him who has the keys of death; who has the power to raise our dead friends! Your own time is coming. The hour is coming when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth. It seemed to just pain the heart of the Son of God when he was down here, to find so few people that wanted Him. We read of his looking toward heaven, sighing as he looked toward that world where all honored and loved Him, and it seemed as if He just sighed for home. As He looked around Him, He could see what death was doing. He could see what sin was doing. There was death behind Him, on the right hand and on the left; yet they were so few that wanted Him, so few cared for Him. He seemed to look toward that world and sigh—just longed for the time that God's will should be done on earth as it is up there in heaven.

I would like to ask this congregation, did you ever have this feeling come over you that no one wanted you? I had it once. I remember, when I left my mother and went off to Boston. I want to say, if a man wants to feel that he is alone in the world, he don't want to go off in the wilderness where he can have himself for company, but let him go into some of these metropolises or large cities, and let him pass down the streets where he can meet thousands and have no one know him or recognize him.

I remember when I went off in that city and tried to get work and failed. It seemed as if there was

room for every one else in the world, but there was none for me. For about two days I had that awful feeling that no one wanted me. I never have had it since, and I never want it again. It is an awful feeling. It seems to me that must have been the feeling of the Son of God when He was down here. They did not want Him. He had come down to save men and they did not want to be saved. He had come to lift men up, and they did not want to be lifted up. There was not room for Him in this world, and there is not room for Him yet.

Oh! my friend, is there room for Him in your heart? That is the question. There is room for pleasure. There is room for lust. There is room for passion. There is room for jealousy. There is room for the world. There is room for everything but the Son of God—no room for Him. When he made these hearts of yours and mine, He made room enough for Himself, but a usurper has come in and taken possession of His place. When He made this world He made room enough for you and me and for Him, but when He came there was not any room for Him. The only place they could make room for Him was on the cross, and put Him there. The world to-day is a no greater friend of Jesus Christ than it was when He was down here, but if His disciples will only make room for Him, how He will come and dwell with us, and bless us, and lift us up; and He says to us, "If you will make room for me down here, I will make room for you up there. If you will honor and confess me down here, I will honor you in the courts of heaven, and confess you up there in the presence of the Father and the angels."

O! my friends, make room for Him to-night! Do not go out of this house until you have made room for the Son of God.

I saw some time ago an account of a lady that went in to see her neighbor whom she found weeping as if her heart would break. She said to her, "What is the trouble?" "Well," she said, "there is my child. It is fourteen years old to-day. For fourteen years I have watched over and provided for that child. I have not allowed my servants to take care of it. During the past fourteen years there has not been a night but that I have been up some part of the night with that child. I have left society and spent my time at home with that child." The child had not a mind. "But," she says, "if that child would just recognize me once it would pay me for all I have done; but that child don't know me from a stranger." Her heart was just breaking, and as I read I thought: How many of us treat God in the same way?

My friends, God has blessed you with health, and a home in a Christian land. He has blessed you with a good wife; He has blessed you with children; He has blessed some of you with property, and you never have looked up once and recognized His loving hand, and said, "Thank you, Lord Jesus."

O! this base ingratitude! May God forgive us, and may we to-night make room in our hearts for the Son of God! Just now when He is knocking at the door of your heart, just pull back the bolt and say "Welcome! Thrice welcome!" and see how quick he will come in. What is he saying? Listen! Hark! Does the heart throb? That is Christ

knocking! "Behold, I stand at the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and He with me."

O! sinner, just unlock the door of your heart to-night. Just throw that door wide open and say "Welcome! thrice welcome, Son of God, into this heart of mine!" and see how quick he will come and dwell with you. He will never leave you; He will never forsake you. In the time of trouble He will be your counselor. In the time of sorrow He will be your deliverer. If you want "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" make room in your heart for the Son of God. If you want a friend that will help you in the time of temptation and trial, make room in your heart for the Son of God.

CHAPTER XXX.

THEIR ROCK IS NOT OUR ROCK.

For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges. Deut. xxxii. 31.

This was Moses' farewell address. He was about to leave the children of Israel in the wilderness. He had led them up to the borders of the Promised Land. For forty long years he had been leading them in that wilderness, and now, as they were about to go over, Moses takes his farewell; and among the good things he said, for he said a great many very wise and very good things on that memorable occasion, this is one: "For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." There was not a man on the face of the earth at that time that knew as much about the world, and as much about God, as Moses. Therefore he was a good judge. He had tasted of the pleasures of the world. In the forty years that he was in Egypt he probably sampled everything of that day. He tasted of the world, of its pleasures. He knew all about it. He was brought up in the palace of a king, a prince. Egypt then ruled the world, as it were. He had been forty years in Horeb, where he had heard the voice of God; where he had been taught by God; and for forty years he had been serving God. You might say he was God's right

hand man, leading those bondmen up out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage, into the land of liberty; and this is his dying address—you might say, his farewell address. This is the dying testimony of one that could speak with authority, and one that could speak intelligently. He knew what he was saying, "Their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

Now, to-night I want to take up the atheist, the deist, the pantheist, and the infidel; and I want to show, if I can, and I think it is not a very difficult thing to show, that their way is not as our way.

I know there is a good deal of dispute now about the definition of these words. So, to avoid any trouble, instead of going to the Bible I went to Webster's dictionary, and I have got the meaning. I suppose you will give in, most of you, that Webster is wiser than yourselves. There are a few men that are a little wiser than Webster, for infidelity is generally very conceited. One of the worst things about infidelity is the conceit. You seldom meet an infidel that is not wiser in his own estimation than the God who created him, and he wants to teach God instead of letting God teach him. But to those that are willing to bow to Webster we will refer these definitions of these words.

An atheist is "one who disbelieves or denies the existence of God." I am thankful to say that they are very scarce. You meet them now and then. I am sorry to say that you will occasionally meet a young man that will tell you that he is an atheist. He believes there is no God; he believes that there

is no hereafter; that when he dies, that is the end —that ends all.

I don't know of anything that is darker; I don't know of anything that is colder, bleaker, than that doctrine; for, of course, an atheist has feelings like the rest of us. If he is a father, he has love for his children. Here is a boy that has gone astray; he has been taken captive by Satan; he has become a victim to strong drink, we will say, and strong drink has got the mastery; and you can see that boy as he is going down to a drunkard's grave. He says to that father that believes there is no God, and no hereafter, "Father, is there no deliverance for me? Is there no way that I can become a free man?" "Yes," says the atheist, "assert your manhood. Resolve that you will never drink any more." "Ah, but, father, I have done that a thousand times, and I can't keep those resolutions. The tempter is too strong for me. My appetite is stronger than my will power, father? Is there no God that created me that can help me?" "No, my son, no; nothing outside yourself." "And if I die in this condition, what is going to become of me?" "Oh, that will be the last of you." "And shall we never meet again in the universe of God?" "No, never." Pretty dark, isn't it? And the atheist sees that boy go down to a drunkard's grave. There is no arm to deliver, no eye to pity. There is no help.

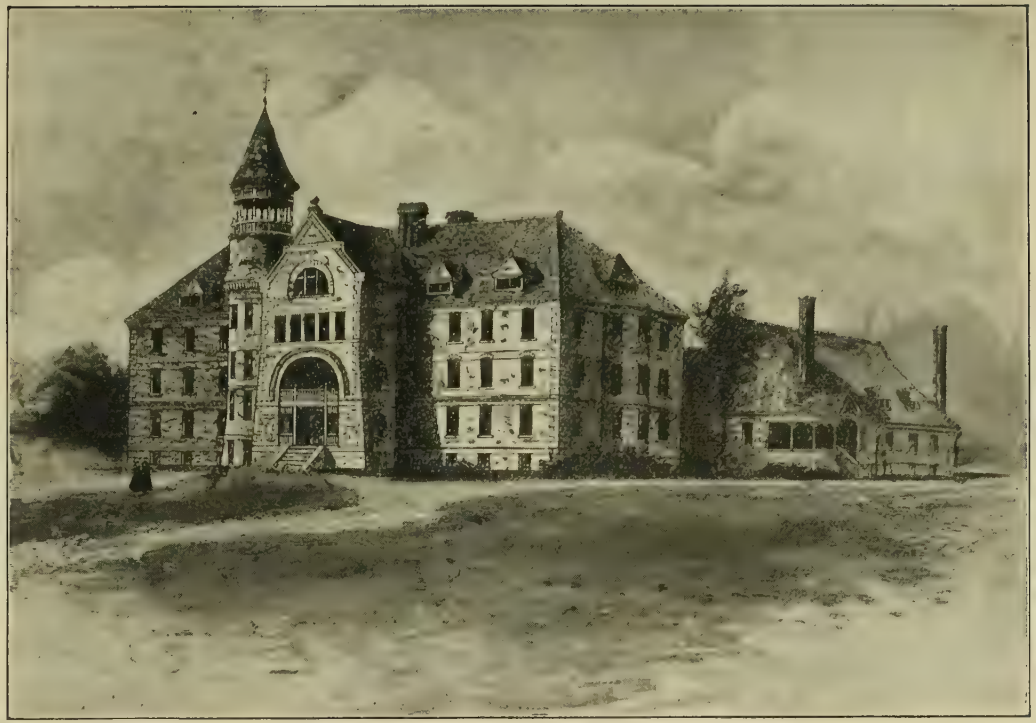
Look again. He has got a beautiful little child. It has lived long enough to twine itself around that father's heart, and the cold, icy hand of death is feeling for the chords of life, and that little flower is going to be plucked. You can see that little child wasting away upon a bed of pain and sickness. The

child calls the father to its bedside and says, "Father, is there no hereafter?" "No, my child." "Shall we never meet again?" "No, my child." "When I die, is that the last of me?" "Yes, my child." Pretty dark, isn't it? That atheist goes and lays away that child without one ray of hope—without one star to relieve the midnight darkness and gloom.

A prominent infidel of this country stood at the grave of a member of his family. He is an orator—an eloquent man; and he said he committed him back to the winds and the waves and the elements; it was the last they would ever see of him. Pretty dark, isn't it?

And yet there are some men that want to go over to atheism. They want to believe that there is no God. I can not for the life of me see where you get any comfort in it. I turn away from it, and I say from the very depths of my heart, "Their rock is not as our rock." I thank God I have got a better foundation than that; I thank God I have got a better hope than that. If my boy is led astray, I can preach to him Jesus Christ, and I can tell him that God Almighty has got power to deliver him from sin, and from its mighty power; and if God should take my child from me, I can say to that dear child, "I will meet you on the glorious morning of the resurrection. It won't be long. We may be separated for a little while, but the night will soon pass, and the great morning of the world will dawn upon us." Yes, "their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

But I must pass on. That is the definition of an atheist—one that believes there is no God. I want



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MARQUAND MEMORIAL HALL, NORTHFIELD.

This beautiful structure was dedicated in 1885.

to say if there were many atheists in this country we would have a great many more suicides than we have. These men that have got tired of life, if they thought that death ended all, they would quickly put themselves out of the way, and you could not blame them for it. But I think there is something down in man's heart that tells him there is a hereafter; that there is not only a God, but there is a judgment to come.

Now a deist. A deist is one that believes in one God only. He denies Christ and revelation. Deism is not much better, I think, than atheism, for I never yet knew a deist that knew anything about his God. He believes there is a God, and that is all you can get out of him.

Deists live on their doubts. They live on what they do not believe—on negatives. You meet a deist and he would tell you, "I don't believe this, and I don't believe that, and that," and he is all the time telling you what he don't believe. You seldom, if ever, find a deist who will tell you what he does believe, because he knows nothing about his God. If a man denies revelation, how is he to know anything about God? How are we to know our God if we are only deists, and just close that book, and not believe in the book? Is he a God of mercy? We know nothing about it. Is he a God of truth, and equity, and justice? We know nothing about it. How are we to know anything about God, if we cast away the Bible, and say we don't believe in revelation; that we don't believe that Jesus Christ came down here to declare His Father, and believe that that book is not written by inspiration, and doubt that blessed word of God? I would like to have a

deist come forward and declare to us his God—and tell us who and what he is.

The Pantheist. Let us see what Webster's definition of a pantheist is. He believes that the universe is God. He believes that God is in the wind, God is in the water, God is in the trees, and all the God we know anything about is the god we see about us. A pantheist will say, "Why, yes, I believe in God. You are God and I am God. We are all Gods." That is their idea—that God is in everything. I strike that board and strike the pantheist's god, because that is as much a god as the god he knows. I stamp upon the floor, and I stamp the pantheist's god. That is all he knows. God is in everything; God is everywhere; God is nowhere; that is the summing up of pantheism. Now, you will find a great many of these pantheists that will tell you they believe more in God than we do, because they believe God is in everything all around.

But when you ask a deist or a pantheist if his God answers prayer, he will tell you no. "Does he hear the cry of distress?" "No." "Does he hear the cry of the humble?" He will tell you that the Lord of the universe and the God of the universe has just made this world, and has wound it up as a clock, and it is going to run; that His laws are fixed; that you need not pray; you can't change God's mind; that he never answers prayer. If your child has gone astray, you can't pray to Him, because He has no mercy. There is no mercy but in the wind, and you may as well go out and pray to the thunder, to a storm, or a shower, to the moon, the sun, the stars, because God is everything and everywhere, and yet is nowhere, They don't believe in the person-

ality of God. You may just take pantheism, deism and atheism, put them all together, and there is not much difference. I would as soon be the one as the other, because they are in midnight darkness and gloom. They know nothing about the God of love and the God of the Bible.

But now we come, perhaps, to the most difficult class, because I think that there are a great many infidels, and don't like that name. I suppose that saying they were infidels has offended quite a number of Cleveland people. They stand up and deny it. But when you come to put the question right to them according to Webster's definition of infidelity, they are nothing but infidels. Now, an infidel is one that does not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures.

I am sorry to say that we have got to-day a good many infidels. The first step towards atheism is infidelity. The first step towards pantheism is infidelity. The first step towards deism is infidelity.

The moment you can break down that word in one place and make out that it is not true, then, of course, the whole word goes. Now, you ask an infidel if he really believes in the Bible, and he says, "Well, I believe part of it. I believe all that corresponds with my reason, but I don't believe anything supernatural. I don't believe anything I can't reason out."

Now, if a man takes that ground he might as well throw away the whole Bible and go over to atheism at one leap. He need not be weeks and months going, because that is where it is going to bring him. If you take out of that book all that is supernatural, you might as well take out the whole

of it. From beginning to end it is a supernatural book. Look into Genesis. You ask an infidel if he believes in the flood. No, sir; not he. Then throw out Genesis; because, if the man who wrote Genesis put in one lie, why is not the whole of it a lie? If he did he must have known it was a fraud when he wrote it, so that condemns Genesis. You ask a man if he believes the story of the Red Sea—about bringing the children of Israel through the Red Sea. Not he. That is contrary to reason, contrary to man's intellect. Out goes Exodus. That throws out the decalogue—throws out the commandments. It all goes together. If the man who wrote Exodus told a lie in the beginning of Exodus and that the children never went through the Red Sea, then away goes the whole book.

Then take up Leviticus. It is said in Leviticus if we will do so and so He will come down and walk with us, would be among his people, and the shout of the king is heard in the camp. "Do you believe that?" "No, sir," the infidel says, "I don't believe anything of that kind." Out goes Leviticus. Throw it all out.

Do you believe God told Moses to make a brazen serpent, and that all the bitten Israelites that looked upon it shall live? The skeptic turns up his nose and says with a good deal of contempt, "No, you don't think I am fool enough to believe that?" Out goes the whole book of Numbers; throw it out because if the man that wrote that book, put that lie in, the whole of it is a lie. You just prove that I tell a wilful lie here to-night and my whole sermon is gone. You go into court and testify to a lie and let it be proven that you have told a wilful lie,

(and untrue in one thing untrue in all), out goes your testimony. The jury won't take it. Now, if the man that wrote the book of Numbers put down that lie—if he never did make a brazen serpent for the children of Israel, then the whole book of Numbers is gone. Throw it out. Then we come to Deuteronomy. Do you believe Moses went up into the mountain and his natural force was not abated, his eye had not grown dim, and he died there and God buried him; God kissed away his soul, as some one has said? The infidel says, "I don't believe one word of it; that is supernatural; that is against reason. Then throw out the whole book of Deuteronomy. There goes the first five books of Moses.

Then go into Joshua. "Do you believe Joshua took Jericho by going around Jericho blowing rams' horns?" "Don't believe a word of it." Tear it to pieces. Throw it away. Out it goes. If the writer of that book would tell a lie like that at the beginning of the book he lied all through it—why not? That is what an infidel is—one who does not believe in supernatural things.

"Do you believe that Samson took the jaw-bone of an ass and slew a thousand men?" "No, I don't believe it." Out goes the book. Because from the beginning of Judges to the end it is all supernatural.

"Do you believe God called Samuel when he was a little boy—that God called him?" "Why, no," says the infidel, "I don't believe any thing that is contrary to my reason. I don't believe any thing supernatural." Out goes the two books of Samuel.

"Do you believe that David went out and met

Goliath and slew him?" "No, I don't believe it." Out goes the two books of Kings. And so I can go on through the whole Bible. Take out the supernatural in it and you have to throw away the whole Bible. You can't touch Jesus Christ from His birth until He went up into glory, but what He was supernatural. The work that is going on now is supernatural. Things are happening every day that are supernatural. Every man that is born of the Holy Ghost, born of God—it is supernatural. Yet an infidel will stand right up and tell you to-day that he will not believe a thing in that book that don't correspond to his reason; therefore the infidels are just tearing the Bible all to pieces. That is where we are drifting to. "Their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

Now, I would like to ask the infidels what earthly motive could the early Christians have had in writing that book? What motive could Jesus Christ have had in coming down here and living such a life as he led? Some of you accuse us of working for gain. You say that we are after your money and that we don't care anything about your soul. You cannot accuse our Master of that, can you? He didn't carry off much money, did He? His cradle was a borrowed one. The only time that He rode into Jerusalem, that we have recorded, He rode in on a colt, the foal of an ass. It would be a strange sight to see him coming into Cleveland in that way. You would not own Him. And He did not own this beast. It was a borrowed beast. It was a borrowed guest chamber in which he instituted his supper. It was a borrowed grave in which they laid Him. He that was rich became poor for our sakes. What

motive could He have had in coming down here if He had not been true and real—if he had been an imposter, a hypocrite, coming down here and teaching us a falsehood? If Jesus Christ was not God manifest in the flesh, he was the greatest imposter that ever came into this world, and every Christian throughout Christendom to-day, is guilty of idolatry, of breaking the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other god before Me." He comes and says unto the world, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." Elijah never said that; Moses never said that; no man that ever trod this earth dared to have said it; and if Jesus Christ had not been divine as well as human, it would have been blasphemy, and the Jews ought to have put him to death. They had a right by the Jewish law to put Him to death. He an impostor! He a deceiver! He a fraud! Away with such doctrine! And yet people will stand right up here in this community and tell you it is all a fiction about his conception by the Holy Ghost, and at the same time they will stand right up and say they are Christians. They don't like that word infidel. They say that they are no infidels. But, ah, my friends, if we break down the testimony of Jesus Christ, and make him out a fraud and deceiver, it all goes.

Now, when people tell me that that book is not to be relied upon, I tell them that I will throw it away when they will bring me a better one. I am ready to throw it away to-night if you will bring me a better one. But where is there any book to be compared with it? Bring it on will you? When you bring on a better man than Jesus Christ I will follow him. But don't ask me to follow these skeptics and infi-

dels down here who are trying to tear down the works of Jesus Christ when they have no better to leave in their place.

Now Jesus Christ was without spot or blemish. You can find no fault with Him or in Him. We don't want to follow any one else until we can find a better man. If these men that are scoffing and sneering at Christ will bring on a better man we will follow him. If they will bring on a better book we will take it. But until they do, let us cling to the Bible, and defend it and stand by it, and let us stand by Jesus Christ and let us defend Him.

Infidelity takes everything away from us and gives us nothing in return. When Lord Chesterfield went to Paris he was invited out to dine with Voltaire, the leading infidel of that day. Lord Chesterfield was a Christian man. A lady at the table, when they were at dinner, said: "Lord Chesterfield, I am told that you have in your English Parliament five or six hundred of the leading men of thought in the nation." Well, he said he believed that was so. She said, "then why is it that those wise men tolerate Christianity?" Well, he said he supposed because they could not get anything better to take its place.

Do you ever stop to think what you would put in the place of Christianity? It is easy enough to tear down, or at least try to tear down. There are some people that spend all their lives in trying to tear down things that are good, but they give us nothing in the place of them. Now the trouble with infidelity is it gives us nothing in the place of what we have got. The Bible holds out a hope to man. It holds out something that is beyond this life, and gives him

hope. Infidelity gives him no hope. It tears down all the hope he has got. He has got nothing to build on. If this book fails, what have we got? Now, just think a moment. Take the Bible away from us, and what have got? I would like to say to the people here to-night, if you step into a church —for I am sorry to say some of these infidels have got into the pulpit—if you step into a church and hear a man talking about Jesus Christ not being divine, if you take my advice, you will get out of that church as quick as you can get out. But you say, "My father and mother belong to that church." Suppose they do. You get out, as Lot got out of Sodom. Make haste. You think a man who would sell you poison and kill your children is a horrid man; but I tell you a man who would plant infidelity in the mind of my child is worse than a man who gives it poison—to have their young minds poisoned and infidelity taught them under the garb of Christ and Christianity; and yet there are some men who profess to be friends of that book who are all the time trying to tear it to pieces, and make out that it is not written by inspiration—that it is not from God, and that it cannot speak with authority.

Now, to show that their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges, I want to tell you a thing that happened some time ago. I was in the room with a man, and he said he wanted to have a talk with me, "but," he says, "I wish you would let that man go out." "O!" I said, "he is here to take care of the things." We had some of our things in the cloak-room back of the platform, and he was there so that no thief should come in and steal what we had. And this man said, "I

would like to have him go out." "Well," I said, "he belongs here. I will ask him to go out if you insist upon it, but," says I, "I will talk at this end of the room." "Well," he said, "I would like to have him go out." I spoke to the man and asked him to leave the room, and he hadn't more than got out before he opened his lips, and such a tirade against Christianity! I said to him, "My friend, why did you want that man to go out?" "Well," he said, "I thought it might hurt him." I said, "If it is good for you why is it not good for him?" Well, he said he did not like to have his children know his views. He said his wife was a Christian and he wanted his children brought up differently. "Their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges." I want my children to believe as I believe. I want them to be taught to live and fear and honor God. If these infidels think infidelity is good for them, why is it they don't want it taught to their children, why is it, that so many infidels want their children to be taught the Lord's prayer?

Very often when I have been in an infidel's house he has wanted his wife and children to leave the room, and then he has gone on and talked his infidelity. "Their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges." That proves it.

A man ordered his servant out of his dining room, and after his servant went out he began to talk his atheism to a Christian man that was there. The Christian man said to him. "Why did you order out your servant?" "Well," said he, "I'm afraid if he held my views he might cut my throat some time, for my money "

You laugh at it, but if there is no God, why not?

If there is no hereafter, why not? If this country is as bad as it is with all the religion we have, what would it be without it? Let this country go over to infidelity, what would become of the nation? It was not a great many years ago that, in a convention at Lyons, France, they voted that the Bible was a fiction, that it was not true, and that there was no God; that there was no hereafter; that death was an eteral sleep; and it was not very long before blood flowed very freely in France. And you let atheism, and pantheism, and deism, and infidelity go stalking through this land, and life and property won't be safe. You know it very well.

Lord Lyttleton and Gilbert West were going to expose the fraud of Christianity. One was going to take up the resurrection and expose that. The other was going to take up Saul's conversion and expose that. And they went about it—went to studying up those two facts. The result was they were both converted. The testimony was perfectly overwhelming. If a man will look at the testimony, I can't see for the life of me how he can doubt these are facts. What did Paul have to gain by his conversion? Would you call such a man as Paul a fraud? What did he give up for the gospel's sake? Reputation, position, standing—every thing he had. What did he get in return? Hunger, persecution, prison, stocks, stripes, and death. He died the death of a common criminal. He died at Rome as a poor and miserable outcast in the sight of the world. What earthly motive could he have had, if these things are not true? Why, we have all the proof that any man could ask for, that Jesus Christ rose from the dead. He was seen ten different

times, and was here among us forty days, and then He was seen by the holiest and best men on earth at that time ascend and go up into heaven. They went and looked into the sepulcher and found it was empty. There was no doubt about His body coming out of the grave. Some men say they believe in Christianity, but they don't believe Christ's body came up. Do you think they could have stolen that body and palmed that fraud off on the world for these eighteen hundred years? Do you think those keen Jews of Jerusalem would never have found out the fraud and deception? Away with such a delusion. Christ rose; He burst asunder the bands of death. He has come out of the sepulcher and passed into the heavens and taken His seat at the right hand of God. We don't worship a dead Savior. Our Christ lives. He is on the throne to-night. Let us look up: for the time of our redemption is nigh. Let us gird up our loins afresh. Let us buckle on the whole armor and fight for Christ. Let us hold to the faith. Let us not be influenced by the infidelity around us, but let it drive us to the Bible. Let us cling to this good old book. It will be darker than midnight ere long if we let our confidence go in that book. I saw an account some time ago of an infidel who was dying. So many infidels recant when they die. Did you ever hear of a Christian recanting? I never did. Did you ever hear of a Christian dying that was sorry that he had served the Lord Jesus Christ? I never did. I have heard of a good many that regretted that they had not served Him a good deal better than they had; that they had not lived more like Him. The infidel friends of this infidel gathered around him. They

were afraid he was going to recant, and if he did the Christians would make capital out of it. They gathered around him and said, "Hold on, hold on to your principles; don't give up now." The poor dying man said, "What have I got to hold on to?" You answer the question, will you? What has an infidel got to hold on to?

Some time ago I was drawing a contrast between the end of that talented man, Lord Byron, and Paul. Byron died at the early age of thirty-six. The time allotted to man is three score years and ten.

A fast life—a life of dissipation carried him off early. These are about the last lines he penned:

> My days are in the yellow leaf,
> The flower and the fruit of life are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grave
> Are mine alone."

That is all he had at the close of life. But look at Paul's farewell. He writes to Timothy: "I have fought the good fight. I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." There is a good deal of difference between the death of a skeptic and an infidel, and the death of the righteous. "Their rock is not as our rock, they themselves being judges." How often you have heard men say, "I wish I could believe as you do." What do they want to believe as we do for, if they are satisfied with their rock? "I wish I had your hope." What do you want our hope for if you are satisfied with your rock? "Oh, I wish I had the assurance you have." What do you want our assurance for if you are satisfied with your rock? The fact is, "their rock is not as our

rock, our enemies being judges." We will bring them in as witnesses and let them testify. Let us, my friends, hold on to the Word of God. When these skeptics and infidels talk against the book, let us love it all the more. Let it drive us to the Word.

Let us say we will give up life rather than that book. We will hold on to that, let it cost us what it will. The world may call us fanatics and fools, and all that, but they cannot give us any worse name than they gave the Master. They called him Beelzebub, the Prince of Devils, and we can afford to be called fools for Christ's sake for a little while, and by and by we will be called home, and, if we will hold right on, the end will be glorious.

A soldier, during the war, got up in one of our meetings in Chicago. He had just come from the battle of Perryville. He said his brother came home one day and said he had enlisted. He went down to the recruiting office and put his name next to his brother's; there was no name between them; he said they had never been separated one day in their lives, and he said he did not mean to have his brother go into the army without him. He said they went into the army, and they went into a good many battles together. The terrible battle of Perryville came on. About 10 o'clock in the morning his brother was mortally wounded. A minie ball passed through his lungs. He fell by his side, put his knapsack under the head of his dying brother, pillowed his head and made him as comfortable as he could, bent over and kissed him, and started away. The dying man says, "Charlie, come back here. Let me kiss you upon your lips." He came back, and his brother kissed him on the lips and

said, "There, take that home to my dear mother, and tell her that I died praying for her." And he said as he turned away, and his brother was wallowing in his blood, and the battle was raging all around him, he heard him say, "This is glorious." He turned around and went back, and said, "My brother, what is glorious?" "Oh," he said, "it is glorious to die looking up. I see Christ in heaven."

It is glorious to die looking up. But if we die looking up, we have got to live looking up. We have got to live trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, in this dark day of infidelity, when it is coming up all around, let us hold on to the glorious old Bible, and to the blessed teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TEKEL.

Tekel. Daniel v. 25.

I want to have you get the text to-night. It is so short I am quite sure you that have short memories can carry it away with you, if you will listen to it; and if some one asks you after the meeting is over, I hope you will be able to give my text and the meaning of it.

In this short chapter of thirty-one verses we get all we know about Belshazzar. His history was very brief. We are told that he had a feast for his lords; he had a thousand of his noblemen, his lords, his mighty men, gathered there at Babylon. How long that feast lasted we are not told. Sometimes those Eastern feasts used to last for six months. We are told that this young king was praising the gods of gold, of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone; and all at once silence reigns in that banqueting hall. The king had sent out into the heathen temple, and had had the golden vessels that had been taken by his grandfather Nebuchadnezzar, that had been brought down from Jerusalem, brought into that impious feast, and while they were rioting and drinking and carousing, judgment came suddenly and unexpectedly. And I think if you will read the Word of God carefully, you will

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MOUNT HERMON SCHOOL.

One of the first buildings erected as a home for students at Mt. Hermon.

find that judgment always comes suddenly and unexpectedly. While that feast is going on and all is merry, over on the wall, over the golden candlesticks, is seen a hand, and there is a finger writing the doom of that king. He sends for the wise men of Babylon to come in and read that writing. He offers the man that can read the writing shall be clothed in fine linen and in purple; he shall have a golden chain around his neck, and shall be made the third ruler in the realm. Those wise men tried to read it, but they were not acquainted with God's handwriting. That is the reason these skeptics and infidels don't understand the Bible—they don't know God's handwriting. With all the wisdom of the Chaldeans they could not make out that handwriting. They failed—utterly failed. The king and all his lords were astounded. They never had seen it on that fashion before. It was a strange handwriting. The Queen comes in, and she tells the Monarch that there is a man in his kingdom—he has not been heard of for fifteen years; where he has been we are not told; but she tells Belshazzar that when Nebuchadnezzar reigned and the wise men failed to tell him his dream, and the interpretation, there was a man by the name of Daniel that could tell the king his dream, and the interpretation, and if Belshazzar would send for this prophet he might be able to read that handwriting on the wall. Daniel is sent for and the king says to him, "If you read that handwriting and tell me what it is, I will give you great gifts, and I will make you the third ruler in the realm." When that prophet looks up there you can imagine how silence reigns through that audience. Every eye is upon him. The king looks

at him, and as he makes this offer to the prophet, the prophet says, "Let your gifts be to others, but I will read to you the handwriting." He knew his God's writing. It was very familiar to him, and without any difficulty he can read, "Mene, mene: tekel, upharsin." "What does it mean?" cries the king. "Mene, mene: Thy kingdom is numbered and finished. Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Upharsin: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." And that night Belshazzar's blood flowed with the wine in his banquet hall. That very night they could hear Cyrus coming with his army up through the streets of Babylon. He turned the Euphrates out of its channel and brought his army under the walls of the city, and that very night Belshazzar's army was defeated, the men around the royal palace were driven back, Belshazzar was slain, and Darius took the throne.

But, it is not my object to-night to talk about that king that reigned twenty-five hundred years ago. I don't want to take you back that far. I want to get down to Cleveland if I can. I want to get into this audience to-night, and I want to ask every man and woman in this assembly, if you should be summoned into eternity at this hour, or at the midnight hour, what should be said? "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

The other night I preached from the text, "There is no difference," and I tried to measure men by the law. To-night I propose to weigh them by the law. We find here this illustration of the balances used by God himself. Tekel means, "Thou art

weighed in the balances and art found wanting." Let us imagine there were scales let down into this building—not of our making—God is going to weigh us; we are not going to weigh ourselves. The great trouble with men is they are trying to weigh themselves all the while, and they are making balances of their own. When we are weighed we are to be weighed in God's balances—not man's. The God who created us is going to weigh us. Let us imaine that the scales are fastened by a golden chain to the throne of God, who sits yonder in the heavens—a God of equity, a God of justice; and those balances come down to-night into this building, and here they are right before us, and every man, woman, and child in this assembly has to be weighed. Now, the question is, are you ready to be weighed? A man begins to look around to his neighbors and other people, and says, "Yes, I am ready to be weighed. I am as good as the average." But that is not the way to look at it. What we want is to look at the law. We are to be weighed by the law of God. The God that created us has given us a law, and among all the skeptics and infidels that I have met, I have not found any that complained of that law. The trouble is not with the law. The trouble is with ourselves.

Now, I have to-night some weights. You know when you go into a store to buy goods they take weights and weigh out your goods. Now, I have ten weights. I am going to put them in the balances, and I want this audience to come up and get in. As I put the weights in on one side, you come up and get in on the other side and see if you are ready to be weighed by the law of God.

We will now put in the first weight, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." People who live in America think there is no such thing as idolatry. They think they have to go off into China, Japan or some heathen country to find idols. Don't flatter yourselves. We have idols in America. You have not got to go far from Cleveland to find them. You will find a thousand idolaters, I was going to say, where you will find one true Christian that worships the God of the Bible. Anything that a man thinks more of than he does of God is his idol. A man may make an idol of his wealth. A man may make an idol of his wife or children; a man may make an idol of himself; a good many do that. They think more of themselves than of anything else in the wide world. They worship themselves. They revere themselves. They honor themselves. Self is at the bottom and top of every thing they do. Then there are a good many that worship the god of pleasure. Look at your young men to-day and your young ladies that bow down to the god of pleasure. "Give me a night in the ball-room and you may have heaven with all its glories. What do I care? Give me a night that will satisfy me in this world and I care nothing about the world to come." There are a good many gods. It would take all night to enumerate the gods you have got here in Cleveland. There are a good many that bow down to that god of gold, that golden calf we read of in Aaron's day. "Give me money" is the cry of the world. "You may have the Bible with all its offers of mercy and heaven. You may have everything else if you will only give me money, and give me a nice house up here on the avenue and a good turn-

out and all the money I want. That is all I ask for. I will just be willing to trample the Bible and all its commandments and all its offers of mercy under my feet. That is my god." "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Now what is your god to-night? What do you think most of to-night? Oh, that the Spirit of God may wake us up to-night. If we are trusting any idol, if we have some idol in our heart, may God tear it from us, because God says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." The sin of idolatry is one of the worst of sins. In that Book there is more said against idolatry, perhaps, than any other sin. God will have the first place or none. Yet there are a great many men trying to give God the second place. They say, "Business has got to be attended to, I have got to attend to business, and if I have a little time after attending to business, I will attend to my soul's wants." Instead of giving the soul the first place they give the body and this life the first place. We take a good deal better care of our bodies than we do of our souls. You know that very well. Most people think a great deal more of this life than of the life to come. They think a great deal more of the gods around them than of the God of the Bible and the God of heaven.

The next weight is very much like it We will put that weight right in the balances, "Thou shalt not bow down thyself to any graven image or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." "Thou shalt not bow down to any image." I am not to even worship any cross or crucifix. I am not to bow down to anything but the

God of heaven. I am not to worship any pictures, even if they are pictures of Jesus Christ—not any graven image. I think it is a great mistake that artists try to make pictures of the God of heaven and earth. It is a fearful thing. We are not to make any graven image of anything and then bow down to it.

But I must pass on rapidly. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Blasphemers come on now and be weighed. We will put that in the balances. You step in and see how quick you will go up — how quick the balance will kick the beam. If every blasphemer in this house was to be weighed to-night. what would become of his soul?

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." It is astonishing to hear men blaspheme and curse God, and when you talk to them they say, "I don't mean anything by it." Well, God means a good deal when He says He "will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

Do you know that profanity is just man's showing his enmity to God? If God hadn't told man not to swear, I don't think he would have thought of it, but just because God has said, "Thou shalt not swear," he wants to show his contempt of God by trampling His commandment under foot and spurning the grace of God. They say they can't help it. Yet these very men, when their mother is around, seldom if ever swear. That shows they have more respect for their mother than they have for the God of heaven. If the wife happens to be around, or the children very often, they will not swear. Yet they will curse God, and swear to God's face—chal-

lenge God, as it were, to do his worst, and blaspheme. Yet when you talk to them about it they say, "Oh, well, I can't help it." It is false. Man may not of his own strength be able to turn from that sin, but God will give him grace. If a man has a new heart, he will have no desire to swear.

If a man is born of God he will not want to take God's name in vain. Let the blasphemers in this house to-night remember that God is not going to "hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." If every blasphemer in this assembly should be cut down to-night with cursing and blasphemy upon his conscience and upon his heart, what would become of his soul? It is a fearful thing. You look upon a thief as a horrid monster, many of you, and think he is a curse to the community, but is it not as bad to break God's laws as to break the laws of the state? You elect men to your legislature to make laws for you, and you think the laws which they make ought to be revered and honored more than the laws of high heaven. Here is a law from heaven, and that law says "thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Man shows contempt for God and his laws and goes on blaspheming.

The next weight we will put in the balances is, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." As it looks to me, we are drifting into a dark age. We thought when we had slavery in this country that it was a great curse to the land; but we have something worse to-day. If this nation gives up its Sabbath, we are not going to see blood flow in a few Southern States, but it will not be long before it will flow in all our cities. It won't be long before we

will see a darker day than this nation has ever seen. No republic can exist without righteousness. If men are going to violate the law of God; if you teach men to break God's law, how long will it be before they will take the laws of man in their hands and tear them, as it were, to pieces and throw them to the winds and trample them under their feet?

We have to teach men to honor God's law if we expect them to honor the law of man. We see this desecration of the Sabbath increasing every year, giving up a little here and giving up a little there. A few years ago in Chicago we did not have a theater open on the Sabbath, but now every theater is open. Every Sunday night those theaters are crowded. I want to say to the working men, if you give up the Sabbath, you give up the best friend you've got, and it will not be long before these capitalists will take your Sabbath and make you work seven days in the week, and you will not earn a dollar more than you do now in six days. God is our friend; he would not have given us one day in seven unless it was for our good. Man needs it, beast needs it. So let us honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy. If we have to give up our business and get some other business, let us do it even if we don't make quite so much money. It is a good deal better for us to be right, to know we are honoring God, and to have God on our side, than it is to be breaking God's law. If a father teaches his child not to observe the Sabbath, takes him out riding on Sunday, teaches him not to go to the house of God, it will not be long before that boy will break his father's commandments. You teach him to dishonor God's law and he will dishonor yours. Is not that so? Does history not

teach you that? Look around you. Have you got to go to the Bible to find that out? Is it not so? You take a man that goes around on the Sabbath, who don't teach his boy to go to Sabbath-school and to church, but teaches him to play marbles, and it will not be long before that boy will break that father's heart—if he has a heart.

Throw this commandment into the balances and Sabbath-breaker, step in. If you do, what will become of you? You will find written on the wall, "Tekel. Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." If a man cannot keep one day out of seven, what is he going to do with that eternal Sabbath in heaven? He will not want to go there. Heaven would be hell to him.

I must pass on. "Honor thy father and thy mother." That is another thing that shows we are drifting into a dark age. Men seem to be void of natural affection. Now, I want to call your attention to this fact; wherever you see a young man or young lady treating their parents with scorn and contempt, you may just mark this, they will never prosper. I am not an old man and I am not a prophet, but I have lived long enough to notice that I have yet to find the first case where a young man or young lady has started out in life that has dishonored father and mother, that has treated them with scorn and contempt, that has ever prospered. I believe to-day one reason why so many men's ways are hedged up, and they do not prosper is because they have dishonored their parents. I do not know of anything that is more contemptible. I do not know of anything that sinks a man lower in my estimation, than to hear him speak disrespectfully of his father

and mother, that cared for him in his childhood, that watched over him in sickness and did everything they could for him.

A young man that will go out and get drunk and come home at midnight, or 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, knowing his gray-haired mother is sitting up for him and weeping, is crushing that mother, just breaking her heart, just murdering her by degrees. I do not know why it is not just as bad to murder your father and mother, break their hearts and take months to do it and to kill them, as it is to take a revolver and shoot them down at once. There are hundreds of young men doing that to-day. You haven't got to go out of Cleveland to find them. I venture to say while I am talking here to-night some young man is in a brothel or in some saloon or billiard hall, who will go home to-night or to-morrow morning beastly drunk and curse the mother that gave him birth, and curse her gray hairs, and perhaps lift up that great strong arm of his and beat that mother. Or some husband will go and be untrue to some wife and go home, and if she says a word, down comes that right arm upon her. Yes, it is only one, two or three murderers we have perhaps in jail at a time, but how many walk the streets of Cleveland to-day! I tell you a young man that don't honor his father and mother, need not expect to prosper in this life, or in the life to come.

There was a young man who used to think considerable of his parents. He was a very fine looking young man. His father was a great drunkard, and his mother used to take in washing just to give that boy an education. She kept him at school and

worked hard to do it. But one day he was out on the sidewalk talking with that mother. She had been washing and was not dressed as well as some ladies. He saw a school-mate coming towards him and he walked away from that mother. The school-mate asked him who that woman was he was talking to, and he said it was his washer-woman. Ashamed to own his own mother. You laugh, young lady. Shame on such a man as that. I think we ought to be ashamed of a man that would speak that way of a mother who is toiling day and night to give him an education. "Honor thy father and thy mother." Treat them kindly, you will not always have them. By and by they will be gone. No one in the wide world loves you like that mother. No one in the wide world loves you like that father. Treat them kindly. Make the evening of their lives as sweet as you can. It will come back again. You will have children by and by, perhaps, and they will treat you kindly. But bear in mind if you treat that father and mother with scorn and contempt, by and by, after a few years have rolled around you will be paid back in your own coin. "Be not deceived. God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The reaping is coming, and men will have to reap the same seed that they sow.

You treat that aged mother of yours with scorn and contempt and expect God to smile on you and prosper you, and you will be deceived.

If there is a man or woman in this audience tonight that is not treating father or mother with respect or kindness, let him step into the balances and see how quick they will strike the beam. You

will be found lighter than dust in the balances. You will find that word "Tekel" blazing out. "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

But I must pass on. "Thou shalt not kill." I suppose if you had said a few months ago to some of those men that have been killing lately that they were going to come to that, they would have said, "Am I a dog that I should do it?" They thought they would not; but when Satan takes possession of a man you don't know what he will do; you can't tell. When a man goes on step by step from one thing to another, it will not be long before he will be guilty of almost any crime. I have not got to kill a man to be a murderer. If I wish a man dead, I am a murderer at heart. That is murder. If I get so angry with a man that I wish him dead, I am guilty in the sight of God. God looks at the heart, not at the outward man. We only look at the acts of men, but God looks down in the hearts. If I have murder in my heart, if I wish a man or woman dead, I am guilty. "Thou shalt not kill." As I said before, there are a good many men who are not looked upon as murderers, that really kill their parents, kill their children, kill their wives. How many drunken men have murdered their wives! They have literally killed them inch by inch. They have gone to the altar and sworn before the God of heaven they would love, cherish, protect and support that woman, and inside of five years they have become horrid monsters, and beaten that defenceless woman, until at last she has gone with a broken heart into the grave. Nothing but a cruel husband murdered that woman. "Thou shalt not kill." Do

you think a God of judgment, a God of equity, a God of mercy will not bring these men into judgment?

But I must pass on. We will put these six weights right up there, and come to the next. I would pass over this commandment if I dared, but when I see what the enemy is doing, when I see the terrible, terrible state of things we are having all around, in all kinds of society, high and low, I feel that I must cry out and spare not. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." It is a sin that is not much spoken of. It is one of those things that we like to pass over. We hear a good deal about intemperance, but the twin sister of intemperance is adultery to-day. I want to read to you something that will express what I want to say, perhaps, better than I can myself—the seventh chapter of Proverbs.

I want to say to the young people in this audience to-night, I do not know of a quicker way to ruin, I do not know of a quicker way down to hell than the way of the adulterer. Do you know that the average life of a fallen woman is only seven years? It is very short. How a woman can surrender her virtue and take that road is one of the greatest mysteries of the present day, when they can look around and see how they have brought ruin and blight upon their life, and made it dark and bitter.

Not long ago a scene occurred in Chicago, of a mother that left her family in Iowa and a man that left his, and they came to Chicago, and after getting tired and sick of their life, and remorse, I suppose, seized hold of him, at the hotel where they were, he cut her throat from ear to ear, and as she fled from him into the hall, he cut his own from ear to ear

and fled into the hall and embraced her, and the adulterer and adulteress died in each other's arms. What a fearful ending! That is occurring all the while from one end of the land to the other. "Thou shalt not commit adultery!" And I want to say to these libertines — these men that think they can commit that sin and cover it up, and think it will never come to light; some of them come to our public meetings; some of them come into our churches, and they sweep down the broad aisle, perhaps, with their wives upon their arms; they take the best seats, perhaps, in our churches, and they think the crime is covered up—be not deceived. You ruin some man's daughter, and some vile wretch will ruin yours. You will find it out by and by.

Do you think that God is not going to bring men to judgment for this thing? Do you think that men can go on, and that they can get clear, and the woman be cast out? They say the thing is unequal. Well, it may be among men, but bear in mind there is a God of equity sitting in the heavens, and this thing is going to become straight by and by. Not that the women are excused; one is as bad as the other. It is a sin, and it is a fearful sin. It is a sin we must cry out against at the present time. Don't let any adulterer or adulteress think he or she is going into the kingdom of God. And I want to say to the men here to-night, if you are bound to some fallen woman, if you are to-night guilty of that awful sin, give it up or give up heaven. If God should summon you into those balances to-night, what would become of you, vile adulterer, what would become of you? And you, poor, fallen

woman!—you step in and see what would become of your soul. "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

I want to say once more before I pass this commandment, that people may cavil and laugh and make light of it, as they do; but it is one of the greatest evils of the present day. Many a man's life is ruined, many a family has been broken up, and many a mother has gone down to her grave with a broken heart, because a son or a daughter has been ruined. It is a time that the church of God should send up one cry that our children should be kept. It is a day of temptation. It is a day of trial on our right hand and on our left. We are living in a day of decayed conscience, as some one has said. Men are losing their consciences. It is astonishing how a man can talk. I got a letter from a man to-day—the first letter I got to-day. He stated he was living this kind of a life, and he seems to have no conscience about it, and he wanted to have me pray that they may be separated, and he says if there is a God they will be separated. He doubts whether or not there is a God. Men get so steeped in sin that they want to stifle conscience, they want to deceive themselves, and they begin to reason that there is no God at all. You will find out by and by there is a God. Bear in mind God will bring you into judgment by and by. Because sentence is not executed at once is no sign He is not going to execute the sentence. Because God don't bring men to judgment at once is no sign he will not come to judgment. He will come. Paul reasoned with Felix of "righteousness, temperance and *judgment to come.*" God has appointed a day when He will judge the world. Men may cavil and laugh as much as

they like, but the day is appointed, the hour is fixed, and men have got to come to judgment, and then sins which you have committed in secret, and which you think are covered up, will come to light and be made public, unless they are covered by the blood of Christ; unless you repent and turn from them and ask God to have mercy upon you. They will be blazoned out to that great assembled universe.

But I must pass on. "Thou shalt not steal." Is there a man here to-night that is a thief? Oh, no, you can say there are no thieves here. Ah, don't you flatter yourself. There is many a man that thinks he is not a thief, that is a thief. When that young man takes twenty-five cents out of his employer's till to go to the theater, he is a thief as much as if he stole five thousand dollars and got caught. When a man appropriates to himself one dollar that belongs to some one else, he is a thief in the sight of God. A drop of water is water as much as Lake Erie is water; and the man that steals five cents is a thief in the sight of God as much as if he stole five hundred dollars. Some men think that they are not thieves unless they get caught; and they think if they cover up their tracks and don't get caught they never will be brought to judgment. God's eyes are going to and fro through the earth. If you have a dollar that belongs to some one else, I beg of you, as a friend, to make restitution before you go to bed to-night. Pay it back if you want the light of heaven to flash across your path, if you want the smile and approbation of God to rest upon you, pay it back. You will not prosper as long as you have some one else's money. "Thou shalt not

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EAST HALL, NORTHFIELD SEMINARY.

The first dormitory erected for young ladies.

steal." Now go to thinking. Have you anything that belongs to some one else? Have you cheated any one? Have you jumped on to those horse cars and not paid your fare sometimes when there was a great crowd and the conductor did not come around for it? That is stealing just as much as if you had been a defaulter or a forger. Have you been on the steam cars, and the conductor did not happen to come around and get your fare, and have you said, "I have got a ride for nothing"? You are a thief. You laugh at it, but it is not to be laughed at. What we want to-day is righteousness in this nation. What we want in the church to-day above every thing else is downright honesty; and may God give it to us! These things are not to be laughed at. Do you know how men become defaulters? Just in that way. They take a little to begin with, and conscience comes up and smites them; but the next day they take a little more. Conscience don't trouble them so much. By and by they stifle conscience, and they can go on and do anything. That is the way these forgers begin. That is the way these defaulters begin. That is the way these great noted criminals begin. It is just the entering wedge. It is a little thing in their sight. But I tell you what we want to remedy is sin, and sin is not little. If there is a man here to-night who has commenced a downward course, commenced a dishonest life, I want to beg of you to-night, before you sleep, make up your mind, God helping you, that you will straighten up any dishonesty of which you have been guilty, let it cost you what it will. Make restitution.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness." I wish I had

time to dwell on that, and the next: "Thou shalt not covet."

There are those ten weights. Now, you cannot be weighed by one of them; you must be weighed by the whole. Is there a man or woman in this audience that is ready to be weighed? Come. I have heard so much about morals—is there a moral man here to-night? Are you ready? Have you not broken that decalogue? Is there a man or woman in this audience that has never broken any of those commandments? If you have broken one, you are guilty. Those are not ten different laws, but one law; and if I have broken one of those commandments, I have broken the law of God, and I am guilty.

Let the moralist come up to-night and step into the scales, and see how quick he will kick the beam. Bring on the moralist. He walks up to those golden scales, and he sees written there, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." He says, "You will excuse me to-night, sir. I can't be weighed." He don't like to step in over the text. He knows very well he will be found wanting. He knows very well it will be said, "Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting. ' He goes around on the other side of the scales and he sees, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." "Well," he says, "I think I will not be weighed to-night." He is not quite ready to be weighed after all. You know these texts were given by Christ to the moralists of His day. But, says the moralist, "I will step in, I guess, on the other side. I don't like to step in over this text," and he goes on around on the third side, and there he sees: "Ex-

cept ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." He says, "I will not go in on that side." He steps around to the fourth side. "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." "Well," he says, "I think I will not be weighed in those balances." But bear in mind God is going to weigh you in them. You have got to be weighed in them.

Let the rumseller step up to the scales and see if he is ready to be weighed. As he steps up to those scales, he finds written there in golden letters: "Woe be to the man that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." "Well," he says, "I think I won't be weighed to-night." He is not ready.

Let the drunkard come, rum bottle in hand. He looks at those scales and sees: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." He says, "I will not step in there to-night. I am afraid it will be found written on the wall, as it was on Belshazzer's wall: "Tekel. Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

Where is there a man to-night that is ready to be weighed. I can imagine a man up in the gallery says, "I wonder what Mr. Moody would do if he was to be weighed. I wonder if Mr. Moody is ready to step into those scales and to be weighed." I want to tell you I am; and I say it, I hope, without any boasting or egotism. You may put into the scales all those commandments, every one of them, and I am ready to step in against them. Do you want to know how? I will take Christ in with me. I took Him as my Savior twenty odd years ago. I am ready to step into those scales with Him at any

time. He will bring it down. He kept the law. He was the end of the law for righteousness' sake. That is man's only hope. I would not dare to be weighed without him; but with Him, I am ready at any time, day or night. If God calls me to step into those scales to-night, I will step in; and I will step in with a shout, too, and I will not be looking on the wall to see if it is written "Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting," because Christ has kept the law, and I have got Him. He offered himself to me, and I took Him. He offers himself to every guilty sinner here to-night. To every man and woman who has broken that law there is a Savior offered, there is salvation offered, and you can have it and live forever. But without Christ, what are you going to do?

CHAPTER XXXII.

NO DIFFERENCE.

You will find my text to-night in the third chapter of Romans and the 22d verse. "For there is no difference." I will venture to say there are a good many here to-night that will differ with the text. But I didn't make it; and I am not going to quarrel with you. If you don't like it you must settle it with the Word of God. I just give it you as I have got it. If I had a servant working for me and I should send that servant to deliver a message, and he thought it didn't sound right and should change the message, I think I should change servants, I should want him to deliver the message just as I sent it. If I am going to be the messenger of God to-night—if I am going to preach the gospel to you, I have to give you the law as well as the gospel.

Now, we find in this third chapter of Romans, Paul is bringing in the law to show man his guilt. If a man wants to read his own biography he should turn to the third chapter of Romans and he will find it all there. A great many men are anxious to get their lives written. Why, they are already written. God knows more about you than you do about yourselves. If you want to find out what a man is by nature, all you have to do is to read the third chapter of Romans. It is all there. If you want to find out

what God is, read the third chapter of John and you will find that God so loved the world, even fallen man, that He gave His Son to die for him.

Now, I do not know a text in the Bible that the natural man dislikes any more than this one. I have a great many people attack me for preaching this doctrine of "No difference." I was led to take it up to-night by what I heard last night in the inquiry room. There was a moralist there—that is, he said he was a moralist—and he could not understand just how he was as bad as other people. Now, the longer I live, and the more I mingle with men, the more I am convinced that moralists are scarce, after all. There are a great many who think they are very moral; but I venture to say, if your sins and my sins—I won't leave out one now; I take every man and woman in this audience—if all our secret thoughts, and all that has been in our hearts, should be written on yonder wall, there would be the greatest stampede you ever saw. You would get out of this hall as if you were struck with the plague. You know very well that if your sins were all brought to light you would not talk about being moralists, or about being so very good. Now, man is not so very good by nature after all. "The heart is deceitful above all things." Man is being deceived by his own heart. Man is bad by nature. I don't think you have got to go inside of yourself to find out that you are bad. If you will only get a look at yourself, if man could only see himself as God sees him, he would not be talking about his righteousness. It would be gone very quick.

Now, just the moment we begin to preach from this text man begins to strengthen up and say, "I

don't believe it." We think we are a little better than our neighbors—a little better than other people.

The next verse throws light upon it. "There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Every one.

It would be an absurd thing to make a law without a penalty. I believe the state of Massachusetts, a few years ago, did make a law without a penalty, and that legislature became the laughing stock of the whole state. What is a law without a penalty? Suppose your state legislature should pass a law that no man in the state of Ohio shall steal, and fix no penalty to it, the thieves would be in your houses before you got home to-night. What do they care for a law that has no penalty? God's law has a penalty to it. There are not ten different laws. They are one law. Some people seem to think the ten commandments are ten different laws. They are one law. If you have broken one of them you have broken the law, and are therefore guilty. I need not break the decalogue to be a sinner; if I break one of these commandments I have broken the law of God. You need not take up all the rails on the railroad track between here and Chicago to have a collision—only one rail. A man may say he has a good fence around his pasture, but if he leaves one gap the cattle get out. What is the fence good for? Take one inch of pipe out of that gas pipe and the gas is cut off from this building. You need not take out all the pipe—take out one inch and there is no gas. So if a man has broken the law of God he is guilty; he is a criminal in the sight of God. That is the teaching of the third chapter of Romans. You will find it all through the teachings of Christ: he

that breaketh the least of the law is guilty of all. Why? Because he has broken the law of God. He has transgressed the law of God and become guilty in the sight of a pure God. A perfect God could give nothing but a perfect law—a perfect standard. There is no trouble about the law. Your life and property would not be safe if it were not for the law. The law is all right. Skeptics find fault with the Bible. You seldom find an infidel attacking the law of God. That is all right. We have to have law—could not live without law. The trouble is, man has broken the law of God. If you have broken one commandment you are guilty in the sight of God. If I was hanging from yonder ceiling by a chain of one hundred links and one link should break, down I would come. The links do not all need to break to let me fall.

When God put man in Eden he bound him to the throne of heaven by a golden chain. When Adam fell he broke that golden chain. Man is lost. He is out of communion with God. Some men say, "Well, do you pretend to say I am as bad as other people?" I don't know but what you are worse. The moralist straightens up and says, "I am not as bad as that drunkard. Do you call me as bad as that thief, that adulterer, and that libertine? Do you call me as bad as that forger, that defaulter?" I don't know but what you are worse; really, I can't tell. God judges us according to the light we have had. Suppose I have had nothing but light from earliest childhood up; that I have been nursed in a religious family; I have heard all about God, but I turn my back upon all His teachings, and I praise myself because I think I am better than other

people, and call myself a moralist. Here is a young man who has a cursing father and a cursing mother, and has heard nothing but cursings and blasphemies. He has had no light. It may be I am worse in the sight of God than that man. The idea of a man drawing the filthy rags of self-righteousness about him and thinking he is better than other people! The fact is, there is not any thing that grows on this Adam tree that is good. It is all bad. I will admit that some men have more fruit than others. Suppose you have two trees, both miserable, worthless, good for nothing. One has five hundred apples and the other only five. One has more fruit, but both bad. So one may be more fruitful in bringing forth sin, but both bad.

A friend of mine went into a jail some time ago and fell to talking with the prisoners. He began to talk with one who was a murderer, and he tried to rouse the man up to talk about his awful guilt, but the man thought he was not so very bad after all. "Why," said he, "you talk as if I was the worst man in the world. There is a man down in the other cell who has killed six men; I have only killed one." There he was trying to justify himself. That is the cry all over the world at the present time. Men are measuring themselves by men, and they think that because they have not committed as many sins as other people they are not so bad. If they could just get a glimpse of their own hearts, they would see that they were black and vile.

Now, God never gave the law to save any man. The law was given that every man's mouth might be stopped, and the whole world become guilty before God. When a man gets a good look at him-

self in God's law, he does not try to make out that he is better than other people; he gets down in the dust, and he cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Suppose an artist should come here to Cleveland and advertise that he could photograph men's hearts —that he could get a correct likeness of what is in a man's heart—do you think he would take a single likeness in all Cleveland? People arrange their toilets, go to the artists and get their photographs taken; and if the artist flatters them a little and makes them look a little better than they really do look, they say, "Yes, that is a very good likeness," and they send it to their friends and pass it around by post. I got one to-night from a friend, and it was a very fine one.

But suppose you could get a photograph of your heart. Do you think you would send that around? There is not a man in all Cleveland who would have a photograph of his heart taken. You know it very well. There is not any thing that will close a man's mouth about his being so pure, and good, and moral, as to get a look at himself in God's looking-glass. The law is God's looking-glass dropped down into the world that man may see himself as God sees him. Or, in other words, the law is made that man may see how he has fallen short of God's standard.

Just a little while before the Chicago fire, I said to my family at breakfast that I would come home after dinner and take them out riding. My little boy jumped up and said, "Papa, will you take us up to Lincoln Park to see the bears?" "Yes, take you up to Lincoln Park to see the bears." You know that boys like to see animals. I hadn't more than

gone off before he began to tease his mother to get him ready. She washed him, put a white dress on him, got him all ready. Then he wanted to go out-doors. When he was a little fellow he had a strange passion for eating dirt, and when I drove up, his face was all covered with dirt and his dress was dirty. He came running up to me and wanted me to take him up in the carriage to Lincoln Park. Said I, "Willie, I can't take you in that state; I have got to wash you." "No, I'se clean!" "No, you are not. You are dirty. I shall have to wash you before I can take you out riding." "O, I'se clean, I'se clean! Mamma washed me." "No," I said, "you are not." The little fellow began to cry, and I thought the quickest way to stop him was to show him himself. So I got out of the carriage, and took him into the house, and showed him his face in the looking-glass. That stopped his mouth. He never said his face was clean after he saw himself But I didn't take the looking-glass to wash him with. I took him away to the water. The law is only given to show man his needs; to show man his guilt—not to save him. The law is a school-master to bring him to Christ. But the law never saved a man, never will, and never can. The law condemns me, shows me my guilt. But Christ comes and saves me from the curse of the law. Paul says, in this very chapter, that the law was given that every mouth might be stopped; and when men will get done measuring themselves by their neighbors, by their friends, and will begin to measure themselves by God's law, they will see just where they are. They will see how they have sinned and

come short of the glory of God; and they will not see it before.

Why, you may go to yonder prison at Columbus, and you will find there, probably, a thousand prisoners, more or less, some of them are there for forgery, some for rape, some for theft, some for manslaughter, some for murder; and you will find, perhaps, a hundred different kinds of prisoners. But the law makes no difference. They have all sinned, and come short of the requirements of the law of the state. They have broken the law. They have transgressed and when they came to that prison they all went in alike. Their hair was cut short and they put on the garb of the prison and they are there. "There is no difference." The law of this state recognizes "no difference." They are criminals. They are guilty.

Not long ago one of these whiskey men was taken up by the law—a man estimated to be worth a million dollars—and he was sent to prison, and when he got to the prison door and wanted to take his trunk in, they said, "No, you can't take that." "Well," he said, "I am afraid I can't get on with the prison fare, and I have brought a few things for my own comfort." "No," they said, "there is no difference here. The law recognizes no difference."

You may divide society into a hundred classes. There are the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, men of culture, men of science. But the law of God recognizes no difference. If a man has broken the law of God, I tell you, my friends, there is no difference; and the quicker you can find it out the better. A man up here on this avenue,

worth his millions, who dies without Christ, without God and without hope, goes down to his grave like a beggar, and there will be no difference one minute after his death; and ten days after he is in his grave the worms will feed upon his body as they would upon a beggar. We make a great difference, but God does not look at things as we do.

Now, the object of this discourse is to get you people to-night to give up measuring yourselves by other people. If you want to get a correct measurement, measure yourself by the law of God, and see where you are.

A few years ago, when the city of Chicago was incorporated as a city, they gave the Mayor power to appoint policemen. When the city was small, the plan worked very well, but when it got to be large, it was too much power in one man's hands, and he would use that power to secure his re-election, and the thing worked disastrously for the city government. Some citizens went to Springfield to our legislature, and got through a Police bill that took the power out of the hands of the Mayor, and placed it in the hands of a Board of Police Commissioners. The law provided that no man should be a policeman unless he was of a certain height. I remember there was a great rush to headquarters to get appointments as policemen. Men were going all over the city getting recommendations, because it was said no man would get an appointment that hadn't a good character. Now, for my illustration. Suppose that Mr. Doane and myself want to get in as policemen; we are running around getting letters from leading men of Chicago. We meet at the door at the appointed time, and I say, "Mr. Doane, I

think I have as good a chance as any man in this crowd. I have letters from United States senators, representative in Congress, the mayor of the city and judges of the supreme court." "Well," says Mr. Doane, "I have letters from the same ones, and I am sure they do not speak any more highly of you than they do of me." I step up to the Commissioner and lay down my letters, and the Commissioner says to me, "Mr. Moody, those letters may be all right, but before we read those letters, we will measure you. The law says you must be of a certain height." I stand up and am measured, but I don't come within the requirement of the law. The law says I must be five feet and six inches—for illustration call it that—and I am only five feet. I do not come but within a half a foot of it, and he hands the letters back to me and says, "Your letters may be all right, Mr. Moody, but you have come short of the standard; the law says you shall be five feet and six inches." Mr. Doane looks down upon me and he says, "Mr. Moody, I am a little taller than you are." I say, "Mr. Doane, don't say anything, wait until you are measured." Mr. Doane steps up, and he is five feet five inches and nine-tenths of an inch. He has come short only one-tenth of an inch. There is no difference.

The way to measure yourself is by God's requirements. Is there a man here who is willing to be measured to-night? Are you willing to be measured by the law of God, and not by your neighbors and by your friends? That is working the mischief. People are all the time measuring themselves by their neighbors and friends. Be measured by the law of God, and see where you are. I do not know

of anything that will stop a man's mouth quicker. He will not be talking about being better than his neighbors if he measures himself by God's law. Have you kept it? That is the question.

I can imagine Noah leaving the ark and going out to preach from this text: "There is no difference. Every man that does not get into the ark shall perish." Those antedeluvians would have laughed at him; they would have said, "Noah you had better get back into the ark and not talk that stuff to us." "There is no difference. All are going to perish alike," says Noah. "Every man that does not get into the ark will perish." They would have caviled at him and laughed at him. I doubt whether or not they would not have stoned him to death. But did that change the fact? The flood came and took them all away—kings, governors, judges, rulers, drunkards, harlots, thieves all swept away alike. "There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." I can imagine Abraham leaving his tent and Lot going down into Sodom a few days before Sodom was destroyed, and preaching from the text. "There is no difference, God is going to rise in judgment upon these cities of the plain. Every man that does not escape from this city God will destroy. When he comes to deal in judgment there will be no difference." Those Sodomites would have laughed at him. They would have told him he had better go back to his tent and his altar. But the fire came and they were all destroyed alike. The king of Sodom, princes, governors, rulers, all perished alike.

I can imagine Christ preaching to those men in Jerusalem. "God is going to judge Jerusalem, and

when God comes in judgment there will be no difference." And when God judged Jerusalem eleven hundred thousand perished. There was no difference. All perished alike.

It seems to me I got a glimpse in the Chicago fire of what the Judgment will be, when I saw that fire rolling down the streets of Chicago, twenty and thirty feet high, consuming man and everything in its march that did not flee. I saw there the millionaire and the beggar fleeing alike. There was no difference. That night our great men, learned men, wise men, all fled alike. There was no difference. And when God comes to judge the world, there will be no difference. Because you are in a higher position, or because you have a little wealth, because you have a title to your name or some position in this world, if you are out of Christ—out of the ark, it will make no difference. God has provided an ark of refuge. God says, "Come in." God has provided salvation. "The grace of God hath appeared bringing salvation to all men." You spurn the offer of mercy. You just turn aside from this gift. Many a man is kicking this unspeakable gift around as he would a foot-ball—as if it was not worth picking up. Whose fault is it? God has provided salvation for all. Many a man turns his head with a scornful look and says: "I don't want it." Ah, my friends, if you refuse this gift you must perish. There will be no difference when God comes in judgment.

Wherever man had been tried without God he has been a failure. God put Adam in Eden, surrounded him with everything that heart could desire, and Satan walked in and stripped him of every-

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AUDITORIUM, NORTHFIELD.

Young men of limited means here gather annually to gain an education and fit themselves for contact with the world

thing he had. I don't believe Satan was in the garden thirty minutes before he had everything that Adam had. He was a failure. Then God took man and made a covenant with him. He says to Abraham, "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore." After that covenant man was a failure. He turned away from God. What a stupendous failure man was under the Judges! Then we find God bringing them to Sinai and giving them the law. Who would have thought they were not going to keep it! Moses went up into the mountain to have an interview with God and took Joshua with him, and was gone but forty days. Those men gathered around Aaron and said, "Where is Moses? We do not know anything about him. Make us a god to worship." They brought gold to him and he made them a golden calf. These very men that were going to keep the law, inside of thirty days were bowing down and worshiping a golden calf, and their children have been at it ever since. More people to-day bow down to the golden calf than to the God of heaven. Man away from God is a stupendous failure. Man was a failure under the prophets. Now, we have been two thousand years under grace, which means undeserved mercy; and what is man under grace but a failure without God? Pick up your daily papers and look at your daily records. Look at that transaction in Cincinnati within forty-eight hours! Look at what is occurring in all the towns, cities, and villages! Man away from God is a failure. When will men learn the lesson?

But I can imagine some of you say, "Is there no

star to light this darkness? Are we to be left under this law?" Right here comes this gospel. Jesus came to redeem us from the law. Christ was the end of the law for righteousness' sake. He has atoned for sin. He has by the sacrifice of Himself put away sin. The law cannot touch me. Blessed truth. The law condemns me, but Christ saves me. The law casts me down, but Christ lifts me up. If you can afford to turn away from such a Savior and go on in your sins and take the consequences, you can take a greater responsibility upon yourself than I would dare to do.

Perhaps I can illustrate this by an incident that occurred during our war. When the war broke out there was a young man in New England who was engaged to be married to a young lady. He enlisted for three years. Letters passed between them. He wrote to her after every battle. The three years were nearly up. She was counting the days before he would return. The battle of the Wilderness came on. She got no letter for some time. Day after day she went to the little village postoffice, but got no letter; but at last one came in a strange hand-writing, written by one of his comrades. She tore it open. It stated that he had lost both of his arms in that battle, and how he loved her, but as he would be dependent upon the charities of a cold world for his support, and as she was worthy of a noble husband he released her from the engagement and she was at liberty to marry whom she pleased. She never answered that letter. The next train that left that little village for the South she was on. She went to the army, and her tears and entreaties took her beyond the lines, and she got down to the

hospital in the Wilderness. She got the number of the ward or the cot he was in. She went down that long line of cots and at last her eye fixed upon that number. She rushed to that cot, and bent over and kissed that armless man, and she said, "I will never give you up. These hands will toil for you. I am able to support you and care for you." That young man could have spurned her offer and turned her away and said, "No, I will not carry out the engagement." He was a free agent. But she came to him in his helpless condition, and now they are living a happy life. She has been true to her word. She takes care of that man.

Ah, my friends, it is a poor illustration of what Jesus Christ will do for every sinner in this hall to-night. We are worse than armless. We are dead in trespasses and sins. Christ came from the throne of heaven and redeemed us from the law. "He bore our sins for us in his own body on the tree." "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquity, and by His stripes we are healed." He took the penalty of the law into His own bosom. He tasted death for every man. Christ was the end of the law by giving up His own life. Sinner, will you have Him as your Savior? Will you let Him redeem you from the curse of the law to-night? Will you to-night pass from death unto life? You can, if you will, have Him. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life." And when you and I stand before God, the question will be: "What did you do with My Son? I offered you eternal life through Him. What did you do with Him?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GRACE

My subject is that we have just been singing about, "Grace." It is one of those Bible words we hear so often and know so little about. You hear a great many people talking about their not being worthy to come to Christ; they would like to come, but they are not worthy, they are not good enough.

That is a sign they know nothing about grace at all. Grace means unmerited mercy, undeserved favor. Just because man don't deserve it, God deals in grace with him. And when we see it in that light we will get done trying to establish our own righteousness and our own good deeds, and take Christ as God would have us.

Now there is not any part of the Bible in which you will not find God shining out in grace; or, in other words, He wants to deal with all men in grace. He don't delight in judgment. He delights in mercy. That is one of his attributes. He is anxious to deal in mercy with every man, woman and child on the face of the earth. But the trouble is, men are running away from the God of grace, they don't want grace, won't have it, won't take it as a gift.

In proof of this you will find that away back in Eden, the first thing after the fall of man, God dealing in grace with Adam. You find, as you read the

account of his fall, of his transgression, that there is not any sign at all of repentance. When God came to deal with Adam there is not any sign of Adam asking for pardon. If he asked for pardon it has not been put on record. There is no confession; there is no contrition; there is no prayer for mercy; and yet we find the God of all grace dealing with Adam there in Eden in love—in grace. He had mercy upon him. If He had dealt in judgment without grace, He would have hurled him out of Eden, or He would have let Eden be his resting place. He would have perished right there in Eden. But we find God dealt in grace with Adam. He pitied him, and He had mercy upon him.

You will find that, all through the Old Testament, grace here and there shines out; but we don't see it in its fulness until Christ came. He was the embodiment of grace and truth.

In the first chapter of John's gospel and the fourteenth verse it says, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth. For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

Again, in the fifth chapter of Romans and the fifteenth verse, we read, "But not as of the offense, so also is the free gift." Emphasize that little word free. It is a *free* gift. "For if through the offence of one many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many."

Now, grace came by Jesus Christ and hath abounded unto many. As we lost life in the first Adam, we get life in the second Adam. We lost

everything, you might say, in the first Adam, but we get it all back, and more, too, in the second Adam. He came full of grace to have mercy on man and to save. We cannot get the grace of God except through His Son. That is the channel that the gifts of God flow through. If a man thinks he is going to get by Christ and going right to the Father and have God deal in mercy with him he is deceiving himself. Christ is the anointed one, the sent one. God sent Him to deal in grace with men; and if you want the God of all grace to meet you and bless you, you must meet Him at the foot of the cross; you must meet Him in Christ.

When the nations around Egypt went down into Egypt to get corn, the king of Egypt sent them to Joseph. He put every thing in Joseph's hands. So the King of heaven has put every thing in Christ's hands; and if you want mercy you must go to Christ, because He delights in mercy; and there is not a man or woman on the face of the earth who really want mercy that cannot find it in Him. He is the God of all grace; that is what Peter says. Men talk about grace, but the fact is we don't know much about grace. If I went to a bank and had a pretty good reputation for having money, if I was worth consderable, and I could get another man that was worth a little more to endorse my note, I might get, perhaps, five hundred dollars for a little while, but I would have to give a note, and perhaps have to secure that note, and it would read, "Thirty days after date, or sixty days after date, I promise to pay." Then they give what they call three days grace, and they make you pay interest for those three days; and if you are short a dollar they will

sell every thing you have to get that from you. Men call that grace. They don't know anything about grace at all. If they had grace they would give you not only the principal, but the interest and all. That is what grace is. I think the reason men know so little about grace is that they are measuring God by their own rule. Now, we love a man as long as he is worthy of our love. When he is not we cast him off. Not so with the God of all grace. Nothing will give him greater pleasure than to deal in mercy—to deal in grace.

Paul is called the apostle of grace. If you look at his fourteen epistles carefully, you will find that every one of them winds up with a prayer for grace.

Now, I want to call your attention to a scene that occurred in the life of Christ. See how grace just flowed out. There was a woman came to him who had a daughter who was greviously tormented at home. Perhaps some of you have children that are possessed of bad spirits, possessed of a demon, children that are just breaking your hearts and bringing ruin upon your home and bitterness into your life. Well, this woman had a child that was grievously tormented, and she started off to Christ. He was coming to the coast of Tyre and Sidon, and she came out to that coast. She was not an Israelite. He had come for the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

God sent him first to the Jews. But grace would flow out. The apostles tried to keep it back, but it would flow out. He came in the borders of that country, and this woman had faith, and she came and cried to the Lord to help her, and she kept crying. The Lord knew all about her, but He wanted to teach those Jews around Him a lesson. He

wanted to teach them the lesson of grace. The most difficult thing Christ had to do when He was down here was to teach those Jews grace. The men that were around Him, even those twelve apostles, could not understand about this grace. They were all the time going around establishing their own righteousness. "We are of the seed of Jacob; we are the descendants of Moses and Abraham." They thought they were better than the nations around them. They called the nations around them Gentile dogs, but they were the seed of Abraham. He was trying to teach them grace. They could not understand it. This woman comes to the coast of Tyre and Sidon and begins to cry for help. The disciples tried to send her away. She was terribly in earnest, and she kept praying right there in the streets. She was hungering for something. I hope some one has come up to this Tabernacle to day hungering for something. You will get it if you are hungering and thirsting for it. She was terribly in earnest. She wanted the Lord to bless her. She put herself right in the place of that child. At last one of the twelve—perhaps it was Peter; he was generally the spokesman of the twelve—says: "Lord, send her away; she is bothering us." Ah! Peter did not know the heart of the Savior. He had a blessing in His heart for that woman. But the woman kept on crying. At last He thought He would try her, and He says: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs." Now, if she had been like some women in Cleveland she would have probably said, "What! you call me a dog, do you? I won't take anything from you. I know lots of women who are meaner than I am; and worse

than I am. There's a woman lives down on the same street I live, and she belongs to the seed of Abraham, and she is a good deal meaner than I am." How mad she would have got! But see what she did: "Yes, Lord; but the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from his Master's table." Ah, it pleased the Master wonderfully. He did not send her away. "Oh, woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee as thou wilt." That is a blank check for her to fill out. The whole treasury of heaven was open to her, and she could walk in and take what she wanted. She did not come with any work. She did not come with any tears. She just came for mercy. And that beautiful prayer—some people tell us they can't pray; but this is one of the most beautiful prayers on record. "Lord,"—she called him Lord; He was divine; He was not mere man—"Lord, help me." Three golden links bound her right to the God of all grace. You tell me you can't pray! Why, that little child there can make that prayer, "Lord, help me." That is all she said, and that is all she wanted. She wanted help. She had come for that, and she got it. If you come to-day to meet the God of all grace and want help, He is ready to help you. He delights to help. He likes to give gifts to the sons of men. He says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He has gifts, and He wants to give every one of us some to-day, if we will receive them. He is full of grace. It don't grieve Him to have us come too often. It don't grieve Him to have us ask too great things. The only way we can displease God is not to come often enough; and when we do come not to ask for enough. This woman came for a blessing, and she

got it. She went right home and found that child perfectly whole.

In the seventh chapter of Luke you will find another case where grace seems to come out. A certain centurion's servant was sick, and when the centurion heard of Jesus, he sent the elders of the Jews to ask Him to come and heal his servant. And the Jews came and said, "Lord, there is a centurion whose servant is very ill, and he wants to have you come and heal him; and we want to have you come at once, because he is worthy?" Now, mark this: The Jews put it on the ground of his worthiness. What had he done to make him worthy? Why, he had built a synagogue. They thought Christ ought to stop His work and turn aside at once and go and heal that man's servant, because he was worthy. They put it on the ground of works—because he had built a synagogue. Do you know, I believe that is the mischief with many of our churches. I believe that is the trouble with a good many people. They think God is under obligations to them. They think God owes them something. They think because they have built a synagogue, or helped build some church, or endowed some college, that God ought to deal in grace with them and ought to have mercy upon them. Now, it is "to him that worketh not, but believeth." Now, Christ starts to go to that centurion's house as if He was going to deal with him in that way—as if He was going to put it on the ground of works. But before He gets to his house, the man sent friends to Him, saying, "Lord, don't trouble yourself; I am not worthy that you should come into my house; neither thought I myself worthy to ask you; so I sent these Jews." He

thought other people better than himself. And I tell you when a man gets there, he gets in a position where God can deal in grace with him; he is pretty near the kingdom of heaven. But the trouble with us Americans is, we think we are a little better than other people. We just reverse God's order, and we think that other people are a little lower down, and a little worse than we are. But this centurion thought he was not worthy to come and ask Christ to heal his servant. He sent men to Him saying, "Now, you speak the word, and it will be done." That pleased Christ. He turned around and said to those Jews, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Here was a centurion. He did not belong to the tribe of Abraham; but among the Jews He had not found a men that had such faith. The Lord said the word, and the servant was healed right then and there. He dealt in grace with him. So when you and I are in such a position that God can deal in grace with us, that very moment God deals in grace with us. Well, when is it? When we are just nothing, and are willing to let God have mercy upon us, then He will have mercy, not before.

Now, if you will turn to Ephesians you will find that He deals in grace without works. You hear people talk about trying to do better. They think they can do something that will commend them to God, and that God will have mercy upon them. Instead of giving up all works and letting God save them in His own way, they are trying to work their way to God, and that is the reason that they do not come. I believe to-day that works is one of the great obstacles in the way. Men are trying to put

their good works in the place of a Savior. In the second chapter of Ephesians, second verse, we read, "That in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Jesus Christ. For by grace are you saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Through grace are you saved. Now mark the words. There is one lady that is not listening. She has gone to sleep. I wish, friends, if you see any one asleep you would just hunch them with your elbow and wake them. You may save a soul in that way. "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not by yourselves! It is the gift of God; not of works; lest any man should boast."

There will be one thing we will miss when we get to heaven, and that is boasting. We hear enough of that down here. I am sure I don't want to hear any more. You cannot go into any of these cities hardly but what you find a lot of self-made men boasting of what they have done—started poor and got rich, and have done this and this. It is, I I—boasting. I am sure there would be a good deal of boasting in heaven, if men could get there by their works. But you cannot get there in that way. If you get there, you have to get there by the sovereign grace of God. Salvation is a gift. You must take it as a gift. If a man could get to heaven by works, he would carry boasting into heaven with him. Suppose a man could work his way up to heaven, what is he going to do when he gets there? He could not join the chorus around the throne singing the song of redemption. He would have to have a little harp and get off in a corner by himself.

Then in the eleventh chapter of Romans and sixth verse Paul says, "And if by grace, then it is no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace." He is there bringing out the point. He says, if men are saved by works there is no grace about it at all.

Paul says in the fourth chapter of Romans and fifth verse, "It is to him that worketh not, but believeth." We get salvation by faith and not by works. Not but that salvation is worth working for. It is worth climbing mountains, crossing rivers, swimming streams, crossing deserts and lakes and going round the world on our hands and knees for. It is worth it, no doubt about it, but you can't get in that way, you can't get it by works. "It is to him that worketh not but believeth." If I employed a man to work for me all day and I gave him two dollars for the day's work, and he goes home and his wife says to him, "John, where did you get that two dollars?" and he said, "I worked and earned it," there would be no grace about it at all. But suppose he is sick and could not work, or suppose I did not have any work for him and he was in distress, and I gave him two dollars. He goes home and his wife says, "John, where did you get that money?" and he says, "Why, it is a gift; Mr. Moody gave it to me."

Now, if you ever get salvation you have to take it as a gift. You cannot buy it, and you cannot get it by your good works.

Suppose I should say to this audience, if anybody wants this Bible he can have it, and a man steps up, I reach out the Bible, he takes it, puts it under his arm and starts off home. He gets home, and his

wife says, "John, where did you get that Bible?" And he says, "Why, Mr. Moody gave it to me." That would be a gift. But suppose I should say I will give the Bible to any one that wants it, and a man comes up and says, "Mr. Moody, I don't just like your terms. I don't like to be under obligations to you," and that is about the way with sinners; they do not like to be under obligations to God. So this man says, "I would like to take it, but not on your terms. I will give you twenty-five cents for the Bible." I know it is worth a good deal more than that; but suppose I take the twenty-five cents and the man goes home with the Bible under his arm, and his wife says, "John, were did you get that Bible?" He says, "I bought it." It is no gift at all. He bought it.

Now, don't you see that it is a gift? All through the Bible it is called a gift. If it is a gift it must be without works—it must be without money. It would be no gift at all if you paid for it—if you paid a farthing. It is a gift from God. But you can spurn the gift. You can trample it under your feet. You can say, "I will not have grace." Then you must have judgment. If any man will not have grace he must have judgment. If a man will not have mercy he must have punishment. Is not that the teaching of the Scriptures? God says, "I delight in mercy; I want to give you the gift of eternal life." "The wages of sin is death." Man has got to take his wages whether he wants to or not. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life."

Now, the question comes, To whom does He offer this gift?—to the righteous? He offers it to the

world. He offers it to sinners; and if a man can prove that he is a sinner I can prove that he has got a Savior. If man can prove he was born into this world I can prove that God has provided a Savior for him. "God gave Him up," says Paul, "freely for us all." I like these texts that have these sweeping assertions that take us all in. "God gave him up for us all." Christ did not die for Paul any more than He did for the rest of us. He tasted death for us all. "That is what I believe," says a man down there, "and every man will be saved." Yes, every man that will lay hold of the cross will be saved. "If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come." If a man goes on sinning, violating the law of God, trampling it under his feet, and will not take the yoke of God upon him down here, do you think he is going into the kingdom of God? Do you think he will have any taste for heaven?

In the second chapter of Titus, eleventh and twelfth verses, Paul says, "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." I can imagine a man says: "Do you think that is really true?" "Yes." "What! does that mean drunkards?" "Yes, every drunkard in Cleveland." "What! do you mean all these harlots that are walking the streets to-night?" "Every harlot. The grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to every man." "What! do you mean gamblers?" "Yes, every gambler." "And these murderers down here in prison, and some that haven't been caught?" "Yes; every murderer. The grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to *all* men." If men are lost, it is because they spurn God's gift. They

spurned His offer of mercy. It is not that God don't offer it. It is as free as the air we breathe.

I remember preaching upon the grace of God once in Chicago, to a fashionable congregation, and I was just hungering for some souls. I was anxious that the grace of God might find some one there, and while I was preaching I was looking around to see if I could see any one that was anxious to be saved. At the close of the meeting I said, "If there is any one here that wants to be saved, I will be glad to stay and talk with him." It was one of the coldest nights of the winter, and they all got up and went out, and my heart sank within me. I looked all around and did not see any one wait. I got my overcoat, and was the last one to leave, as I supposed; but as I got to the door, I saw a man behind the furnace. He was crying as if his heart would break. I sat down by his side and I said, "What is the trouble?" He said, "Well, you said something to-night that broke my heart." "What is it?" "You said that the grace of God was for the likes of me." I said, "That is good; I am glad it has reached you." He thought he could not be saved. But it was for the likes of him. I talked with him, and found out what his trouble was. He was just one of those poor unfortunate men that liquor had got the mastery of, and, although it was one of the coldest nights, he had no coat on. He drank that up. He said that within the past six months he had drank up twenty thousand dollars. "And now," said he, "my wife has left me, and my children, and my own father and mother have cast me off, and I expected to die here in the gutter one of these nights. I expected this was my last night." He

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RECITATION HALL, NORTHFIELD.

The Northfield institutions possess the social and intellectual advantages of large colleges.

said, "I didn't come in to hear you; I came in to get warm, but my heart is broken. Do you think the grace of God can save me—a poor, miserable, vile wretch like me?" I said, "Yes."

It was refreshing to preach the gospel of the Son of God to that poor man. I prayed with him, and after I prayed with him, he didn't ask me for any money, but I took him to a place where he was provided for for that night, and the next morning I had a friend go to the pawnbroker's to get his coat—got his coat upon him, and in a little while he came out a decided Christian; and when Mr. Sankey and myself went to Europe, I don't know a brighter light in all the Western States than that young man. The grace of God found him. The grace of God saved him, and the grace of God has kept him.

That is what the grace of God is for. There is not a man, woman or child in Cleveland so far gone, but the grace of God can save him. What we want is, as Christians, to be up and publishing the tidings — proclaiming the glorious gospel of Christ. It is a gospel of glad tidings. My friends, make haste. Take the torch of salvation and carry it down into the dark lanes, and dark alleys, and dark homes, and light them up with the glorious gospel of the Son of God. Jesus is mighty to save. "His name shall be called Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins." He is a mighty Savior, but the world don't know it. The world has been deceived by the devil—has been blinded by the god of this world. What we want is to tell them that Christ is able to save, and that He is ready to save.

There is a story told of William Dorset, that Yorkshire farmer. He was preaching one night in

London, and he made the remark that there was not a man in all London so far gone but that the grace of God could save him. That is a very strong assertion, for there are some pretty hard cases in London, a city of four million inhabitants. You go into the east of London and see that awful pool of iniquity—the stream of death and misery flows right on. But he made that statement, that there was not a man or woman in all London so far gone but that the grace of God could save them. It fastened in a young lady's mind. She went home that night, and the next morning she went to see the Yorkshire farmer. She said, "I heard you preach last night, and I heard you say that there was not a man so far gone in all London but that the grace of God could save him." She said, "Did you really mean it?" "Why," he said, "certainly I meant it." "And do you think that there is not a man in all London but that can be saved if he will be?" "Why, certainly," said Mr. Dorset, "not a man." "Well," she said, "I am a missionary and I work down in the East End of London, and I have found a man there who says that there is no hope for him. He is dying, and I can't make him believe that there is any hope for him. I wish you would go and see him." The man of God said he would be glad to go. She took him down one of those narrow streets until they came to an old filthy building. She said, "I think, perhaps, you can manage him better alone." It was a five-story building. He went up stairs to the upper story and found a young man lying there upon some straw; there was no bed. Ah! the way of the transgressor is hard! He had got clear down into great poverty and want,

and there he was sick and dying. Mr. Dorset bent over him, whispered into his ear and called him friend. The young man looked up at him astonished. "You are mistaken, sir, in the person. You have got in the wrong place." "How is that?" asked Mr. Dorset. "Well, sir, I have no friend; I am friendless." He said, "You have a friend." Then he told him of the sinner's friend. He told him how Christ loved him. The young man shook his head, "Christ don't love me." "Why not?" "I have sinned against Him all my life." "I don't care if you have. He loves you still and He wants to save you." And he preached Christ to him there. He told him of the glorious grace of God. He told him that God could save him, and he read to him out of the Bible. The light of the gospel began to dawn upon that darkened mind, and the first sign of a new life was, his heart went out toward those whom he had injured, and he said, "If I could only know that my father would forgive me I could die in this garret happy." He asked him where his father lived. He said, "In the West End of London." Mr. Dorset said, "I will go up and see him and will ask him if he will not forgive you." The young man shook his head. "I don't want you to do that. Why, sir, my father has disowned me. He has disinherited me. My father has had my name taken off the family record. He does not own me any more as his boy. I am as dead, sir, to him. If you go and talk to him about me he will get angry and order you out of the house, and you have been so kind to me I don't want your feelings hurt." Mr. Dorset went up to the West End of London to a most beautiful place and rang the bell. A servant

dressed in livery came to the door. Mr. Dorset inquired if his master was in, and was told that he was. He was taken into the drawing-room, and while he was waiting there for the man of the house to come down, he looked around him. There was not a thing that heart could desire that had not been laid out on that beautiful home. By and by the man came into the room. Mr. Dorset got up and went across the room to shake hands with him. He said, "You have a son, sir, by the name of Joseph, have you not?" The father's hand fell by his side. His countenance changed. Mr. Dorset saw that he had made him very angry. He said in a great rage, "No, sir. And if you have come here to talk to me about that worthless vagabond I want you to leave my house. I don't allow any one to mention his name in my presence. He has been dead to me for years, and if you have been to him you have been deceived. He cannot be relied upon." He turned on his heel to go out of the room, to leave him. Mr. Dorset said, "Well, he is your boy yet. He won't be long." The father turned again; "Is my Joseph sick" "Yes, your boy is at the point of death, sir. He is dying. I have not come here to ask you to take him home, or to ask you to give him anything, sir; I will see that he has a decent burial. All I want is to have you tell me that you forgive him, and let him die in peace." The great heart of the father was broken, and he said, "Forgive him? Oh, I would have forgiven him long ago if I had known he wanted it. Forgive him! Certainly. Can you take me to him?" The man of God said he would take him to him, and they got into a carriage and were

soon on their way; and when the father reached that garret he could hardly recognize his boy, all mangled and bruised by the fall of sin. The first thing the boy said to his father was, "Father, can you forgive me? Will you forgive me?" "Oh, Joseph, I would have forgiven you long ago if I had known you wanted it." He met him in grace right there. The father said, "Let my servant take you in the carriage and take you home. I cannot let you die in this fearful place." "No, father, I am not well enough to be moved. I shall die soon, but I can die happy now that I know you have forgiven me; for I believe that God, for Christ's sake has forgiven me." And in a little while, with his head on the bosom of his father, Joseph breathed his last, and passed back to his God.

Yes, my friends, that father was willing to forgive him when he knew that the boy wanted grace. Now God knows all your hearts, and if you want grace to-day the God of all grace will meet you. He will meet you in mercy. He will meet you in pity. He will bless you to-day. He wants to bless you. Sin ruins, sin casts down, but the grace of God lifts up. O, may the grace of God lift you up to-day out of the pit and place your feet on the Rock of Ages.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

COME.

I want this audience to-night, while I am speaking, to pray. I would like to ask you friends that are not Christians to pray. I would like to give you a little prayer, and I would like to ask you to make it all the time I am speaking: "Lord, if these things are so, show them to me." I don't want you to believe one solitary word I say that is not from God. If it is not true, I don't want you to believe it. But if it is, you certainly ought to be honest enough to want to know it. That is perfectly fair. No skeptic, no infidel, no deist, no atheist really can object to making that prayer; but if there is an atheist here, let him make this prayer: "If there be a God, let Him show these things to me, if they are true." Let us be willing to-night to let the God that created us teach us.

Now, the text I want to call your attention to is in the seventh chapter of Genesis, the first verse. It is a truth that a great many of you, perhaps, don't believe. A great many people have the idea that no such thing ever took place. But if you make that prayer we will find out. "If it is true, Lord, show it to me. Reveal it to me."

"And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark." That word "come"

occurs all through the Bible. It begins in the first book of the Bible and runs clear through Revelation. The prophets took it up and their cry was, "Come, come,"

When that blessed Master came, He took up that same cry, "Come unto Me all ye that labor." When the apostles commenced to work after Christ left the earth, they kept ringing out that word "Come." We find it in the last chapter of Revelation.

The first time it occurs in the Bible is in this text I have to-night. God Almighty was the preacher, and He was calling Noah in out of the coming storm, out of the coming judgment that was coming upon the earth. One hundred and twenty years before that Noah had received the most awful communication that ever came from heaven to earth. God told him that He was going to destroy the earth on account of sin. Sin sprang into this world full grown. The first man born of woman was a murderer. I suppose that we, at this age, know nothing about the sins of the antediluvians. Men had time then to carry out their plans, and their iniquities, and their sins. They lived a thousand years, nearly. I don't know what would happen now if men should live so long in sin. It says in the sixth chapter of Genesis and the fifth verse, "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." The wickedness of earth had come up to God. God purposed that He would destroy the earth. But He gave them one hundred and twenty long years' grace—one hundred and twenty long years to repent; and if they had repented like Nineveh, God might have

spared the Old World, and might have spared those antediluvians. But I can imagine they talked very much as men talk now, and when Noah brought them that message they mocked him; they laughed at the idea; they scoffed at the idea. "God going to destroy this world! You don't suppose we are fools enough to believe that, do you? God going to destroy His own world! God going against the law of nature! Why, it is against our reason! It is against our intellect! We don't see any reason for it. God going to destroy the world? Away with such a God as that! We won't have anything to do with a God of judgment—a God who is going to judge this world on account of sin."

Then there was another class of people, undoubtedly, that were atheists, that took the ground that the world came by chance, that there was no God, and that Noah was a fanatic. Some of them, perhaps, went so far as to think he was out of his mind. If they had had insane hospitals in those days they would have tried to get him into one of them. "Poor, deceived, deluded man! God going to destroy the world! God going to drown all in it—our great men, our mighty men, our kings, our princes, our rulers, our governors, and our wise men! Away with such a doctrine! We don't believe it."

Noah and his family stood alone on that dark day. There was not a man to stand with him, and God told him to build an ark, and the God of heaven was the architect. He told him how to build it, and I will venture to say that every dollar's worth of material that went into that ark came out of Noah's property. He could not get a man to help him. When you built this church you got every man you

could to help you build it. But there was not a man that would help Noah build that ark. He had to pay the expenses alone. They laughed at the idea. They mocked at the idea. They ridiculed the idea. Why, the strongest thing against you, Noah, is that no one believes with you; the great men and all the leading minds of the present day differ with you. They don't believe there is going to be a flood—that there is going to be a deluge and a judgment; there are no signs in the heavens. The astronomers look up in the heavens and they say, "We see no sign of a coming storm or a coming judgment. It is all a delusion, God is not going to destroy the world. I don't believe it. And then we have a majority with us. They all go with us, and you stand alone." But the old man toiled on. Day after day you can see him there at that ark. He must have known when he received the commission to build the ark, how much sport they would make of it—how he would become the butt of ridicule, how he would become the song of the drunkard and how he would become the laughing stock of that day. If they had the theaters in those days I have not any doubt but that they would have Noah's Ark on the stage and make all manner of sport of it. Lecturers went up and down the country warning these antediluvians against fanaticism, and to be careful about being carried away with that delusion. If they had newspapers in those days once in a while there would have been a reporter coming around to see how he was getting along, and he would write up an article on "Noah's Delusion," or "Noah's Ark." If they had the telegraph in those days every once in a while there would have been a telegraphic

dispatch sent around the world about Noah's Ark and about the deluded man spending all his money and all his time upon that ark. And then there was that gray-haired old man and his family, his three sons and their wives, only eight in all, and yet he is building an ark large enough to accommodate hundreds and thousands! Deluded man! Gone clean mad! Some one has suggested the idea that Noah must have been deaf or he could not have withstood the scoffs and the jeers of that day. But if he was he had an ear to hear God. He communed with God, and when God spoke to him, he could hear and he obeyed. Well, a hundred years passes away. There is no sign of a coming storm, and these men are increasing in their infidelity and in their unbelief. They go on, scoffing and mocking and ridiculing. And the men that helped Noah, his carpenters there whom he hired, undoubtedly if they went into a saloon and began to drink or play cards, men would make fun of them. "Ah, you are helping that old lunatic there to make the ark." But I can imagine they would say, "Noah's money is as good as any. We don't believe in his old ark; we don't believe in the delusion, but we are after his money, that is all."

There are a good many men to-day that talk in the same way about the ark that God has provided. The day of scoffing is not passed. The day of mocking, and the day of ridicule is not passed. Many a man is kept out of the kingdom of God because he cannot stand the ridicule of some scoffing, sneering, contemptible wretch, who would trample his mother's prayers, and feelings, and her Bible,

and all of her precepts under his feet, and mock at the idea of his mother's God.

Time passes on. The hundred and twenty years have expired. The merriment increases. Noah has got his ark done. All the contracts are closed. During the past hundred and twenty years many a time has he stopped the work, perhaps, on the ark and gone out and warned his countrymen. He told them of the coming judgment. But they mocked the old man. They didn't believe him. But now the ark is finished. I don't know what time of the year it was finished; perhaps it was in the spring. In that spring Noah did not plant anything.

"Now, surely, he will come to want. Every year he has planted; like others he has provided for the future, but now he has not planted anything. He is preparing to go into that ark. He says that this is the last year. The world is going to be destroyed. What an absurdity." When we talk now about God's burning up this world men scoff at the idea, "God destroy the world! He is not going to do anything of the kind. The world is improving, growing better all the while. What is God going to destroy the world for if the world is growing better, and if men are getting on so well, accumulating wealth and great fortunes. Away with such a delusion! God is not going to burn up the world. There is no God of judgment. God is not going to judge the world for sin. To be sure, they put His Son to death. But then he just winked at that. He is not going to hold them responsible for that. It is all a delusion." That is the talk of the world to-day. That is the cry.

I can imagine when the last year expired—the one

hundred and twenty years were up, and the day of grace was closing, those men just increased in their scoffing and their infidelity.

Noah at last moves into the ark. That was just the climax of the whole thing. A most absurd thing. Why didn't he wait until the storm began? There was time enough to move; then to build an ark on dry land, as if the storm was going to get up there; and if it did, do you think that thing would float? They made all manner of sport of it, and ridiculed it. Visitors came to look at it. You can see them looking around; going up into the different sories of it. If they saw Noah around, they would say, "That's him, that's him there!" They would just point the finger of scorn at him, "deluded man!" The business men of that day undoubtedly said that ark was not worth as much when Noah got it done as the nails they put into it. If it was put up at auction it would not bring any more than what it was worth for kindling wood. It was not good for a house to live in, and you could not make a barn of it. Yet that man had put all his wealth, probably, in that ark. For years he had gathered up all he had and put it in that ark. The world looked upon it with scorn and contempt, but God called him in, "Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark." And, thank God, his children went in with him. Noah lived so that his children had confidence in his piety. I have great admiration for Noah. If a man could live in that dark day, with those scoffers and unbelievers all about him, and command his children so that they followed him, he must have lived right at home. He must have been a true man, and he must have walked with

God Almighty. And after they had gone in, God gave the earth seven days more of grace. He added seven days to the hundred and twenty years. Undoubtedly he gave them that time to repent. If they had repented then they might have been saved. But they did not repent. They mocked at the idea, and they said to Noah when he told them that he had built that ark so large that he might preserve his seed upon the earth, the fowls of the air, and animal creation, they mocked at the idea. "How are you going to get the wild fowls and beasts of the desert into that ark? How are you going to get the wild animals from their caves and dens into that ark?" And they went on mocking at the idea. It was a most absurd idea.

I can imagine that the first thing that alarmed and aroused them was one morning to their surprise they saw the heavens black with the fowls of the air, coming from the corners of the earth, two by two, mated by God, and as they came to that ark, Noah took them in. And the animals came in from their dens and caves, from the corners of the earth, and they came up to the ark, two by two. The lion and the lamb passed in side by side, and as they looked down at the earth, they could see little insects creeping up towards that ark two by two, as if pushed up by some unseen hand, and they cried out, "Merciful God, what does this mean?" They are alarmed now. That was the first thing, probably, that woke them up. Would to God they had repented then, and cried for mercy. But undoubtedly their wise men said, "We don't exactly understand it, but there is no danger. Our astronomers tell us there is no sign in the heavens; the old sun shines

as it did two thousand years ago, and the stars shine at night as bright as ever; the lambs are skipping on the hill sides as usual, the cattle are grazing on a thousand hills; business was never more prosperous. The world never looked more promising. There is no sign of a coming storm. We don't understand this strange thing; we admit we can't understand it, but then there is no sign; be quiet." If some one was alarmed they would say, "He is weak-minded." That is what young men say of their mothers now; that they are weak-minded women, deluded, carried away. Religion may be a good thing for women and weak-minded people. O, may God forgive the young man that speaks of his mother in that way.

It may be the next thing that took place God shut the door. Noah did not shut it. The Almighty shut the door. The last year had come, the last month, the last week, the last day, the last hour, the last minuute had come. When God shut the door the day of grace was over; the day of mercy was ended. When once the master of the house is risen up and shut the door, there is no hope. You may cry for mercy then, but it is too late. A man said that when he died he would go to heaven and he would knock and ask for Mercy, and Mercy would let him in. A man said you need not ask for Mercy there; for Mercy has not been at home for eighteeen hundred years. Mercy is abroad in the earth. It is too late to ask for mercy." This is the day of mercy. This is the day of grace. This is the acceptable time of the Lord. This is the day the door is wide open. God says, "Come in." God calls you

in out of the coming storm and out of the coming judgment.

I can imagine some of you say, "Moody, you don't believe there was such a thing as a flood, and God shut that door?" I believe it just as much as I believe that Jesus Christ came into this world. Listen to what the Son of God has to say: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the coming of the Son of Man; they were eating and drinking and marrying and giving in marriage, until the flood came and took them all away." It came suddenly. Jesus Christ believed in the flood. But when once the Master of the house had risen up and shut the door, it was too late.

Men say, "I can repent any time." Do not deceive yourself. There is such a thing as a man sinning away the day of grace. There is such a thing as a man going on rejecting and rejecting the Spirit of God until the last hour and the last moment has come, and it is too late.

Those antediluvians found it was too late. The door was shut. I don't know when the storm broke upon them. It might have been in the night. And what a night it was! Did this world ever witness such a night as that?

I can imagine as the sun went down, little did they think it was the last time they were to look upon it, as it shone upon that ark and the door was closed. The day of grace was ended. The day of mercy was over, and there was no hope. Their doom was sealed. The door that shut Noah and his family in shut them out. That night, perhaps at midnight, they could hear in the distance the thunder. The sound grew louder and louder, until the storm

broke upon them. Perhaps the scoffers and the triflers in those days began to mock and say, "Well, now Noah will say this is his flood. Noah, now in the ark, will begin to rejoice and say this is what he was telling us about." But by-and-by their mocking was all gone. There could not be a scoffer found. And do you know there is a time coming when there cannot be a scoffer found on the face of the earth? There is a time coming when these men that are mocking at the Gospel of Jesus Christ will bow the knee to the Lord Jesus. They will cry—we have the prayer on record—"They will call upon the mountains and the rocks and the hills to cover them from the wrath of the Lamb." Their cry for mercy will be too late.

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